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Standard Dialogues

DESIGNED FOR

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School and Parlor Entertainments, Temperance Meetings, Literary Societies, etc.

Compiled by

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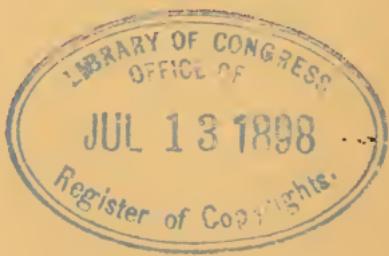
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STANDARD DIALOGUES

MRS. SMITH'S BOARDER.

CHARACTERS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WIGGINS.

MRS. JANE SMITH.

SCENE.—*A room in Mrs. Smith's boarding-house.*
George Washington Wiggins discovered.

WIGGINS.—Well, I'm getting considerably in debt, and something must be done to raise the wind. Here's my new coat not paid for, and my pantaloons are getting somewhat seedy. I got a hole knocked in my hat t'other day, and I ought to have a new one; but, really, I can't see how I'm going to raise the money to purchase the desired article. Beside this, Mrs. Smith is continually growling about her board bill; and, really, that is a little bill I ought to settle. I certainly would ~~fork over~~ if I had the tin, but where's the tin to come from? That's the question. I suppose the bill will amount to some forty or fifty dollars by this time, and if I don't square up, I may expect to be required to travel pretty shortly, and leave "my bed and board," as the advertisements say. Something must be done, that's certain! I guess I'll carry my watch to a pawn-broker's, and try to raise a little money for present purposes. [Knock at the door.] Come in. [Enter Mrs. Smith.] Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Smith? Really, I am delighted to see you. Here, take this chair. Sit down, sit down; never mind me, I can stand. [Mrs. Smith sits.] It gives me great pleasure, Mrs. Smith, to receive a friendly call from you. How is your rheumatism this morning?

MRS. SMITH.—Oh, somewhat better. But, Mr. Wiggins, I have brought in your bill. I have no doubt you are prepared to liquidate it this morning?

WIGGINS.—Let me see it if you please, Mrs. Smith. [Takes bill and reads.] George Washington Wiggins, to Mrs. Jane Smith, Dr. To ten weeks board, at four dollars and fifty cents, forty-five dollars.

MRS. SMITH.—All right, is it?

WIGGINS.—Oh, yes, it's all right, I guess; but really, Mrs. Smith, I am not prepared to settle up this morning.

MRS. SMITH.—Not prepared! Mr. Wiggins, didn't you say you would most certainly settle on Saturday morning, and isn't this Saturday morning?

WIGGINS.—Yes, Mrs. Smith, I must confess that this is Saturday morning, but this Saturday morning like last Saturday morning, finds me almost strapped, if I may be allowed to use that not very nice but very expressive word. If you will bear with me a few days longer, my dear Mrs. Smith, I think I will be enabled to square up.

MRS. SMITH.—A few days longer! That's what you said last week and the week before. But I want you to understand that I will not wait a few days longer. A few days longer, indeed! That's exactly what you said one month ago, and what you have said every time since when I asked you to settle up. I tell you, Mr. Wiggins, I can't be expected to board people for nothing. It takes money to set my table and hire my cook; it takes money to buy coal and oil and the thousands of other things necessary for keeping a boarding-house.

WIGGINS.—That's very true, Mrs. Smith; very true. I expect some money soon, and if you will give me one week more, I'll endeavor to settle in that time.

MRS. SMITH.—Not another day, Mr. Wiggins! But I have a proposition to offer, which, perhaps, will straighten matters.

WIGGINS.—Let us hear the proposition. Any thing to straighten matters will be listened to attentively by me.

MRS. SMITH.—Well, the offer I have to make, will entirely clear you of your indebtedness to me if you accept it.

WIGGINS.—Good, kind, indulgent Mrs. Smith! What

an amiable woman you are! Let us have the offer. Make all possible haste and let us hear it. I would be a hardened wretch, indeed, to decline.

MRS. SMITH.—Well, Mr. Wiggins, the proposition is that you consent to be my husband.

WIGGINS [*aside*].—Did mortal ever! What's the world coming to?

MRS. SMITH.—I will confess, Mr. Wiggins, there is no great and undying love for you in my heart, such as young persons have, or imagine they have, when they think of entering the state of matrimony. I am not the least bit sentimental. The days of sentimentalism with me have passed away; but I have come to the conclusion that I ought to have a husband. I find that it is very hard to oversee every thing about the house, and I know a man who understood his business would considerably lessen my labors; and, beside this, if I was married again, I would feel more contented and happy than I have felt since my dear Smith left me. Now, if you accept the offer, I will forgive you your debt and will give you your boarding free. You shall also have an allowance large enough to keep you in clothes and such nick-nacks as this [*pointing to his meerschaum*]. But remember, I will expect you to superintend the marketing, do the carving, and take whatever labor off my hands I may wish.

WIGGINS [*aside*].—They say Mr. Smith led a very hen-pecked sort of a life, and I'm sure I'm not going to step into his shoes. [*To Mrs. Smith.*] Really—I—I—Mrs. Smith, I thank you for your flattering offer, but it is very unexpected—*very*. To tell the truth, Mrs. Smith, it came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. I would, therefore, like to have a few days to consider the matter. You know it is of the utmost importance that we consider well before we take a step that can never be retraced. I hope you will give me a few days to think the matter over, before I give my answer.

MRS. SMITH.—And while you were thinking, you would be living at my expense. Not a day will I give you, Mr. Wiggins. Let me have your answer now, fair and

square. If you reject the offer, I will send you to jail for debt inside of two hours.

WIGGINS [*aside*].—Here's a fix! I'm cornered, and there seems to be no getting out. What an old dragon she is to think of sending me to jail, simply because I don't happen to have a little bit of filthy lucre about me. [*To Mrs. Smith.*] Well, Mrs. Smith, I have thought the matter over, and have concluded to accept your very flattering offer.

MRS. SMITH.—All right, Mr. Wiggins. I thought you would look at the matter in a proper light, and act as a sensible man.

WIGGINS.—But Mrs. Smith, you will not require the sacrifice—oh—ah—I beg pardon. You will not wish to make me the happy man for five or six months yet, will you?

MRS. SMITH.—Five or six months! Why, Mr. Wiggins, I need you *now!* The marketing and all the other work is laborious, and I have been thinking for some time past, of hiring a man to attend to the things about the house. No, Mr. Wiggins, the matter can not be deferred so long. You may be prepared for the event in two weeks from next Tuesday.

WIGGINS.—Two weeks from next Tuesday *Aside.* Oh, dear! [*To Mrs. Smith.*] Why, Mrs. Smith, that will not give you time to get the new dresses, etc.

MRS. SMITH.—New dresses, pooh! I aint going to bother myself about new dresses. I've got an old black silk, which, when it is fixed up a little, will look charmingly. But I must be down stairs again. Make yourself comfortable here, Mr. Wiggins, and remember the day of our wedding is two weeks from next Tuesday [*Exit Mrs. Smith.*]

WIGGINS.—Two weeks from next Tuesday! Isn't it awful to think of it? Most men feel happy when the wedding-day is so near. I don't! I'm a miserable dog. Now if it was only Celesta Ann Jones I was going to be tied to in two weeks, I could bear it. In fact, I believe I could place my hand on my heart and say I was the happiest fellow in creation. Can't do that now though! I'm a sacrificed man if I marry Mrs. Smith. But [*with a sudden determination*] I *wont* marry her!

How could I, when visions of hen-pecked husbands are continually floating before my eyes? How could I so far forget myself, as to leave my darling Celesta Ann and jump into the sea of squalls with Mrs. Smith? Can't do it—I *wont* do it! But how am I going to help myself? That's the rub. Can't go to jail! Celesta Ann would never look at me again if I did; and, besides this, I'm too well raised to live on bread and water. I can't run away—it would be of no use. I would be nabbed before two days! I know Mrs. Smith's vindictive disposition well. She wouldn't allow me to escape—she would follow me to the ends of the earth. [After a pause.] I have it! I'll act insane—I'll be overjoyed with the bargain—so much so, that reason will take her flight. Ha, ha! aint I a lucky dog? Now to commence. [Takes off his coat and turns it; after which he commences to shout, and kick the tables and chairs around.] Hello! hello! Mrs. Smith—Smith—Smith—Mrs. Smith! Fire, fire, thieves, fire, murder, fire, fire, murder! Mrs. Smith—Smith—Smith—Mrs. Smith—come quick!

MRS. SMITH [entering].—Why, Mr. Wiggins, what's the matter? You frightened me. Where's the fire? Where's the thieves?

*WIGGINS.—George Washington Wiggins, the President of the United States, speaks to you. Be very quiet. I have arrayed myself in a new coat—coat cost twenty-two dollars—and I am about to deliver my inaugural [Stands on a chair.] But, Mrs. Wiggins, that is to say Mrs. Smith, as used to be, I am a happy man. I am about to enter the state sometimes denominated matrimony. It becomes me then, as the Emperor of France, to say that I think—

MRS. SMITH.—Really, the man's demented. Mr. Wiggins! Mr. Wiggins! what *is* the matter? Do come down stairs and have a cup of tea; it will do you good. [Aside.] His mind isn't very strong when it's so easily upset. [To Mr. Wiggins.] Come, Mr. Wiggins, you will ruin the furniture. Do come down and have a cup of tea.

WIGGINS.—Come down! No, indeed; not I! "To this point I'll stand," as Shakspeare says. I'm a mar-

ried man now, and I'm not going to be coaxed and ruled by women. I'll show the world that I'm not a hen-pecked husband, such as the world believes me. I'll show the world that I'm no John Smith. I'll show the world, that when I say, "Mrs. Smith, go to market!" Mrs. Smith will go instantly. [Becomes calmer.] Mrs. Smith, I am slightly nervous to-day. To tell the truth, I am so completely overjoyed at the prospect of becoming your husband, that it has caused reason to totter on her throne. Take care, Mrs. Smith, I feel it coming on again. Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you this evening to debate the question, "Should woman have equal rights with man?" and I find myself altogether unprepared to do the subject justice. [Dances round the room.] Tol de dol de dol de do, tol de rol de dol de da. Mrs. Smith, will you honor me with your hand in the next dance? I think it was time we were endeavoring to thread the mazes of the graceful cotillion. Come on, Mrs. Wiggins—as is to be—come on, fair companion of my future life.

MRS. SMITH [aside].—The man is completely insane. [To Wiggins.] Do leave the house, Mr. Wiggins; you will alarm the whole neighborhood.

WIGGINS.—Leave the house, Mrs. Smith! What do you mean? Have you not consented to be my wife, and are we not to be married to-morrow?

MRS. SMITH.—No, no, no! I have no notion whatever of marrying you. Marry a crazy man? Never! Do be kind enough to leave the house, and I'll forgive you the debt.

WIGGINS.—Mrs. Smith, I couldn't think of it! Would you be so cruel as to wreck my happiness in this manner? Didn't you promise to be my wife, and didn't you engage me to do the marketing?

MRS. SMITH.—Yes, but I have changed my mind, and will remain single for a while. Come, hurry out of the house and I'll say no more about the board bill.

WIGGINS.—Thanks, thanks, Mrs. Smith; that board bill has weighed heavily on my mind for some time past. I will go, Mrs. Smith—and believe me, I part from you

with feelings of sincere regret. [*Pretends to weep.*] I will send a boy for my baggage, and will come and foot the bill when my head gets a little more settled, and after I have succeeded in getting into some kind of business. But, Mrs. Smith, let us have a hop before I leave—come.

MRS. SMITH [*aside*].—This fit is coming on him again, and he may become dangerous. Mr. Wiggins, do leave the house.

WIGGINS.—I'm going, madam; I'm going. Tol de lol de lol de la. [*Dances round the room—and exit.*]

MRS. SMITH.—Well, it's lucky I've got him started. I'm glad I found him out as soon as I did. It would have been awful to have been tied for life to a crazy man. I've lost his board bill, but that's nothing in comparison with the trouble I would have endured had I married him.

WIGGINS [*putting his head in the door*].—Never mind the board bill, Mrs. Wiggins. I'll make that all right some day.

MRS. SMITH.—Well, well; all right. But hurry off, Mr. Wiggins, or you may take another spell.

WIGGINS.—No danger of that, Mrs. Smith; but I'm off. Good-by. [*Exit Wiggins.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

LA TEUNE MALADE.

[The daughter's part in this little colloquy, is from the French of André Chenier. It is intended for peasant costumes of Normandy. The mother seated beside the chair of her sick daughter, is occupied in making lace.]

SCENE.—Enter *Julie*, a child of ten.

JULIE.—Good-evening, *Marie*!

MARIE.—Welcome, little coz.!

MOTHER.—Welcome, sweet child! you come in a happy hour!

JULIE.—I've brought some flowers for *Marie*, auntie, dear. [*Julie fastens a spray of lily of the valley to Marie's cap, and goes on to say*]: “Sweets to the sweet,” “Herself the fairest flower.”

[*The little cousin here courtesies and trips away.*

Marie looks at the flowers, holds up a white rose and begins to speak.]

MARIE.—

See, mamma! See this rose of stainless snow!
Like this my cheek is chill and marble white:
Thus droop my languid eyes, while my young brow
From heaven's fair sunshine turns, and prays for night!
Because I feel the gall of vain desire,
Well o'er my sick heart, like a veil of fire:
Fainting and exiled here my footsteps rove;
God keep thee, mother! we shall meet above!

MOTHER.—

Nay, darling! Lay these gloomy thoughts aside!
In *May*, our *Greta* comes, a blooming bride:
Look forward love to joyous festal hour,
When wearing wreaths of freshly-knotted flowers,
With gleam of gold amidst thine auburn curls,
Thou'l walk a bridesmaid 'midst our loveliest girls.

MARIE.—

These freshly-knotted flowers, this bracelet fair
I clasped so proudly, the gay masque, the ball,
Where whispered voices praised my step and air,
They charm no longer; smiles seem mockery all
My spirit trembles with the leaf that leaps
Down where the still lake, lapped in silence, sleeps;
My spirit flutters with the ascending dove:
Adieu, sweet mamma! I am thine above!

MOTHER.—

Mine *ever*! whom to this fair home and me,
 To be our joy and pride, the Master gave!
 I can not yield her from these arms of love,
 To the dark bosom of the gloomy grave!
Thou must not go, my darling! young and bright
 With all youth's grace and charm, *thou must not die*:
No heart is lonely in your worlds of light,
 And Heaven hath not such *need* of thee as I!

NIGHT AND MORNING.

[Let Night be personated by a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl dressed in black, wearing a crown of crescent and stars of silver, and a veil also spangled with stars.

Let Morning be represented by a blue-eyed girl with blonde or golden hair, wearing a white dress with a sash of white and blue, with a necklace and bracelet of white beads and a garland of opening buds.]

NIGHT.—Canopied with shadows, and attended by the fair moon and gentle stars, I come to earth, bringing dew for the flowers and rest for the weary.

I am not silent, and my voices, though still and small, are doubly powerful.

I have sheltered all the young birds in their nests, and childhood, forgetful of its mirth, has sunk into soft slumbers. The daylight toil is ended, and I have brought the father home to his loved ones.

Beautiful, holy is my reign. A thousand ages gone men looked upon and loved my starlit countenance.

On the far hills of Judea I dispensed visions of glory to watching shepherds and rapt prophets.

How was I beloved by the parents of mankind when in the garden of Eden they slept in the blooming bowers of innocence! Then the stars sang together for joy, and the moon gleamed silvery soft on rock and tree, stream and fountain, and the fair, sweet face of Eve looked upward to the sky in sinless gladness.

My moon, beautiful, though ever changing, that glittered over Solomon's temple in all its glory, and over the lowly stable in the town of Bethlehem, when the stars guided shepherds worshiped there, now lights mil-

lions of worshipers to the house of God in the stillness of Sabbath evenings.

The poet adores me, for there is something in my shadowy mantle, my starry canopy, and my sweet, low voice that harmonizes with his holiest dreams.

The Christian loves me well, for in the meditation of my quiet hours the light of immortality shines clear and undimmed.

I look into human hearts and spy out secrets the daytime never dreamed of, holy and sad, and deep and sacred to memory.

It is mine to kiss down the pale eyelids of the broken-hearted, and give to their spirits sweet visions born of sweeter memories.

What though I bear not with me the song and bloom of morning, the dazzling splendor of the sun, nor its beams that glitter on the waves like diamonds, I show the many worlds that are unseen by day far off and beautiful, and there are the vales of never-dying flowers, and the fountains of living waters.

Far along that shining pathway they go who seek the portals of the celestial city.

I say to the children of men that here are the shadows of the tomb, there all is light, here death walks beside love, there is the reign of love only.

To mortals I teach "holy lessons
Of the hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to Heaven."

MORNING.—Rejoice, oh earth! I come to thee in my glowing loveliness, radiant and glad as when first I awoke on thy face at the voice of God.

The tender buds that crown me unfold their leaves but to fling forth odors sweet as if born in heaven, and with my light upon them the dews of night become pearls.

I have smiled on the far off isles of the sea, and poured a golden light over gushing fountains, the echoes of whose many waters gladden distant solitudes.

As my silver car mounts the horizon, every breeze spreads its pinion to flutter forth its joy, and many sweet voiced birds soar upward and sing after the angels teaching the glad and glorious anthem of nature.

Darkness is lost; shadows vanish; light that is beauty, light that is poetry, light that gleams from heaven and is divine, reign, and sorrow is vanquished; for weeping, may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.

Blithe are the voices now, when rosy, bright-eyed children awake to the sound of the loving mother's voice among the beautiful homes of the world's many lands. I am an acknowledged blessing to all, and darkness flies before my face from country to country. For thee, oh Earth! I wear the same sweet smile I wore when I heard thy Maker's voice pronounce thee *good*. And never since my birth have I refused my light to thee save when on Calvary that dread scene was enacted at which I turned away, and shrouded all my beams in sorrow.

But the luster of my youth was renewed on the morning of the resurrection, when on a world of sin had dawned the Sun of Righteousness. Death was vanquished, and I, a type of the morning land, was seen in saintly visions beyond the tombs, and "there should be no Night there."

I have been the loved and welcomed for ages past. I will be the beloved for ages to come. I shall be the glorified in the land of the hereafter.

SCANDAL ON THE BRAIN.

CHARACTERS.

EMMA.	SUE.	LIZZIE.	FAN.	AUNT HARDING.
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EMMA [*is alone, she yawns, throws aside her work, and exclaims*], Oh, dear! oh, dear! How lonesome I am! I do wish the girls would come soon, it's so dull since the Fair, and I'm *dying* to hear some news! I suppose Aunt Harding would lecture me soundly if she heard me say the like. There's the bell! They are coming now. [*Enter Sue and Lizzie, Emma runs to greet them.*] Oh, I am *delighted* to see you! Why did you not come sooner? I have been almost ready to perish with ennui. Let me have your hats.

LIZZIE.—I don't know as it is hardly worth while for the time we will stay ; Sue, what do you say ?

SUE.—Yes, Lizzie, let's stay a little while. You know it has been an age since we've been here. I have a fancy handkerchief to hem, and I heard you say you had your tatting collar in your pocket.

EMMA.—Oh, that will be just the thing ! Stay all the afternoon with me ! Mamma went out to make some calls and I am alone—we will have just the coziest kind of a time ! What's the news ? It's so dull ! I wished at dinner that some one's house would catch a-fire, and ma scolded me awfully for being so wicked.

SUE.—Why were you not at the party last evening ?

EMMA.—I did not feel well, and mamma would not hear to my going. It was such a disappointment ! Who was there ? How was every one dressed ? Tell me all about it ?

SUE.—Well, first, Lizzie and I were there, then there were the Tracys, and the Cannons, Miss Williams and Mr. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. St. John, and Mrs. St. John's sister.

EMMA.—Why, I did not know they were home from their tour.

LIZZIE.—Yes ; and Mrs. St. John was dressed so handsomely !

EMMA.—I wonder if she is in debt for her beautiful clothes ?

SUE.—I'm sure, I don't know. Then there was a Mr. Furgison with them, and Mrs. St. John told Mr. Lee that he is quite a *catch*, wealthy and handsome.

EMMA.—Struck *ile*, I suppose. That's the way people come by fortunes now-a-days.

LIZZIE.—Emma Cather, you are for ever turning up your nose at people ! What's the difference how one comes by a fortune, so he has it ?

EMMA.—Yes, and you go into ecstasies over a man if he has a little money and a mustache, and pronounce him *distinguished* looking ! Oh !

SUE.—Now, Emma, you are too bad. Indeed, Mr. Furgison has a splendid set of whiskers, and father was speaking of him to-day, and he said he was *talented* be-

side belonging to one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Virginia. *I'm going to pitch in for him.*

EMMA.—Success to you; so he has good sense and is not one of the shoddies, and his handkerchief is not scented with coal oil, he will do. Oh! there goes the bell! I wonder who is coming! [Goes and returns with *Fannie.*]

SUE.—I'll bet it's Fan. Butts. You know she said she was coming.

EMMA.—It's Fan., girls. She has come to stay all the afternoon, too! Give me your things, and take this chair.

LIZZIE.—Why, you dear girl, how d'ye! Take this fan.

SUE.—How did you enjoy the party last evening?

FAN.—Tip-top! Supper was splendid, wasn't it? Didn't the Dumfreys try to put on *style*?

LIZZIE.—Did you get acquainted with that Miss Bitner?

FAN.—Yes, I noticed Morris trying to shine around her. Don't he go ahead of any one you ever saw to *flirt*? Every strange young lady that comes to the city he must be her gallant! He is so *conceit*, too!

SUE.—They say he is *abominably* stingy, but has good habits.

FAN. [ironically].—Yes, so are the habits of most young gents!

LIZZIE.—He came honestly by his stinginess. His father was so before him. Why, girls, pa says the wig old Mr. Morris wears is one his brother, who has been dead ten years, used to wear. After he died Morris took it to save buying a new one.

EMMA.—I do wonder if it is true! I suppose the old gentleman was buried in his bald head—

FAN.—Oh, Emma!

EMMA.—Was Grace at the party?

SUE.—Yes, and don't you think Captain Blair was her escort! I was perfectly surprised!

EMMA.—Well! I am astonished! I thought *he* was not countenanced in society at all. I suppose, then, Grace will not discard him. Just like her, though. She said to me one day when I was giving her his pedigree, that she thought he was naturally good, that there was something fine about him, and that he *tried* to do what was right, and so on. Bah! She is too smart for him!

SUE.—Smart ! I say she's a milksop ! I never heard of her doing any thing wonderful !

LIZZIE.—Why, Sue, how *dare* you express yourself so about an authoress ! She writes beautifully ! She has written one or two effusions for the Repository, and the editor of one of the juvenile periodicals hails her contributions with delight, I've heard.

SUE.—Bah ! I've read her spoutings ! I can write as well as she any day. She is just a shallow little girl, and believes herself illustrious—

LIZZIE.—Now girls, I wont hear another word ! You all know she paints well and sings sweetly—

EMMA.—Daubs brightly, and screams loudly, you mean ; her voice, instead of being " sweet as a nightingale's," is strong as—onions !

FAN.—Well, gals, let me tell you the *joke* on her.

GIRLS.—Oh, yes ! The joke ! tell us ! tell us !

FAN.—Well, if you will promise not to tell on me. I wouldn't have it come to their ears that I told it for any thing !

GIRLS.—We all promise !

FAN.—Never to tell on me ?

GIRLS.—Never !

FAN.—Well, last week some young ladies sent Capt. Blair a *bar of soap*, to wash Grace's neck and ears !

EMMA.—Not so loud ! Aunt Harding will surely hear ! [The girls laugh.]

SUE.—Now, Fan., you don't mean to say that's true ?

FAN.—Of course, it's true !

LIZZIE.—Well, it's too bad ! Grace is careless, but not so bad as that.

EMMA.—I say it's *good* !

SUE.—Who were the young ladies ?

FAN.—Oh, I mus'n't tell that ! I wonder if—

EMMA.—That makes me think of Miss Orton. Have you heard the report on her ?

GIRLS.—No ! No ! do tell us !

EMMA.—I thought every one knew it ! The other evening she was standing at the gate, where she boards, talking with Bob Brandon, and he kissed her ! It was bright moonlight, and some folks across the street saw them

FAN.—Oh! that is horrible!

SUE.—Why, he is the hardest case in town! I would not believe she would speak to him!

LIZZIE.—Only think! He plays billiards and drinks, and is a gambler, too!

FAN.—But girls do you believe it?

LIZZIE.—I do. I never could bear her anyhow!

SUE.—I believe it!

FAN.—I don't; for Miss Cassell is very intimate with her, and she told me that this Bob Brandon goes with Miss Thomas, who lives the very next door to Miss Orton, and you know a mistake might be made easily, besides I heard her say not long since, that Miss Orton only knew Brandon by sight.

EMMA.—Where there is smoke there is fire.

LIZZIE.—Speaking of Miss Cassell—ma was there to tea last week, and she said she never sat down to such a table in her life. She could hardly find enough to satisfy her appetite! besides, they had *no napkins* nor *individual salts*; both of which are awful.

EMMA.—S'pose we all go there to tea some afternoon!

FAN.—Oh, girls, I have a capital idea! It just struck me! Let's form an inquisitive club!

GIRLS.—Inquisitive club! What's that? Something new?

FAN.—You see, I just thought of it. When I was in Lawrence last summer, the girls had such a club.

EMMA.—Not so loud, Aunt Harding will surely hear!

FAN.—Who cares for Auntie! [*in a lower tone.*] We met once a week at one of the girl's houses. No gentlemen were admitted, so *they* gave it the name of *scandal circle*—all of *s spite* you know, and we had the most fun at those meetings ever you heard of?

EMMA.—But what did you do?

FAN.—Why every member was a committee of one to find out all she could about every body's business. We were posted on every thing that was going on. We knew all the reports in circulation; what girls were engaged, and who were not; we knew who every body corresponded with, how much every one was in debt—no one was spared, from the minister's wife down. *We dissected every one*, and the girl that could give the most

information in the most comical manner, was the best fellow, and every one who failed paid a fine.

LIZZIE.—That would be gay! But I don't think ma would approve of it.

SUE.—That's Lizzie for you, afraid of ma!

EMMA.—Don't let *ma* know any thing about it.

FAN.—No, you little goose, that's the fun of it. But the best part was our practical jokes! We played some of the *richest* ones, I must tell you.—[*Aunt Harding, an old fashioned old woman, with cap and spectacles on rushes in, with her knitting, etc., very much excited.*] Well, gals, if I ever! I didn't mean to hear what you said but I couldn't help it!—[*Girls look at each other scared.*] Miss Emily what do you spose your mar would say if she'd a' heerd you talking 'bout folks as you've bin a' doin' this arternoon? Say!

EMMA.—Don't, Auntie! Do be still, we were only in fun.

AUNTIE.—I *wont* be still. I tell you, you're all given over to the wrath to come if you don't mend your ways.

EMMA [*aside*].—I knew Auntie would hear us, what will I do?

AUNTIE.—I heerd what ye was a' sayin' about the party, 'bout what folks had on an' this one an' that one an' t'other, 'bout one feller bein' stingy an' 'bout Miss Lane, an' the Lord knows she's smarter than any of ye—Miss Cassell's mar didn't have enough fur [*turning to Lizzie*] your mar to eat, did she? I think she must have an *awful* stomach.

EMMA.—Auntie, please don't.

AUNTIE.—I *wont* please [*turns to Fan*], but when ye come to talk as ye did 'bout an *insquise*tive club I could stan' it no longer! Findin' out other folks' business, medlin' things that ye are—I think ye'd better be to hum mendin' the holes in yer stockin's or helpin' yer mar's wash dishes! *That's* what *I* thinks on't! *Dissec*tin' the poor creetur's, too! oh my! what on airth ye comin' to! Even the minister's family! *Insquise*tion club! When *I* was a gal what would folks said at us if we had done the like o' this! I'll tell your par I will Emeline Cather. It's bad enough for ole' wimmin' folks to talk, but I'll declare on it, if ye can't beat 'em all!

EMMA.—Oh, Auntie, *do* please be still—girls, never mind.

FAN.—Don't mind us. Emma, we deserve it all.

AUNTIE.—Deserve it *all* an' more too. I should think the men folks *would* call it scandal circle. I'd advise ye to form a young ladies female wimmin folks prayer-meeting circle, instead of scandalizing this way.

SUE.—Yes, Emma, we *have* been talking about every body *awfully*, but I'm sure *I* meant no harm.

LIZZIE.—Nor I. I am sorry that I forgot the Golden Rule for an instant.

FAN.—And the Inquisitive club! It *was* lots of fun, but when I turn it round and think of it as Aunt Harding does, it *is* ridiculous! Oh, I am ashamed to remember that I proposed such a thing!

EMMA.—Girls! I do believe we have been suffering this afternoon with *scandal on the brain*.

AUNTIE.—I guess so, too, gals.

GIRLS.—Yes, scandal on the brain! that must be what ails us, and if the audience, and Aunt Harding will forgive us, we pledge ourselves [*they join hands*] hereafter to speak well of our friends and say nothing of our enemies.

AUNTIE.—I'll forgive ye with all my heart, gals [*steps in front of the girls*]; I guess this is not the only Insquistion club in the world, nor these the only ones with "*scandal on the brain*." an' I would advise all persons to "*mind their own business*" if they don't want to *catch the orful disease!* [*Curtain falls.*]

THE COMMON BOND.

PAGE.—

Who are you, my little neighbor,
Wandering in the woods so late?
Oft I've seen you at your labor,
Loitering near the garden-gate.

PEASANT-GIRL.—

I'm the Miller Martin's daughter :
Gentle Page, I crave your pardon,
If I never stopped to heed you,
Lingering near the Countess' garden.

Mine the task to weed the borders,
Mine, the strawberries to gather ;
Yours, to serve your lady's orders,
 Or unhelm her noble father.
 Yet believe, oh, stately boy !
 Dressed in rich and gay profusion,
 Satin scarf and velvet cap,
 Plume and tress in bright confusion ;
 Mine as light a heart as thine,
 Songs as blithe, and sleep as tender !

PAGE.—

Yes, my little cottage-maid !
 For this grace our thanks we render,
 Daily at our mistress' board,
 Nightly at the chapel shrine.
 Thanks and praise our hearts afford,
 That thy lot is blest as mine ;
 That the rich and poor, as one,
 Share the bounties of Our Father !
 Feel alike the summer sun,
 And the garden treasures gather !
 This the tie that binds, in love,
 Great and small, sublime and lovely ;
 Lifts our grateful hearts above,
 Toward the throne of God, most holy !

PHRENOLOGY.

DR. PHRENOLOGY [*with a pompous tone*].—Ah ! what a wondrous age is this ; an age of philosophy and intellectual light. Who can contemplate the rapid march of intellect, as it rolls onward in proud triumph, and not feel his heart exult in the approaching perfect ability of all human knowledge ; a triumph at which the stars of heaven stand aghast ; but oh ! phrenology, most occult, yet most noble of all sciences ; though now ridiculed and scoffed at, thou art destined to burst forth in dazzling splendor, and sweep away the darkness of ages. March on thou science of sciences, thou grand climacteric of all human discoveries. Oh, happy, thrice happy era, when *phrenology*—

LINGUIST [*interrupting*].—Oh! *circlaso Rexator*, are you giving lectures to ghosts and hobgoblins? *Phrenology* comes from the Greek word *Phreno*, *Phrenoso*, *Fepronoko*, (to bring one to his wits,) and hence also *Phresis*, *Pephriticus*, *Morbus* (a disease which seems to have turned your brains). Inverse ortum, and happy, thrice happy will you be if *phrenology* restores you to your wits, before you find the interior of a *Hospitium Insanatum*; in plain English, “a bedlam.”

PHRENOLOGIST.—You impudent, brainless fellow, do you thus address a man of my honorable standing and profession. Perhaps you are not aware of addressing a professor of that *most* sublime and *most* profound of all sciences, *phrenology*. Have you not heard, sir, of *Dr. Bumpologies*, FRS., AAS., LLD?

LINGUIST [*LLD.*, *Legum*].—Doctor, the very degree acquired by our honorable President, and also conferred upon the celebrated *Prince Black Hawk*. I am persuaded of your right to the title *Bumpologicus*, *Phrenologicus*, *Pompologicus*, or any other *logicus*.

Professor Ponderation, a noted philosopher, lives just here, who would be glad, I presume, to learn something of this *Occulticimus*, *Etnobellicimus Scientia* from so learned and renowned a professor. I'll call him, sir. [Knocks] Hallo! [Servant enters.]

SERVANT.—What's wanting?

LINGUIST.—Is your master at home?

SERVANT.—I guess he is, sir; he was here just now.

LINGUIST.—Tell him Mr. Obstreperosity, a particular friend, wants to see him.

SERVANT.—*Obstrecherosity*, I should think so, yes, I will tell him. [Servant departs.]

PHRENOLOGIST [*alone with linguist*].—I contend, sir, that *phrenology* is one of the most important discoveries ever invented by man. Why, sir, by a careful inspection of the cicbral developments, every trait in a man's character is scientifically explained, and infallibly discovered. [Enter philosopher and servant.]

LINGUIST [*to philosopher*].—Good-morning, Mr. Ponderation, I have the honor to introduce you, sir, to Dr. *Bumpologicus*, *Erudicimuset Bumpologicimus*, professor, who can tell at once, by a tangible operation upon the

excrescences of your *pericranium*, whether you are a *philosopher*, *phrenologist*, *physiognomist*, *fiddler* or *fool*.

PHILOSOPHER.—I had supposed, sir, that in order to determine a man's genius and character, it was necessary to descend beneath the *exterior* of the skull, but it seems I have been mistaken.

PHRENOLOGIST.—I presume, sir, you are unacquainted with my theory—which is that each faculty of the mind is appropriated to a particular organ of the brain, which organ is known by the cerebral developments on the skull; and that every man is scientifically under the necessity of being and thinking what these prominences indicate that he should be and think.

SERVANT.—Now, Mr. *Bumpus* cornfessor, I know that's true, for t'other day I bumped my skull most plaguely, and I tell you I couldn't help thinking fifty things in a half a second.

PHILOSOPHER.—It will require some phrenological sagacity, sir, to make it appear that a man must necessarily act thus and thus, because he has a bump on this or that part of the skull.

PHRENOLOGIST.—I tell you, sir, that careful and extensive observations have clearly proved that all are under the influence of these several organs, and it is morally impossible for them to act otherwise, than these cerebral developments indicate they should.

SERVANT [*to Bumpologicus*].—Sir, a swarm of ponderations will fly before you, like grasshoppers before a limping hemp-dresser. You dash at once the scales from our eye-winkers, and in streams light through skulls, though as thick as the staves of a wash-tub, and opens not only the origin of dispositions, but thoughts, which come forth in the character of bumps on the *pericranum*; even if they come as plenty as the flies about my master's fish-pond in summer.

[*Linguist speaks to philosopher.*]

LINGUIST.—Such discussions as these, if not instructive, are amusing; but I must retire to amuse myself at my library, having added some new volumes to my former stock. Good-day, sir. [Retires.]

[*Some one calls to the phrenologist.*]

You will confer a favor by stepping this way. I will, sir, as it gives me as much pleasure to teach in **private** as well as in public. [*He retires.*]*

CORRECT HABITS.

CHARACTERS.

SALEM TOWN, a distinguished teacher.

JOHN W. NEWMAN,
HENRY D. WISE,
WILLIAM BREWER, } Salem Town's pupils.

SCENE 1.—*Salem Town's Address.*

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED PUPILS:—As our school has now drawn to a close, and I am about to leave you, perhaps to see you no more on earth, I feel it my duty to call your attention to several subjects, which are intimately connected with your future prosperity, usefulness, and happiness. Almost every day since my connection with this school I have given you more or less of advice and counsel, “here a little and there a little.” I am now before you for the last time, and shall proceed to give you my *last*, my *parting* counsel and advice, as to the course which, in my opinion, it will be both your duty and interest to pursue. I trust you will hear me patiently, and with the utmost attention.

You will be called upon in a few years, should you live, to battle with the stern realities of life. And as it is indispensably necessary for the soldier, before going to battle, to be properly armed and equipped, and have the benefit of thorough drilling and discipline in the art of war, so it is quite as necessary for you to undergo a thorough training in mind, morals, and manners, before

* This dialogue is intended to ridicule only the *quack* phrenological lecturers, who travel over the country and misrepresent and bring into disrepute the science of Phrenology. We wish that triflers could all be rid out of society, and this important subject represented by its more able and conscientious advocates.

you can enter the great arena of active life with **any** well grounded hope of becoming a really useful member of society, and occupying high positions of honor and trust. Life is one great struggle, and he is wise that prepares himself to meet its trials, its duties, and its emergencies.

No intelligent person will pretend to deny, that the better a man is educated, the better citizen he will be—the more good will he do—the happier he will be—the more capable of making others happy—and the better will he subserve the great and noble purposes for which his Creator designed him.

Early impressions are the most lasting, and have a wonderful influence in forming character. Hence the reason why parents and teachers should take great pains to make *good* and *correct* impressions upon the minds of children. It is said, and with good reason, too, that “youth *receives* impressions, and manhood *ratifies* them.” How important, then, that correct outlines for future life be presented to the youthful mind, that a broad foundation may be laid for the great temple of Truth.

My first advice to you is, study to do right, irrespective of consequences. Do right, and let the consequences take care of themselves. In your conduct toward your schoolmates, and others with whom you associate, cultivate high and noble principles of generosity and kindness, and prove your friendship by a willingness to sacrifice your own happiness to secure that of others. Guard against ill temper. Labor to subdue every bad passion. Choose to *suffer* wrong rather than to *do* wrong; and, what I regard as very important, never indulge in speaking *ill* of any one. If you can not speak *well*, hold your peace. Cultivate politeness everywhere, at home and abroad—first, at *home*, and then it will be easy and natural for you to practice it *abroad*. Let these principles grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength; and when you shall have completed your labors at school, your correct moral principles will turn your learning into the right channel, and you will enter out upon life with fair prospects of gaining the esteem and confidence of the wise

and the good. You will be promoted to the highest positions of honor and trust, and you will fill out the measure of your days in the full enjoyment of the multiplied blessings of life, an ornament to society and an honor to your country.

In conclusion, I would say a few words in reference to the best means to be employed to develop and strengthen the mind, and prepare you to search successfully for the exhaustless treasures of knowledge.

The first indisputable requisite is, punctuality in attending school. And whenever the hour arrives for study, summon to your aid every faculty of your mind, and never allow it to be diverted from your lesson till it is completely mastered. This going to your task half dreaming and half awake, irresolute and uninterested, is just the way to weaken your mind, and to hedge up your way with difficulties, which accumulate and appear more and more insuperable at every step in your ascent up the hill of science. Bend to your task, my boys. Let every fibre of your minds be tasked to their utmost tension, and soon difficulties, one after another, will give way, and vanish like dew before the morning sun. Thus will your minds gain strength, and expand, and enlarge, and you will be able to take wider and more comprehensive views of nature and of science.

Thus go on, from day to day, deporting yourselves in good morals, and habits, and manners, as well as in every thing that pertains to the good student, in such a dignified and sensible manner as will command the love and esteem of your schoolmates, your parents, and of your teachers.

Now, my much-esteemed pupils, fill up faithfully the outlines I have given you—carry out faithfully the doctrines and principles I have offered you as your guiding-star up the hill of science—and in a few years you will have completed your studies, and your worth will be appreciated, and society, with one unanimous voice, will shout, "Come up higher!" and you will be promoted to high and honorable positions, and stand preeminently above those of your schoolmates who, though they may have enjoyed equal advantages with you, yet fail to make use of the proper means and appliances for the accomplish-

ment of that which those of higher aspirations have attained.

I submit these well-intended remarks to your serious reflection, trusting that some of you at least will profit by them, and that, after many days, I shall see, with satisfaction and pride, the fruits of my labor.

[*Exit all but John, Henry, and William.*]

JOHN.—Well, boys, what do you think of Mr. Town's good-by speech?

HENRY.—I think the advice he gave us was excellent, and I'm more than half inclined to make the most of it.

WILLIAM.—Yes, I'd like to see you about it. It will be after this, I reckon. I don't swallow all his doctrines by a long ways.

JOHN.—Why, Bill, what did he say that you can take exceptions to?

WILLIAM.—Why he said a heap of things.

JOHN.—Well, let's hear what they were.

WILLIAM.—Oh, I don't remember all he said, but I know I aint going to trouble myself to do half nor quarter of what he recommended. Think I'm going to split my head open studying? no sir-e-e!

HENRY.—Did he say you must do that?

WILLIAM.—No; not in those words exactly, but that's what he meant, I suppose.

JOHN.—He urged the importance of forming correct habits of study, and said it would be greatly to our interest to study hard; and I believe it and, as Henry said, I'm resolved to carry out in every particular, as far as I am able, the plan he offered and recommended for our adoption.

WILLIAM.—Two silly boys! just as though you can remember half he said over night. He can't cage me, boys, depend upon it; I'm not going to submit to all this school drudgery for nothing. The great thing in this world is to get a living. Mr. Town kept telling us almost every day that the great object in coming to school was to learn *to think*. Nonsense! I could think well enough afore I ever went to school at all. Then ag'in he would tell us that the grand object was, to pre-

pare us for the *great and responsible* duties of after life, to use his own words. *Pshaw*, who believes such as that; I think the great object is to get a good living, and just as though splittin' one's head open tryin' to work hard sums, or conjugate a parcel of nonsensical verbs, would help anybody about hoein' corn and such, or make oak rails split open any easier! It's all nonsense. It's well enough to know how to read and write some, and the like of that. Just look at old John Cross, why he's as rich as a Jew, and he doesn't know a letter.

JOHN.—Well, old John Cross, as you call him, is one out of a thousand. He has managed, it is true, by his shrewdness, and avarice, and dishonesty combined, to accumulate what some would call a fortune. But what signifies wealth to such a man as Mr. Cross! why he's one of the most unhappy beings on earth, and everybody knows that society is no better off for all his wealth, and he is esteemed as little perhaps as any man in this country. His money does him no good nor anybody else.

WILLIAM.—Well, I know I'd enjoy myself mighty well, if I had half his money.

HENRY.—You seem to forget, or else you never knew in what true happiness consists, William; for my part, I think there is but little happiness in money, especially when its use is controlled by a spirit of avarice and selfishness.

WILLIAM.—You precious little learned saint you! do tell me, if you please, what happiness consists in, if it's not in getting money. I heard our teacher say here one day in school, that every body was eager in pursuit of happiness, now any body can see with only one eye open that every body's hard at work to get money, and when they get it aint they happy? now then!

HENRY.—This kind of happiness is only temporary; it vanishes as soon as the money has gone. There is a happiness of a higher order; a happiness that is ever springing up afresh in the heart and which sweetens many of the ills of life.

WILLIAM.—Pray be so kind as to tell what it is?

HENRY.—Well, sir, I can in a very few words. It is

the happiness which arises from doing good and making others happy.

WILLIAM.—Yes, yes, I understand. Well I'm too independent to want anybody's help to make me happy. My doctrine is "let every man take care of himself." If I can manage by hook or crook or in some way to get plenty of money, I'll risk but what I'll be happy enough to do me, and get through the world as respectably as either of you who are so crazy about all those hifalutin notions and whims of Mr. Town.

JOHN.—Come, boys, we've shown our colors. We are about to separate and go to our respective homes, in different States, and I move we suspend further discussion, till old father Time, in future years, assumes the province of Umpire, and then we'll be apt to get a wise and correct decision.

HENRY.—I second the motion. [Exit all.]

SCENE 2.—*Salem Town with spectacles on reading a newspaper. A rap is heard at the door. Enter John W. Newman, governor of New York.*

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—Good-evening, sir.

SALEM TOWN.—Good, evening sir, walk in.

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—I think I recognize my old friend and teacher Salem Town. [Shaking hands.]

SALEM TOWN.—My name is Town, sir, but really you have the advantage of me—that voice sounds familiar, it seems as though I ought to know you. [Gets the candle and holds it up to his face.] I do declare I can come within one of guessing. It is either John Newman or Henry Wise, and if you'll repeat the first line of Brutus's address at the funeral of Cæsar, I can tell which it is.

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—Friends, Romans, Countrymen—

SALEM TOWN [overjoyed].—It's John Newman! it's John Newman, I know it is! Am I not correct?

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—Quite correct—John Newman, your old student at Aurora, New York—I'm glad to see you.

SALEM TOWN.—And I'm rejoiced to see you, too. I've been long wishing for this.

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—Having business in Missouri I resolved not to leave the State till I had paid you a visit, and tendered you my sincerest gratitude for your instructions in early life, and particularly for the truly excellent advice and counsel you gave us on the last day of school. I owe my peculiar success in my studies, and in my political career, and my position in society and in business to the address to which I have just alluded.

SALEM TOWN.—It rejoices my heart, sir, to hear you profited so much by it. But tell me where is Henry Wise. Do you know any thing of him?

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—Oh yes; he's coming to see you.

SALEM TOWN.—When, pray? [*A rap at the door.*]

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—I guess he's coming now.

[*Enter Judge Wise.*]

GOVERNOR NEWMAN [*takes Wise by the arm.*].—This is Judge Wise.

SALEM TOWN [*shaking hands.*].—Judge Wise, your most obedient. But I thought you said you expected Henry Wise, your old class-mate, here to see me to night.

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—This is he—the very same. He, too, is on precisely the same errand that brought me here.

SALEM TOWN.—Why, Henry, how do you do?

JUDGE WISE.—I am well, and exceeding glad to see you. Why, Governor Newman, isn't this a rich treat!

SALEM TOWN.—Who's this you are calling Governor Newman; explain yourself. You don't mean to say that my old student John W. Newman here has turned governor?

JUDGE WISE.—It is truly so, or rather the people of New York made him governor.

SALEM TOWN.—John Newman a governor, and Henry Wise judge. Pretty respectably sounding prefixes to your names, you've got, boys; but Governor Newman you didn't tell me what kind of a judge Henry is, but I suppose [*laughing*] it's one of the commonest kind, probate judge, or something that way.

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—Higher than *that*, Mr. Town. He has the honor of being Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

SALEM TOWN.—Is it possible! But I am not so much astonished after all, for I often remarked when you were my students, that John Newman and Henry Wise would some day, in my opinion, be men of distinction. I gave as a reason, that they were very studious, and seemed to take great pains to cultivate good morals and manners, and to comply with the rules of school. But what's become of William—the boys used to call him Bill—somebody, I can't think who?

GOVERNOR NEWMAN.—You mean William Brewer, I presume.

SALEM TOWN.—Yes, that's the name. Have you ever heard what's become of him? I don't carry a very pleasing record of him in my mind. I always thought he would never be of much account in the world.

JUDGE WISE.—I understood several years ago that he had joined a traveling circus, and was serving in the capacity of teamster. I learned, also, that he had become very dissipated, and was, on the whole, rather a worthless character. [*Enter a servant*]

SERVANT.—Here's a man at the gate, wants to know if he can get to stay all night. He says he's got no money, but he is a tinker and will mend up the old tin pans in the morning.

SALEM TOWN.—Tell him to come in.

[*Enter tinker or Bill Brewer.*]

Good-evening, gentlemen; I called to see if I could get supper and lodgings to-night, and I'm pretty tired and hungry, too, having traveled since breakfast without dinner, 'cause why plain enough—I had no money, and nobody appeared to want any work done in my line. If you please allow me to stay with you to-night and in the morning hunt up all your old tin ware and as sure as my name is Bill Brewer [*all look at each other*] I'll mend them all up in the nicest manner for you.

SALEM TOWN.—Be seated, sir, you look tired. You can stay with us, sir. I never refused supper and lodging to a traveler whether he has money or not. Did I understand you to say your name was Bill Brewer?

WM. BREWER.—Yes sir; William Brewer is my name;

but the boys used to call me Bill, and *everybody*, I believe, calls me Bill now.

SALEM TOWN.—Pardon my curiosity; but did you ever go to school in Aurora, New York?

WM. BREWER.—Yes, sir, when I was a boy; and I often think of the discussion John Newman, Henry Wise and me had after our teacher, Mr. Town, had given his farewell address to the school. You see, they indorsed every word he said, and promised themselves they'd do just exactly as he advised us all to do. But I took strong grounds against his speech, and we had quite a warm discussion over it.

SALEM TOWN.—Well, who got the best of it?

WM. BREWER.—Well, we adjourned without any decision, and agreed to call in old Father Time as Umpire, and renew the discussion the next time we met, which we didn't expect would happen for many years, and goodness only knows whether we'll ever meet or not.

SALEM TOWN.—Do you think you would know your old teacher, Mr. Town, if you should see him?

WM. BREWER.—Well, I dare say I might; but he's getting pretty old, and may be dead for what I know.

SALEM TOWN.—Not dead yet, sir. My name is Salem Town, the very same you went to school to in Aurora, New York. I don't wonder you didn't recognize me, for sickness and old age have greatly altered my appearance. [Shaking hands.] How do you do, William?

WM. BREWER.—Not to say very well, sir; and the worst is I'm ashamed to meet you under such circumstances.

SALEM TOWN.—Oh, make yourself easy, William! There's many a one worse off than you in the world, I dare say.

WM. BREWER.—That all may be true; but when I reflect how stupid I was, not to heed the good advice you gave us, I can hardly forgive myself. The consequence of this neglect is that I'm now a poor wanderer through the world, without any home, without friends, and without a respectable trade even, by which to make a living.

SALEM TOWN.—I presume you would be glad to meet with your old friends, John and Henry, and renew

your acquaintance, and finish up that discussion—wouldn't you?

WM. BREWER.—Sorter glad and sorter not, as the old clown used to say. Why they've got up so high in the world before this time they wouldn't know me, wouldn't even say "how do?" to such a bundle of rags as I am, and a tinker at that.

SALEM TOWN.—Oh! I have no doubt they would both be glad to see you. Do you think you would know them if you should meet them in your travels?

WM. BREWER.—Know them! yes, in a minute. I shall never forget how they looked.

SALEM TOWN.—Pardon my impoliteness. I suppose you are not acquainted with these gentlemen?

WM. BREWER.—Never saw them before, that I recollect of, sir.

SALEM TOWN.—Well, William Brewer, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to Judge Wise and Governor Newman, your classmates in Aurora. I will withdraw while you conclude your long postponed discussion; trusting that old Father Time, who is now present, and to whom you agreed to submit your arguments for decision at your next meeting, will do you full justice.

WM. BREWER.—Am I dreaming! The decision is made and I am satisfied. By faithfully filling up the outlines, submitted to us by our worthy teacher, to be our guide in the formation of our habits and character, Henry Wise is now Judge Wise, and John Newman is now Governor Newman, and I, Bill Brewer, by rejecting his counsel, am—what? An outcast and a tinker.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE SECRET.

HETTIE [*running to overtake Mary on her way to school*].—Oh, Mary, wait a minute, won't you? Don't be in a hurry.

MARY.—Why, Hettie, what is the matter? You look as tired as though you had been running this half hour.

HETTIE.—Well, I should think I was tired, running clear from the corner, and calling you loud enough to split my throat open.

MARY.—Well, Hettie, you know I didn't hear you; if I had I'd waited; but we musn't stop here, for it's almost time for the bell to ring, and I wouldn't be late for any thing.

HETTIE.—Oh, well, we sha'n't be late, for it was only eight o'clock, when I started, and I've run all the way. Let's sit down here a few minutes, it's so cool and shady, and I'm so tired.

MARY.—Well, I'll wait a few minutes, and only just a few.

HETTIE.—Why, Mary, I believe you like to go to school, but I don't. It's school, school, school, school, from morning till night. I hate these old books, and this old school. I wish there was no such thing as school.

MARY.—Why, Hettie, I don't; I like to go to school, and get my lessons, and write compositions, because mother says I ought to.

HETTIE.—Well, I don't, if mother does say I ought to. But, oh, Mary [*clapping her hands*], I heard something. I know something, Mary.

MARY.—Well, Hettie, you'll tell me, wont you? You know I always tell you every thing.

HETTIE.—I'd like to, Mary, but then I can't. It's a secret. Mother doesn't know that I know it, nor sister Emily.

MARY.—Oh, now, Hettie, you're too bad. If I ever know a secret, I'd tell Dora Van, would I! I shan't tell you—but come, tell me, please do.

HETTIE.—Oh, I musn't, Mary, indeed I musn't

Mother said it was a secret, and I don't know what she'd do to me if she knew that I know it. I'll tell you some, though.

MARY.—Oh, now come, tell me. If you will, I'll give you all these flowers [*holding a bouquet*].

HETTIE.—I say I'll tell you some, but I can't tell the secret.

MARY.—Well, I'll give these flowers to Dora. But come now, Hettie, if you will tell me all I'll give you my new wax doll that father brought me from New York. Its nose isn't cracked, nor nothing.

HETTIE.—I can't tell you all, indeed I can't, but I'll tell you some. Mr. White comes to our house, oh, so often! And every time he comes he pats me on the cheek, and says, "Hettie, isn't it most your bedtime?" just as if I was a little girl and didn't know my own bedtime. But that isn't all. If I ask Emily any thing she says, "never mind now, dear; run off to your play." And mother comes and calls me, and says, "didn't you know your sister was engaged?" I suppose she didn't think I knew what that meant, but I did though, and I think she might answer my question if she is engaged. But I don't care, for I know something, and she doesn't know that I know it, either. The other night after Mr. White went away, mother and Emily were talking. It was so warm they opened the bed-room door, and they thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. Emily had a new white dress; it cost fifty dollars at the City Mill Store, and the best dressmaker in town is making it. And mother is baking such lots of cake! I just wish you could see it. There is one, I do believe it's that high [*measuring its height from the floor*], all made out of little ones on top of each other, and all covered over with candies and raisins. There is another—I do believe it's that big [*making a half circle with her arms*], and just as white as snow.

MARY [*jumping up and clapping her hands*].—Oh! I know, I know, I know; Emily is going to be married.—Emily is going to be married.

HETTIE [*jumping up and throwing her arms around Mary*].—Well, I didn't tell you, did I? You guessed it—you guessed it—you guessed it, didn't you?

MARY.—Oh, there goes the bell! I wish we hadn't waited.

HETTIE.—Oh, well, we shan't be late—we'll run.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

CHARACTERS.

Tom, a school boy. HARRY, his friend.

JAMES TRUEMAN, son of his employer, late from college.

SCENE 1.—*A village street. Tom and Harry meet, one well dressed, the other shabbily.*

HARRY.—Good-morning, Tom. Going to school today?

TOM.—No, Harry; pa is sick and I can not go any more.

HARRY.—What! never?

TOM.—My school days are over, I fear. I did so hope I could continue this session, but ma says it's impossible—I must work to support the family.

HARRY.—Too bad, Tom. We will miss you so; our teacher, too, will miss you sadly. Where will you work?

TOM.—On Mr. Trueman's farm.

HARRY.—That old curmudgeon. It's a mile to his farm, and, work as you may, you can't please him, better come to school and get the prize.

TOM.—I can not [sighs]. But, Harry, I will be at home every evening; I can study, you know.

HARRY.—Oh, yes, you'll be a ripe scholar, no doubt, with your little brothers crying around.

TOM [after a pause].—If somebody would only teach me.

HARRY.—I believe our teacher is too busy to teach around after school hours.

TOM.—I did not mean him—if some of the boys would study with me—

HARRY.—I would like to help you, Tom, but I have so many engagements. May be Bill Smith would study with you. I'll mention it to him. [Turns away.]

Tom.—Oh, no ; don't tell anybody.

HARRY [comes back].—Well, I won't. I'll be your friend, Tom, through thick and thin. If you want a favor come to me. Good-by, Tom. Good luck to you. [Goes off muttering that's the way father talks to poor people. Curtain falls.]

SCENE 2.—*Tom alone in Mr. Trueman's library reading.*
Enter James.

JAMES.—Tom, you appear to be devoted to books. I hope you are not reading any thing trashy. [Looks over his shoulder, steps back surprised.] Is it possible that you read Latin?

Tom.—A little, sir. I have not much time for study.

JAMES [seats himself].—Any other boy would say, no time for study. But how do you get on by yourself.

Tom.—Very slowly, but ma says, as I am learning so many things I must not expect to get on fast.

JAMES.—You are not perplexing yourself with too many studies I hope?

Tom.—Oh, no, Algebra is my principal study ; but she says I am learning patience, diligence, and self-reliance beside learning to reason widely and think deeply ; these are learned without being studies, and my teacher said the last day I was at school, that the nation needed thinkers.

JAMES.—Very true ; I wish there were more such mothers in the land. Tom, could you not stay with us every night?

Tom.—Don't know, sir ; believe pa would let me, now he is well.

JAMES.—Get his consent and I will teach you from six till nine every evening.

Tom.—Thank you, Mr. Trueman ; I can never thank you enough. But you must only give me a few lessons, then I can get on better ; it will be such dull, tiresome work, that I can not allow my best friend to be more imposed upon.

JAMES.—You will confer a favor by becoming my pupil. I still prosecute my studies, but only occasionally and I want to learn of you those other things that are not studies. Please see your father to-morrow.

TOM.—I will ; thank you, sir. [Picks up his hat.] Good-night, sir. [Exit.]

JAMES.—Good-night, Tom. [Looks after him.] I will follow his bright example and do my whole duty better in future.

[Curtain falls.]

KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

SCENE 1.—*Two girls walking arm-in-arm.*

ABBY.—When mamma first proposed the idea, it struck me as rather absurd.

KATE.—It still seems so to me, I must confess, Abby. What is the use to spend your pocket-money for people who can't appreciate your kindness ? Whatever we do for Miss Fling, will be sure to give offence. If it's a goose, she'll wish it was a turkey ; if it's a turkey, she'll say, " Oh, you foolish Galathians, why didn't you bring a goose ? "

ABBY [laughing].—Well, it's a matter of course that we shall not please her. But will it not be all the more generous in us to give, without expecting thanks ? She is a poor, crazed old body, any way ; and you know we were sent to her school when we were mere babies. She taught us the alphabet—remember that.

KATE—I shall not forget it. It was severe at the time, and now it's awful to remember. She taught us to read in two letters ; that was the extent of her accomplishments.

ABBY.—Our parents were afraid our pronunciation would be ruined if we staid longer. Now she hasn't taught for years. She is poor, and I pity her.

KATE.—So do I. I pity her for being Mercy Ann Fling, a compound of crab-apples, cambric-needles and vinegar.

ABBY.—And for living alone. It must have been hard for her to lose the property her father left. Mamma says it affected her mind.

KATE.—Dear me! Did she *ever* have a mind? It has dwindled away to a remnant, weak and small. Well, Abby, perhaps you are right. I'm willing to contribute the larger half of my pocket-money toward buying the poor creature some holiday presents, if the other girls will do the same.

ABBY.—You dear old Kitty; you'll give more than the rest of us, I dare say, in spite of your joking.

KATE.—Don't flatter me, or I wont give a penny. Let's meet to-night and make our plans; but we must look out, every one of us, for a good scolding.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 2.—*Miss Fling's parlor, poorly furnished but neat. Miss Fling, respectably but coarsely dressed, with spectacles, frizette and cap, sits alone, knitting; her face bound up with a red silk handkerchief.*

MISS FLING.—Ugh, how the wind blows! If it comes from the north, it slams the blinds; if it comes from the east, it settles in my teeth. I'm worse off than Job, for I've nobody to speak to. Should think some of the neighbors might come in, when they know I'm alone. But they wont. Nobody remembers me now-a-days, not even my old scholars. If I hadn't been cheated out of my property, I should have been treated with attention. It would have been, "My dear Miss Fling," here, and "My dear Miss Fling," there. I should have gone to the first houses to eat Christmas dinners, and none of these cold messes lying around in my cupboard. Oh, no! But here I am, lone and 'lorn, suffering with ague, and nobody comes near me, to see if I'm alive or dead. [A knock. *Miss Fling settles her cap and shakes out her dress.*] I wish people would stay away! I should have caught a nice little doze in about a minute; but I never can have the house to myself. [Goes to the door.] Good evening, Abby Fletcher. Walk in, child.

ABBY.—Good evening, Miss Fling. [Sets a little box on the table.] Wish you a happy New Year.

MISS FLING.—You needn't. I shall not have one, if you do wish it. [*Looks earnestly at the box.*]

ABBY.—And a hundred more, Miss Fling.

MISS FLING.—Keep to the truth, child. You don't wish me a quarter of a hundred New Years; or, if you do, you must have lost your senses. You didn't learn such morality at my school!

ABBY [*smiling*].—I merely offer the compliments of the season to my old teacher. I hope she is not offended?

MISS FLING [*angrily*].—Offended? One would think, to hear you, that I had the temper of a North American tigress! Such insinuations, Miss Abby, would never be thought of, if I had not been cheated out of my property.

ABBY [*opens the box*].—My dear Miss Fling, I've been wishing to make you a little holiday present, and hope you'll please accept this cap.

MISS FLING [*taking it*].—Thank you, Miss Abby. Remarkable, I'm sure, that you should happen to remember a poor lady like me, if I was your first teacher. [*Examines the ribbon.*] Purple, upon my word! If there is a color I can't abide, it's purple. But of course you didn't know that, and I'm just as much obliged to you [*Puts it on over her other cap; looks in the mirror.*] Too large over the ears, too small in the crown; doesn't come far enough forward to meet my hair. Now, child, if you'd only taken the measure of my head!

ABBY [*smiling*].—Perhaps, dear madam, if you should remove that silk bandage—

[*Knock. Miss Fling opens the door. Enter two girls.*]

BOTH GIRLS.—A happy New Year, Miss Fling, and many pleasant returns!

MISS FLING.—Two more of my old scholars! How did it happen? [*Offers chairs.*] Please take seats, young ladies. If you had called on me thirty years ago, I could have offered you hair-cloth and mahogany. [*Sighs.*] But since I've lost my property—

LOUISE [*opening a bandbox*].—Miss Fling, I thought I would like to give you something as a token of my

good-will. [Offers a velvet bonnet.] I hope you will like this. It was made by my own milliner.

MISS FLING [surprised].—Why! Thank you, Miss Louise. Really, this is quite unexpected. [Turns it over on her hand.] Some like black bonnets; but, for my part, I think they are only suitable for ladies in the down-hill of life. [Girls look at one another, and smile. Miss Fling puts the bonnet over her cap, and it perches upon the back of her head.] Well, Miss Louise, [looking in the mirror,] your "own milliner" may be a French lady, and eat frogs every day of her life, but she doesn't know how to make a bonnet!

LOUISE.—Miss Fling, if you'll only remove that silk bandage and one of your caps—

MISS FLING [sharply].—I've got the tickleroo in my cheeks, and it's likely to stay there! Do you think I'll wear a little nut-shell that wont leave room for so much as this?

LOUISE.—But it's so thick!

MISS FLING [perching the bonnet on the summit of her head].—Because I've caught cold in my ear; the tinny-pum is affected. Take home this furbelow, and see if your doll can get it on. [But at the same time she puts the bonnet in the bandbox, and carefully sets it away in a closet.]

JANE [offering a shawl].—Please accept, Miss Fling, with the compliments of the season.

MISS FLING.—Thank you, Jane. Why, really, this is most astonishing! A shawl is better than nothing. I had a velvet cloak once, with elegant fringe. But I never expect to have a cloak of any kind again; for when people lose their property—

JANE.—Excuse me, Miss Fling; but I once heard you say you wouldn't take the gift of a cloak, so I ventured to offer a shawl.

MISS FLING.—You might have heard me say I never would take the gift of a shawl. Those were my words, Jane. [Putting it on.] It is the oldest looking garment in the world, only suitable for a lady in the down-hill of life.

JANE [grieved].—I'm so sorry, Miss Fling.

LOUISE [*aside*].—She is delighted at heart. Never mind what she says, Jenny.

[Knocks. *Miss Fling opens the door, still accoutred in her new garments; shawl put on awry; bonnet perched on the organ of benevolence. Enter Kate.*]

KATE.—Good-evening, Miss Fling. [Shakes hands heartily.] Ah, ha! You are dressed cap-a-pie! The happiest of New Years to you, for ever! [Offers to kiss her.]

MISS FLING [*drawing back*].—Why, Kate!

KATE.—Oh! but you taught me to read in two letters, Miss Fling. Can't you let me kiss you for New Year?

MISS FLING.—I was brought up never to kiss. My father was a gentleman of the old school. He considered kissing a foolish use of the lips.

KATE.—A fig for foolishness! [Seizes Miss Fling playfully by the shoulders; kisses her several times.] There, there! Now I've kissed you for Christmas and New Year, and Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving; and I'd like to see you help it, Miss Fling!

MISS FLING.—Oh, you foolish Galathian! Your manners are very uncultivated, and always were. You'll ruin my beautiful new cap and shawl.

JANE [*aside*].—She calls the cap and shawl beautiful!

LOUISE [*aside*].—She has the same opinion of the bonnet. She likes it all the better for being in the height of fashion.

KATE.—Now, Miss Fling, what a figure you are! What makes you roll up your face in a blanket?

MISS FLING.—A handkerchief, child! On account of *tickleroo*; and also a pain in the ear. The *tinny-pum* is affected.

KATE.—No wonder, Miss Fling. You keep your room too cold. Please, Abby, put some more coal on, for we came to spend the evening socially; and this is certainly a chilly reception.

MISS FLING.—You were always called a forward child, when you went to my school. You used to creep under the table, and I couldn't make you come out. You haven't improved one speck, Kate Gilman! The

idea of visitors touching my fire! How do you know I've any coal to spare?

KATE.—Oh! Miss Fling, you like to be hospitable, you know you do. And now, please step into the next room; for I've brought you a new dress, and long to see you try it on. Louise, will you light this little lamp for us?

[*Louise takes the lamp and looks round for matches.*]

MISS FLING.—There is the match-safe, Louise, right under the clock. If it had been a bear, it would have bitten you. I shall be sure to catch my death o' cold, going out of this fire-room, Kate Gilman. But I suppose I must do as you say, you foolish child!

KATE.—To be sure, you must do as I say. And I am, as you playfully observe, a foolish child.

[*Exeunt together.*]

ABBY.—Now is our time.

[*Goes to the door, followed by the other two girls. They all return with baskets.*]

LOUISE [spreading a white cloth on the table, and putting upon it a large frosted cake, ornamented].—Behold a peace-offering for our amiable hostess!

ABBY [putting on pitcher and glasses].—Here's some lemonade, which we will drink to the gentle lady's health.

JANE [adding two handsome dishes of confectionery].—And here are some goodies. May they sweeten her disposition!

ABBY [suspending an arch with letters of green, "A Happy New Year," over the table].—She told me I needn't wish her a Happy New Year; she shouldn't have one, if I did; but what do you call this?

LOUISE.—Poor, unfortunate soul! [Setting lamps on table and lighting them.] Let us give her a slight illumination for once.

ABBY.—And a little warmth. Don't you perceive a change in the atmosphere since I replenished the fire? [Rubbing her hands.]

LOUISE.—Yes, and Miss Fling's sad, frozen heart is thawing. Do you observe it?

JANE.—No wonder she gets cross living here with her own gloomy thoughts for company. Oh, we forgot to set chairs.

[Places them around the table. Enter Miss Fling, attired in black silk, with false front of curls, Abby's cap on her head, her face free from bandage. Altogether her appearance is strikingly improved. She looks like a lady. Followed by Kate, who laughingly holds a lamp, and exhibits Miss Fling as if she were a painting.]

KATE.—Look, girls; here am I, Cinderella's godmother! I found my poor Cinderella sitting in the ashes; I touched my wand and here she is all ready for the prince's ball. Make a courtesy, Miss Fling!

MISS FLING [with a really graceful though old-fashioned courtesy].—Good-evening, young ladies! You see Kate is one of the kind that will be obeyed. But what have we here? [Looking at the table and holding up both hands].

LOUISE [putting shawl over Miss Fling's shoulders].—Oh, you have come to the prince's ball, you know!

[Offers chair. Miss Fling sits at the table, surrounded by the girls, who also seat themselves.]

MISS FLING [smiling].—Why, children, this is—why really this is quite unexpected! It carries me back thirty years. It reminds me of the beautiful old times before I lost my property.

[Draws herself up and looks very happy and proud. Kate as mistress of ceremonies is about to cut the cake, when a loud knocking is heard, also several shrill whistles.]

MISS FLING [starting up in alarm].—Oh! what has happened! Run, girls, the house is afire! Put me out! Open the door! Put me out! Save my bonnet! In the closet! Save that velvet bonnet!

[The girls all laugh.]

KATE.—Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Fling. It's only the boys—our brothers. They have come to add their mite as I give you some coal.

MISS FLING [setting back in her chair, putting handkerchief to her face as if undecided whether to cry or not].—It's first one thing, and then another. You girls and boys, take you both together, have given my nerves a pretty start!

ABBY [going to the door].—As I have made such free use of your coal, Miss Fling, I suppose it's but fair that I should attend to the management of this. Now, where shall I tell the boys to have it put, if you please?

MISS FLING [laughing].—Oh, you foolish Galathian! In the cellar, where do you think? [Bursts into tears.] You dear, blessed children! Such a holiday as this I've not known for many a year—not since I lost my property. Come here, every soul of you, and let me kiss you.

KATE [laughing].—Such foolishness, Miss Fling!

[They all surround their hostess in a group. Boys still knocking and whistling.]

MISS FLING.—You've killed me with kindness.

[They all kiss her at once. Curtain falls.]

THE SISTERS.

THIS little piece is founded on a passage in the Colonial history of New England, in which it is related that a young girl who had been captured by the Indians, remaining among them till she reached the age of womanhood, became the wife of a young chief. Afterward, returning to visit the home of her infancy, she refused the earnest prayers of her parents and sisters to take up her abode with them, and with many tears, and expressions of affection, she bade them farewell, and went back to the wigwam of her savage husband. The complete Indian costume of the mother and child may be made to contrast finely with a simple white dress of the

colonial fashion, worn by a blue-eyed blonde, as the English sister.

SISTER.—

Go not, sweet sister, from our home of peace,
 Into those dark and gloomy wilds away !
 Here, day by day, our household joys increase :
 There, deeper darkness settles, day by day.

Stay thou beside our hearth of warmth and light,
 And nurture this fair child in English lore,—
 And in our mother's faith, that made more bright
 Those happy girlish days, so bright before !

INDIAN CAPTIVE.—

Nay, gentle sister ! Deem not sadness dwells,
 Nor moral gloom, amidst our wigwams wild !
 This fair child lifts to heaven, at evening-tide,
 Hands pure as thine, and prayers as undefiled

And thou, my absent lord ! believe not, thou,
 Thy wife will linger from thy side away !
 The sweetest sunshine crowns thy noble brow,
 My soul of home is in thy evening lay.

I know thy tender trust is strong as death,
 Unchangeable as heaven, where'er thou art,
 And the sweet burden of that generous faith
 Lies safe, a shrinéd gem, upon my heart.

I go, sweet sister ! yet believe thou well,
 No later love, how fond and close so e'er,
 Shall ever, from this forest-nurtured breast
 Unwind one bond to grateful memory dear.

I go : but here, at thy beloved feet,
 I leave a portion of my heart's warm love ;
 And trust, in shame of narrow creeds, to greet
 Thee, and our mother, in that home above.
 Where thought of race or caste shall ne'er divide
 The pastor's daughter from the sachem's bride !

MANAGEMENT; OR, THE FOLLY OF FASHION.

[The young girl performing in this dialogue will understand she is to be in party costume, without hoops beneath the calico dress, that the mere removal of hoops and dress may be quickly effected.]

SCENE 1.—*Mrs. Snooks in a loose calico dress busily sweeping. Enter Mr. Snooks.*

MR. SNOOKS.—Dear! dear! what a dust! You're always in a hurry. [Takes the broom from her and leans it up carelessly.]

MRS. SNOOKS.—Well, *you're not!*

MR. SNOOKS [slowly, with hands in his pockets].—No, I'm waiting for something to turn up.

MRS. SNOOKS.—Waiting for something to turn up, are you? I wish you'd turn something up, and suppose you begin with my broom. You ought to know, any man ought to know, it ruins a broom to set it that way, the brush end should always be up, so; [shows him] but to-morrow, Mr. Snooks, you'd come in and set that broom up the very same way, I'd be bound you would.

[She slips a bandana from his pocket and begins to dust the furniture, hurriedly.]

MR. SNOOKS.—Flurry, hurry, flurry! I hate this thing of flying around as though the world were a-fire! [Sits down and affects to read a newspaper, but looks from time to time at Mrs. Snooks.]

MRS. SNOOKS [with arms a-kimbo].—If I were you I'd not say fire—the world a-fire, indeed! If you were to provide the kindling the world wouldn't burn up soon—that last oven wood you got was a superfine article—hardly wilted the pies, and left the bread all dough—and a pretty fuss you made about that. Your paper is very interesting, I presume! [Approaching him, and looking over his shoulders.]

MR. SNOOKS [gruffly].—Of course, it is!

MRS. SNOOKS.—I thought so; ah! I was quite sure of it! [Turning it up she shows him he had held it upside

down—a letter falls.] Ah! there, I had almost forgotten; this is our invitation to Mrs. Stuckup's party—the greatest affair of the season!

MR. SNOOKS.—Don't! oh, don't say Mrs. Stuckup's party to me, I know what that means!

MRS. SNOOKS.—What!

MR. SNOOKS.—Dresses and ribbons, feathers and flowers, and—

MRS. SNOOKS.—Fiddlesticks!

MR. SNOOKS.—Yes, fiddlestick, and worse than that, oh, far worse! she'll want me to dance, and I wont! I wont! I wont!

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh! Mr. Snooks, how you do go on! Why you are one of Mrs. Stuckup's favorites; how she does admire your taste!

MR. SNOOKS.—Yes.

MRS. SNOOKS.—And she will be pleased with the bonnet you'll choose for me!

MR. SNOOKS.—Yes, she will admire the nice new bonnet you'll get out of me, by your blarney. I'll just tell you I've no notion. [*She goes close up to him, looking very smiling.*] Oh, don't think it! I feel a contempt for Mrs. Stuckup, and fashion, and you. [*He jumps up.*]

[*Mrs Snooks at the same time rises, and takes the cap from his head.*]

MR. SNOOKS.—Oh, I forgot to take my cap off. I didn't mean any disrespect to you. What on earth are you turning that cap around and around for? and what does that delighted expression on your face mean?

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh, I have it now, Mr. Snooks!

MR. SNOOKS.—Have, what?

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh, such a capital idea; just let me have my own way, and I'll save you ten dollars, right straight!

MR. SNOOKS.—No, you shan't have your own way, either—not a bit of it! No, no!

MRS. SNOOKS.—Yes! yes! yes!

MR. SNOOKS.—No! no! n—

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh, to save ten dollars! [*Lays her hand on his arm.*]

MR. SNOOKS.—Well, how?

MRS. SNOOKS.—Sit down, now, and listen to me
You know you don't care about fashion?

MR. SNOOKS.—No.

MRS. SNOOKS.—And I do!

MR. SNOOKS.—Yes! oh, yes

MRS. SNOOKS.—Well, see here, now; I'll put this piece
of velvet about here, and this feather I'll put here, and,
now—oh, isn't it a love, a beauty? Why, I declare, 'tis
beyond my expectations! the effect is decidedly fine.
Ah! Mrs. Stuckup will admire that! That, she will
say, is some more of your husband's taste—his wonder-
ful taste.

MR. SNOOKS.—Taste! taste! rather a bitter taste, I
should think! Woman! woman! what do you mean,
woman?

MRS. SNOOKS.—Don't stand there and call me *woman*,
as if a woman was something you never saw before!

MR. SNOOKS.—You've taken my best hat! what am I
to do?

MRS. SNOOKS [soothingly, and producing an old and
very shocking hat].—Why, bless your head and your
heart, man! you don't care for fashion, and here, now,
is my grandfather's hat, as good as new; you can wear
that, I'm sure—you're very welcome to it. [She puts
it on his head]. There, now!

MR. SNOOKS [walks to a mirror and surveys himself]
—Madam, it is not comfortable!

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh, you'll soon get used to it!

MR. SNOOKS.—No doubt; well, I will. I will wear
the concern provided you will in other respects dress
according to my taste—my taste that is so lauded by
Mrs. Stuckup.

MRS. SNOOKS.—Now 'tis time I were dressing. I must
be going; give me your suggestions, quickly!

MR. SNOOKS.—Well, see here, I know you will, as
you gave up the ten dollar bonnet to please me, you
can't have any objections; you'll just leave off these
circular absurdities—this crinoline.

MRS. SNOOKS [with hands upraised in astonishment].—
Ah! [then laughing]. Yes, yes, I will; I will please you
this once; I'll be ready in a minute, yes, in half a min-
ute. [She runs off laughing.]

MR. SNOOKS [*gazes on the hat, turning it in every position, and soliloquizes—using his watch*].—A minute, indeed! she'll keep me half an hour, she'll be sure to; of course she wont; I wish she would leave the hoops off. But, yes, she shall, I can show *my authority* if I want to; she *shall* do it; how I'll laugh to see her, and wont I enjoy madam Stuckup's surprise, I'll tell her that's some of my taste. That minute is rather lengthy, and I know it would be useless to call "hurry," she's all hurry now, and will keep hurrying till I'm half crazy. Here, Mrs. Snooks! Mrs. Snooks! come hurry, hurry, we'll be too late!

[*Enter Mrs. Snook's in elegant party dress, but without hoops.*]

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh! we will make all the greater sensation on our entrance.

MR. SNOOKS [*starting back aghast*].—Why! What upon earth, you look like a broom-stick! I'd be likely to go with you! You're a beauty!

MRS. SNOOKS.—Thank you, 'tis many a long day since I received such a compliment!

MR. SNOOKS.—But Mrs. Snooks!

MRS. SNOOKS.—What's wrong?

MR. SNOOKS.—Mrs. Snooks, I can provide clothing enough for you to make a genteel appearance. My goodness! how skimpy you do look!

MRS. SNOOKS.—Why, Mr. Snooks, this is your taste here, put on your hat, Mrs. Stuckup will be delighted!

MR. SNOOKS.—Oh, you don't mean! Oh, dear!—

MRS. SNOOKS.—Why, come on, I've learned to despise fashion, too—

MR. SNOOKS.—Put one on, please, just one hoop.

MRS. SNOOKS.—Oh, it's too late now; come, come away, I will be the admired of all—

[*She hurries him along with her. As they leave the stage he says, ruefully:*

" If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
If she wont, she wont, and there's an end on't."

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN.

CHARACTERS.

QUEEN ISABELLA.	JUAN PEREZ DE MARCHENA.
DONA BEATRIX DE BOBADILLA.	LUIS DE ST. ANGEL.
KING FERDINAND.	FERNANDO DE TALAVERA.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.	PEDRO, a page.
In the second scene, an Indian or two.	

[We leave the costumes of King, Queen and Page, and the court dresses of the rest, to the tastes of teachers and pupils. Prints in any school geography or history will suggest the styles of the times.]

SCENE 1.—*King and Queen seated upon the throne, the Lady Beatrix near the Queen, and the Page in view. The Page announces "Juan Perez."*

QUEEN.—Grant him admittance.

KING.—Oh, Isabella! must we listen again to the wild schemes of this dreamer Columbus? [Perez entering.]

QUEEN [addressing the King].—Our friend, Juan Perez. It is the part of wisdom, Ferdinand, to listen patiently and consider well of these weighty matters.

KING.—Well, Perez, go on; we will hear the old story over again.

PEREZ.—Will your gracious majesties listen to me once more. I would fain have you receive this remarkable man, Senor Christopher Columbus; he is no idle dreamer, as you have supposed.

KING.—An enthusiast; a mad enthusiast!

PAGE.—Don Fernando Talavera.

TALAVERA [to Perez].—What! you here, Perez. [To the King.] Oh, my King! what is Spain coming to, when she talks of fitting out an expedition in search of a jack-o'-lantern?

QUEEN.—Nay, Ferdinand! we will hear Columbus: if it is folly, call it mine; if it is glory, you shall share it.

PEREZ.—Oh, thank you, gentle queen.

TALAVERA.—I beg your pardon, but this man Columbus is surely a little affected up about here [touching his

head]. Why the very children point to their foreheads as he passes.

QUEEN.—Don Talavera, you are too severe; now pause awhile, for I woul take a woman's counsel. Dona Beatrix, will you urge the claims of Columbus to me once more? You are enthusiastic but not rash.

KING.—A woman and not rash. Oh!

QUEEN.—Dear Dona Beatrix, you must win the king over to our side. Proceed.

BEATRIX.—Oh, Isabella! Gracious queen and dear friend, something within my breast tells me that this man is intimately connected with the highest good and glory of Spain. Do not think of him as a vagrant dreamer, a nameless adventurer, hovering about courts for the sake of gaining honors and titles for himself; think rather of the sublimity of all that noble mind has conceived; think of all that noble heart has suffered. For eighteen weary years he has toiled and hoped so bravely. Oh! there is a grandeur in such hope as his, and God will surely reward it. My queen, look not coldly upon such enterprises as his, calling them mere adventure. Know you not that Adventure is the child of Prosperity? And now, in these most prosperous days of Spain, it would be madness in you to let the banner-folds of another nation fly where yours dare not.

PEREZ.—Oh, gracious sovereigns! did you know this man's modesty you would not doubt his honesty; on our first meeting, 'twas but a little bread and water for his child he asked.

PAGE.—Don Luis St. Angel.

QUEEN.—Just in time; most welcome.

KING [*to Talavera*].—We shall be overwhelmed. To the ladies this man is a host—sanguine as they.

ST. ANGEL.—Listen, your majesties, ere it is too late. If Senor Columbus is not at once patronized, he will quit the country, and this would, I believe, be an irreparable loss to Spain.

Why, oh! why, when you have risked so much in so many perilous adventures, fear now to risk so little when the gain would be incalculable? Consider, with its success how much may be done toward extending your own

power and dominion ; how much for the glory of God and the exaltation of the Church !

PAGE.—Señor Christopher Columbus.

TALAVERA [*aside to the king*].—In a court-dress, too, the last time I saw him he was threadbare and looked most forlorn.

QUEEN.—And is this Columbus ? Welcome, most welcome to our presence ! Now reveal without hesitation what thy hopes are should we see proper to grant the wished-for outfit.

COLUMBUS.—Ah ! your majesties ; could you but know of the tumult of wild hope that agitates me now. But I know you will listen patiently.

Eighteen weary years have I sought for the means of traversing the ocean to the westward, and every day of all those years have my convictions grown stronger that all my hope should yet be realized. Far away over the broad and blue Atlantic lie fair islands, whose trees beckon, whose breezes whisper me to come, whose clear gushing fountains alone can cool my spirit's fever. Most gracious sovereigns, these dreams were born in Heaven. They have haunted me from early boyhood.

KING.—Columbus, do your own words declare you to be a dreamer, then ?

TALAVERA.—This is enchanting ! Do you not think so, Dona Beatrix ?

DONA BEATRIX.—I do ! I believe this conviction is truly Heaven-sent. I believe that far toward the sunset flowers bloom, forests wave, and waters flow in sweet expectancy of the coming of Columbus.

QUEEN.—I am strangely moved. If it should be so ! oh ! if it should be that the banners of Castile and Aragon should float over now unknown lands ; that there the heathen should turn from his idols and bow before the cross.

ST. ANGEL.—Then act, oh, beloved queen ! upon the impulse of this present moment, or our great rivals, Portugal or France or England, may bear thither their flags. The present is the golden moment. I beg that you will, for your own sake and the honor of Spain, grant to Columbus what he asks.

KING.—But I would have reasons. We have sent to

our learned and scientific men to investigate this rare project, and many of them considered to have sound judgment have pronounced in its favor. Wherefore?

COLUMBUS.—I arrange this under three heads. First, the nature of things; second, the authority of learned writers; third, the reports of navigators.

TALAVERA.—This is a new story. A moment ago, islands far beyond nowhere were calling him.

KING.—Well, hear him.

COLUMBUS.—I can not doubt that the world is round—

TALAVERA.—The man is crazy.

COLUMBUS.—Its shadow on the moon during an eclipse shows this, and there are many other reasons for believing it to be as other planets. Supposing the world to be round, it is not reasonable that hundreds of leagues should be but an expanse of ocean devoid of land. Further, there are many reports of navigators to confirm me in my idea of land lying to the westward. The Canary and Cape Verde Islands were once unknown; why should we suppose them to be the boundaries of all knowledge we shall ever gain?

PEREZ.—Oh, let us aid him to explore the wonders and secrets of the universe!

ST. ANGEL.—Here is a splendid opportunity to surpass all kings and princes. Let it not pass. Even his failure can not reflect disgrace upon you.

COLUMBUS.—But I shall not fail, my heart tells me I shall not! I would that you could see how sometimes before my mental vision is unrolled the broad bright vista of the future. How wonderfully in God's providence do the chariot wheels of human progress roll on! The newly discovered art of printing has awakened the world on this side the water, and oft I dream it shall be carried to enlighten islands and continents afar.

TALAVERA.—He talks of a world on this side the water, now I believe that I have more faith in that than the one on the other side.

KING.—Let him go on. What more, Columbus?

COLUMBUS.—There can never again be a dark age. Never shall the new light of knowledge spread abroad by the power of the printing press be trampled out. There will be no pause now for the career of science; and should

God will that all these high-born hopes of poor Columbus should fall to the ground, even then he would not quite despair; some other happier man will take up his theories, while the sphere of navigation will extend, and perhaps, yet, some great discoverer, unshackled by the impediments that have beset my pathway, when he touches upon some beautiful sunset shores toward which *this hand* pointed him, will remember me—will weep for what I might have been!

BEATRIX.—Oh, queen! this must not be! Would you could see with me the grandeur of this enterprise! Tell me, could this man live the good life he has lived, struggling through poverty and ridicule, and wearing disappointments—yet, amid all, cling to this idea—if there was not truth in it?

QUEEN.—I know not what to think!

KING.—Great caution is necessary.

ST. ANGEL.—To you, my king, that word may have but a slight meaning; but, oh! I know, to Columbus, it is a word of almost heart-breaking import—years, and years, and years—and then to speak in his presence of caution.

PEREZ.—But never was man so endowed with patience as this man; he considers all else light in comparison with this enterprise to which he has devoted himself. Dividing his scanty means with his aged father at Genoa, traveling on foot with thread-bare garments, with a hungry child, pausing but to ask for a little bread and water.

TALAVERA.—And recompensed your kindness with his wild stories.

PEREZ.—Yes, more than recompensed. I received his opinions with unwavering faith. I wish, for his sake, that I were king.

KING.—A common wish, but for a most uncommon reason, to benfit another.

BEATRIX.—Good Perez, I thank you for your kindness to Columbus, and trust that God will reward you for it. Surely, after death, you will be exalted into a white-winged angel of Hope.

QUEEN.—Go on, Columbus, your talk is pleasant in

my ear, whether it be of your dreams or of your reasons.

COLUMBUS.—Oh! most indulgent queen! listen, then, a little longer! It must be that there is land lying toward the sunset. Have you not heard how on the coast of the Cape Verde Islands two men were cast up by the waves of the Atlantic, differing both in color and feature from any known race? also, a canoe curiously wrought, but bearing no mark of iron instruments? Trunks of strange trees have been found far out at sea, and unknown reeds and grasses. These islands, or this land, then, await discovery; and now, that you have conquered the Moors, why not turn your attention to a more important expedition than you have yet fitted out?

QUEEN.—Ah! why?

KING.—Why has not your own country, Genoa, hearkened to you?

COLUMBUS.—I grieve to say that my own land, the republic of Genoa, is now in a languishing condition, and *can not* aid me.

QUEEN.—What do you say, Ferdinand?

KING.—Say! Why now that we have conquered the Moors, and are acknowledged one of the first, if not the first power in Europe, you can busy yourself among your jewels—and—

QUEEN.—My jewels! I—must I play with baubles, while the richer jewels of a royal mind are strewn to the winds, and great hopes perish, and heathen souls are shipwrecked?

KING.—After years of the turmoil of war the nation needs rest.

PEREZ.—Idleness is the file that wears away prosperity, be it ever so great.

ST. ANGEL.—Hope on, Columbus. What though you meet not here the aid you ask? A recent letter from the King of Portugal invites your return; and the learned men of France bend, even now, o'er these maps and charts. Conviction must grow to certainty as they gaze. Oh, Isabella, Ferdinand, Beatrix, this is no dream! Columbus, why linger? Thy life is passing; waste not one moment more; come away—come away. I will go

with you to France, or return with you to Portugal ; or we will set sail for distant England.

BEATRIX.—Oh, Isabella, before it is too late, consider—can you, will you, allow all this honor, glory, and power, now within your grasp, to pass to another ? Ah ! I sigh to think how much less worthy that other sovereign will be than my own.

ST. ANGEL.—We ask so little—but three small vessels. Let us away ! The enterprise promises too much, to be rejected elsewhere, and perchance English sails will first whiten some glad far-distant waters, while the lazy Spaniard hovers about his own shores, as snails coil in their shell tenements, that heed not and know not of aught else. We must go !

PEREZ.—May all good angels attend you ; and I and the good brothers will care for your child.

TALAVERA.—That everlasting child ; give it a little bread and water !

ST. ANGEL.—Time passes.

QUEEN.—I echo it, time passes ! but oh, Columbus, think you, if you do undertake this voyage, this venturing upon the unknown deep, that you will certainly find the wished-for islands ? Perchance they exist only in your own imagination—and you might go drifting, drifting, drifting, the sport of winds and waves for years.

COLUMBUS.—One hour, with Heaven's blessing resting on it, is more than time enough to find a world !

KING.—I would tha' world were found.

QUEEN.—It shall be, Heaven willing, for I will pledge my royal jewels that he may go.

BEATRIX.—I am too happy !

KING.—My good Isabella.

COLUMBUS.—I have not lived in vain ; I could weep like a child !

ST. ANGEL.—I could laugh, and leap and shout like a boy !

PEREZ.—The saints be praised !

TALAVERA.—I have nothing to say, so say nothing.

QUEEN [to Page].—Bring me my casket of most precious jewels. [To Beatrix.]—Take thou the brightest jewel from my crown ; and undo this necklace, worn

since childhood. My soul now seems flooded with the grandeur of this enterprise. [Here the Page returns.]

BEATRIX.—But pause; this is the jewel of jewels in a crown of Castile! and this lovely necklace—can they not be saved?—

QUEEN.—Nay, nay, they charm me no longer. Columbus, now I *feel* that thy hopes shall be realized. Noble, patient, long-suffering one, forgive our tardiness. I feel that you will give to Spain her crowning triumph.

KING.—Columbus, I will hope as the Queen does, and shall ever feel grateful that you have conferred upon us the honor of giving patronage to this great scheme. May it succeed!

BEATRIX.—Fair be the winds, and bright the skies, and calm the waves for thee, Columbus. May many a strange flower bloom in thy pathway. May sweetest song-birds cheer thee, and mayest thou drink of the waves of glad fountains, and rest in the shadow of trees even lovelier than those of Andalusia.

QUEEN.—And there will the blessed Cross go, and the story of the dear Redeemer.

COLUMBUS.—Yes, lovely Queen, there shall our blessed religion go; and ever, next to my love for it, will I cherish fond memories of thee. All the uncertainty, all the danger before me, are as nothing in this proud and happy hour. Now, indeed, under this new-born rainbow of hope, does the future stand arrayed in dazzling sheen I dream that there may come a time when even all Europe may be a field too narrow for the proud step of Freedom; that an enlightenment far, far beyond what earth has yet known, may rise and stream over lands that lie toward the setting sun. Now I have almost too much, for Isabella, for Ferdinand, for Spain, for the future, for the great interests of humanity, for these dear friends, and for the voice within my own breast, that ridicule, neglect, poverty and time could never silence—and for the religion of our fathers. Now, for the first time, I feel it all in its awful splendor, and it almost overcomes me—St. Angel, Dona Beatrice, my Queen!

KING.—I will trust that all is well!

PEREZ—I go to tell the good news to the Brothers!

TALAVERA.—There is no mistake; the man is **crazy**
[Curtain falls.]

SCENE 2.—*King and queen seated, enter Dona Beatrix.*

BEATRIX.—This is a most glorious day for Spain! the joy bells ring, and the shouts of glad thousands tremble upon the air! He has returned! our brightest anticipations have been more than realized! Thine is a glorious reign, and long to be remembered in history! Spain stands first amongst Christian nations! she has now ascended the proudest heights of triumph!—

And now she may rest with her banners furled,
On the heights of Fame she hath found a world!
And what hath she more to do?

[Enter Page, announcing "Don Talavera."]

TALAVERA.—The procession is coming this way, all sorts of gew-gaws along, and some strange red men, too. A terrible fuss in the streets, all the ladies at the windows. I used to think Columbus crazy, now every body else seems to be.

[Page announces "Father Perez."]

PEREZ.—A happy contrast this, to our last reception here, then fears were mingled with our hopes, now our highest, highest hopes, are lost in perfect triumph! Now, Columbus comes surrounded by the flower of Spain's chivalry, and receives the homage of the bravest and fairest.

QUEEN.—This is the triumph hour of Isabella's life! This day shall furnish the greatest theme for the greatest painter! the noblest subject for the noblest poet, for many, many a year to come.

KING.—I am lost in astonishment and overwhelmed with delight! This wonderful man! this great Columbus! why kings are insignificant by his side! I can scarcely realize now, that he is the same follower of the court, who from year to year pressed upon us, what we, with our more limited ideas, conceived to be but wild schemes. Oh, Perez! your goodness is rewarded now!

PEREZ.—Aye, at last. It seems to me but yesterday, he came to our convent gate a poor, unknown stranger, and asked "A little bread and water for his child!"

ALAVERA.— Oh, preserve me! must I hear that again?

[*Page announces, "Senor Columbus, Don Louis St. Angel, and an Indian, a real Indian!"*]

COLUMBUS.— My noble sovereigns, all the honor is yours, I was but the humble instrument in the hands of God, of giving to Castile and Leon a New World!

ST. ANGEL.— Not Portugal, not France, not England, to have this triumph, but it is for Spain, only for Spain, oh! how wild are my transports!

QUEEN.— Heaven has smiled upon our efforts, and oh, St Angel! how shall we thank you enough? It was your eloquence, that persuaded our doubting hearts! You, too, Beatrix, had your own high part in this, and Perez, your honest friendship is rewarded now, and my noble Indian friend is welcome. Pedro, a chair for Columbus.

BEATRIX.— I saw all this long ago; I knew these glad tidings would one day thrill through Spain. St. Angel, we are surely scarce less happy than Columbus.

ST. ANGEL.— To me, also, was this day revealed—I knew it must come; I looked on it as a certainty.

TALAVERA.— How apt is every son and daughter of Adam to greet all events, great and small, with "There, I knew it!"

QUEEN.— Speak not lightly, now, my noble Talavera; the country has been discovered and gold and gems brought thence; now lay aside your caution, and rejoice with us.

KING.— Yes, Talavera, we have nothing more to risk. I deem myself a good king, but acknowledge Isabella a better queen.

TALAVERA.— I do rejoice with you; but look you now, when Columbus sailed right in the direction of this land, how could he help finding it? It was an easy matter enough; give me ships and men, and I'll go myself.

COLUMBUS.— Will your majesty give me an egg?

QUEEN.— An egg?

COLUMBUS.— Yes, only an egg. I wish to favor Talavera with a trifling illustration of his position.

QUEEN [*to page*].—Pedro, bring Senor Columbus an egg.

KING.—What can he want with an egg?

QUEEN.—What, Ferdinand! have you curiosity about such a trifle?

KING.—Not much!

QUEEN.—Tell us, oh Columbus, somewhat of that far wondrous heathen land?

BEATRIX.—Oh, yes! we long to hear of it.

COLUMBUS.—Words can not paint its glories, its wonders, and its beauties. The waves are as pure as crystal, the flowers are of indescribable beauty, the trees are glorious to behold! Ah, Beatrix, your wishes followed me there. The inhabitants are simple as children. Their lives beautiful as a dream of romance. And, lovely queen, there was not an hour that I did not think of and bless you. [*Enter page with an egg.*]

KING.—The egg! Talavera, favor us again with your last remark, that I may feel the full force of this illustration.

TALAVERA.—I said 'twas an easy matter to reach this land; give me men and ships and I'll go.

[*Here Columbus takes the egg, and asks Talavera, St. Angel, and Perez to balance it—all try vainly.*]

KING.—Here, I'll try, too. I never thought of such a thing before, and have seen a thousand eggs. [*Trying, he goes on.*] Why, I can't. How, now, Columbus! why I can't do it, and I'm a king; it looks as though it ought to be done. I wonder if the Kings of England, France, or Portugal can do this. Such a contrary egg! yet it looks like all others. I'd like to do this! who ever did? Here, Isabella, you may try; you, too, Beatrix; curiosity will surely prompt you ladies to do your utmost. [*Both try in vain.*]

QUEEN.—Curiosity, patience, perseverance, all are vain!

KING.—I don't believe any body *can* do it.

TALAVERA.—Who would want to?

ST. ANGEL.—Columbus, do balance this egg, I am sure you can.

[*Columbus taking the egg, balances it by striking it*

upon the table, with just force enough to break the shell slightly at the small end, when it stands firmly.]

TALAVERA.—Any body could do it that way !

KING.—Ha, ha, ha. Yes, since Columbus has shown you how ! Bravo ! bravo !

PEREZ.—Most excellent !

ST. ANGEL.—Always right !

BEATRIX.—How charming !

QUEEN.—The world contains but one Columbus !

TALAVERA [*offering his hand to Columbus, who takes it.*].—Now I am heartily your friend !

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

CHARACTERS.

HARRY SEETIN.

MR. BERKLEY.

A FLOWER GIRL, afterwards MRS. BERKLEY.

SCENE 1.—*A counting-house. Harry Seetin discovered with newspaper in his hand.*

HARRY.—Not much doing to-day—that's certain ! Well, if I just had the time and the money to spare I'd go to hear Professor Baker lecture to-night, but I must be here until nine o'clock, and besides this, my funds are rather low, and I will have to be economical. I wonder if Mr. Patterson isn't going to raise my wages soon I think it is high time he would if he is going to live up to his promise. If he doesn't I'll have to seek employment elsewhere. Hello ! who comes here ?

[*Enter Eliza, a little girl, with a basket of bouquets.*]

ELIZA.—Please sir, wont you buy a bouquet ?

HARRY.—Bouquet ? No ! What do I want with a bouquet ? I'm sure I've got no fair lady friend, to present it to, and, as for myself, I either haven't the time to admire bouquets, or else I haven't any taste. No, little girl, I don't want a bouquet.

ELIZA.—But please sir, do buy one. I've been trying

to sell all day, and no one cares any thing for them. Please buy one, sir, for we need money very much. [Almost crying.]

HARRY.—Well, well, don't cry little girl. You say we need money very much. Whom besides yourself do you support by selling bouquets?

ELIZA.—My mother, sir; and she has been very sick for a long time and I can scarcely make enough to keep ourselves alive and from being turned out of doors by the landlord.

HARRY.—Well, I don't want a bouquet, but here's a dollar [*hands money*]; take it, and may you soon see better times!

ELIZA.—Oh, thank you, sir, I will remember you as long as I live, and may God bless you and—

HARRY.—Oh, never mind, little girl—it's nothing. Run home to your poor sick mother and be kind to her.

ELIZA.—Oh, you are a kind man and I wish there were more like you in the world. [Exit Eliza.]

HARRY.—There's another dollar gone. Well, that cuts off my supply of cigars for awhile, but I don't care. Mother used to tell me to cast my bread upon the waters and after many days I would receive it. Well, I've cast a dollar away, or rather, I've cast a good many cigars away and bestowed a dollar on a poor little girl. Wonder if 'twill ever return. I don't know why it is that all the poor little girls come to me for money and never ask Mr. Patterson. I'm sure he is a thousand times able to give than I am. Well, I don't regret giving this little girl the dollar for she certainly is honest—I'm sure of that; and then her mother is sick, and they are very poor. I wish I had money enough to place all the poor people in the world in comfortable circumstances, and make myself a little more comfortable too.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE 2.—*Room in Mr. Berkley's house. Time, evening. Mr. and Mrs. Berkley discovered. Ten years are supposed to have elapsed between first and second scenes.*

MRS. BERKLEY.—Who was that man who was in here a short time ago?

MR. BERKLEY.—His name is Seetin—Harry Seetin, I believe. He came to apply for the situation of book-keeper. He said he had been at the store and found it closed and thought he would call here.

MRS. B.—Did you give him the situation?

MR. B.—No, I didn't promise it to him, but told him to call at the store to-morrow and I would give him an answer. He makes a very poor mouth of it. He says his wife has been sick for some time, and that his two little children have barely enough to keep them alive. One doesn't know whether to believe half the stories one hears or not. However, this man looks honest enough, and from his appearance I know he hasn't a very great share of this world's goods. I told him to call at the store to-morrow and I would give him an answer.

MRS. B.—Give him the situation. I ask it as a favor.

MR. B.—And why, my love, do you take such an interest in the man?

MRS. B.—I will tell you. You know that ten years ago, and long before you married me, I was very poor. I was out one day trying to sell bouquets to make something with which to purchase some delicacy for my mother, who was very sick. I could not sell a single bouquet. No person would buy. They would not even look at them. I went into Mr. Patterson's store and found this young man there and asked him to buy. He replied that he didn't want a bouquet—that he didn't care any thing for them, but he gave me a silver dollar. He would hardly let me thank him for it; and I ran home very happy. I have seen Mr. Seetin several times since, but not since we were married until this evening, and never dreamed that he was in such straightened circumstances. When I saw him go out of the door I knew him to be the same person who had befriended me ten years ago, and now, as a favor, I ask that you give him the situation.

MR. B.—Most assuredly shall he have the situation. There are two other applicants who come with rather better recommendations than does Mr. Seetin, but he shall have the preference. And, my dear, you are very right to remember those who were kind to you long ago, when you were poor and when you needed kindness most.

I will write a note to Mr. Seetin this evening and send with Thomas, telling him he can have the situation. Fortunately he left his address with me.

MRS. B.—You need not go to so much trouble, William. You know he will call at the store to-morrow.

MR. B.—I know; but, somebody has said that delays are dangerous, and it's true. From what Mr. Seetin said, I know that he and his family are very much in want. And, my dear here is a one hundred dollar note [*handing money*]. You shall give that to him—a dollar for every cent he gave you—and write him a note stating that it is given in grateful remembrance of the silver dollar bestowed on a poor little girl ten years ago.

[*Curtain falls.*]

OIL ON THE BRAIN.

CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE HOPEFUL, a retired alderman in moderate circumstances
SAMUEL BALMORAL, a dry goods clerk.

MR. SIMON FOY, his uncle, a garrulous church deacon.
BOB, small son of the squire.

FRED, his cousin.

CAROLINE, daughter of the squire, and loved by Samuel.
MISS ARABELLA, her maiden aunt.

[*Enter Simon Foy and his nephew.*]

SIMON.—If you do, you're a fool, that's all.

SAMUEL.—Why, uncle, I see no harm in trying; besides, how can I hope to support Caroline properly, situated as I am. I have now a chance to become, it may be, wealthy; at least to greatly improve my present condition. I am assured by these, who are well informed, that this is an excellent company.

SIMON.—Excellent nonsense! Now mark what I tell you—no good will ever arise from this oil speculation. I have been opposed to it from the first, and I have had no reason to change my opinion. It is nothing more nor less than gambling.

SAMUEL.—Uncle, I shall beg leave to differ from you. You know Shakspeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

SIMON.—I am pretty sure the bard did not allude to Oil Creek.

SAMUEL.—Well, just as you please. I have decided to invest. [Exit.]

SIMON.—It seems as if every one had gone crazy! From morning until night, I hear nothing but *oil! oil! oil!* on the streets, in the cars, at home, abroad, in fact everywhere, it is the only theme of conversation. I have become so sick of the subject that I hate to hear the word oil mentioned.

[Enter squire with papers in his hand.]

SIMON.—Good-morning, squire; what have you there?

SQUIRE.—Something of importance, I assure you. We are about to organize an oil company, offering excellent inducements to those who, like you and me, have but a small capital and wish to see it increased. I thought that you, being a particular friend of mine, should be informed of the chance before it became generally known. Just look at this prospectus!

SIMON [throwing the paper aside].—Don't talk to me of oil companies and the ruinous speculation which they cause! I am opposed to it, sir; conscientiously and religiously opposed to it. I wouldn't invest a *dime* in any of your boasted companies; they are swindles, sir, from beginning to end.

SQUIRE [aside].—What a queer old grampus he is. Well, Simon! if I can not induce you to embrace the present opportunity and make your fortune I must bid you good-morning. [Exit.]

SIMON.—I, Simon Foggy, deacon of a church, invest in oil! that's a pretty idea! The good book says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," and if I do, it shall be something more secure than coal oil. Bah! it makes me sick to think of it.

[Enter Caroline, singing:]

"And every one is troubled with
Oil on the brain."

SIMON.—I repel the insinuation with scorn ; I, for one, remain uncontaminated by the prevailing reckless infatuation.

CAROLINE.—Why, is it possible, Mr. Foggy ! that you have failed to take the necessary steps to enrich yourself, at a time when fortunes are made in a day, and millionaires are almost as plentiful as beggars ! But see, what a splendid piece of music Mr. Balmoral has given me !

SIMON.—A most miserable subject at any rate.

CAROLINE.—Do you really think so ? I don't ; and if you will come and hear me play it, perhaps, you will think differently. Well ! if you wont I must go alone. [Exit.]

SIMON.—Now, one might think that women and girls would be exempt from such foolishness ; but, alas ! I'm afraid it is not the case. Ah ! here comes the charming Miss Arabella. [Enter Miss Arabella.]

SIMON.—Pleasant morning, ma'am.

ARABELLA.—Very pleasant, indeed, Mr. Foggy. Have you seen the Squire this morning ?

SIMON.—Yes, ma'am, and am sorry to hear from his own lips that he has been foolish enough to put his money into oil stocks.

ARABELLA.—He always was a fool as far as money was concerned.

SIMON.—What could have prompted him to take so rash a step ?

ARABELLA.—I really can not tell. I suppose he believes it will make a wealthy man of him ; but in my opinion, he will never realize a single cent of the money he has been dunces enough to invest.

SIMON.—I agree with you on that point.

ARABELLA.—You can not imagine, Mr. Foggy, how changed he has become. Now, last night, for instance, instead of coming home at the proper time, as a decent man should do, he staid away until far after tea time, and when he did come, he brought with him a great crowd of men, and insisted on us getting supper for them. After they had stuffed themselves full of every thing eatable in the house, they all marched into the best room ; and there they sat and smoked their filthy

tobacco, and talked of oil and stocks, and flowing-wells and certificates, till my head reeled, and it required a pretty good dose of the old legitimate castor oil to set me right again.

SIMON.—In my opinion the world has gone mad, and not content with performing its daily and annual revolutions in the customary manner, has conceived the idea of greasing its axis and orbit, in order to move more expeditiously, and with less effort.

ARABELLA.—Very true! very true!! But who have we here? [Enter *Fred and Bob, singing.*]

BOB.—My dear Aunt Bell, did you never hear tell, of the man that drowned himself in a fifty barrel well?

FRED.—When he found out his stocks he couldn't sell. [Exit.]

ARABELLA.—Why, even the children seem to have caught the infection! [Enter *Caroline hastily.*]

CAROLINE.—Have you heard the news?

ARABELLA.—No! what is it?

CAROLINE.—I don't know as I can tell you properly, but papa's company has, as he says, "struck oil," and the yield is so great, that the stock has risen—I don't know how much and he is going to sell his shares immediately.

ARABELLA.—I don't believe a word of it!

SIMON.—Nor I, either. [Enter *Samuel.*]

SAMUEL.—Now, my dear Caroline, congratulate me. The stock which I bought, has, in this short time, risen so much per share, that I have been induced to sell, and have realized again far beyond my greatest expectations.

CAROLINE.—I am so glad! [Enter *Squire.*]

SQUIRE.—Hurrah! Our fortunes are made, Arabella! I knew money was to be made out of this oil business. Why, how are you, Sam? I hear that you, too, have been successful?

SAM.—It is indeed true, and through the beneficial influence of such success, I am enabled to ask you for the hand of your daughter, without experiencing the disagreeable sensation of being unable to support her.

SQUIRE.—I admire your candor, Sam—you shall have her with all my heart. [Joining their hands.] May God bless you both!

[*Exit all but Miss Arabella and Simon.*]

ARABELLA.—I believe there is some substance in this oil speculation after all, Mr. Fogy.

SIMON.—It begins to look so, indeed; and my dear Arabella, as we have just seen, success in love followed fast success in the oil business. May I not hope, then, in case similar good fortune should fall to my lot, that the lovely Miss Arabella will accept the proffered heart and hand of Simon Fogy? May I not? do not say no. [*Affectedly.*]

ARABELLA [*with emotion.*].—There is no refusing you, Simon! [*Falls into his arms.*]

SIMON.—It's oil right; never venture never win. As far as oil's concerned, I'm in. [*Exit.*]



GOING TO BE AN ORATOR.

SCENE.—*Two boys meeting; one with Webster's large dictionary under his arm.*

HARRY.—Halloo, John! where are you going with that big book?

JOHN.—I'm going to return it to Professor Niles, of whom I borrowed it.

HARRY.—What is it?

JOHN.—Webster's unabridged vocabulary of the English language.

HARRY.—What have you been doing with it?

JOHN.—Why, you see, I intend to be a public orator, and I wish to insert some large words occasionally, to make my oration sound more grand and eloquent.

HARRY.—Grandiloquent, you mean. I hope you will let me know when you deliver your maiden speech, for I wouldn't miss hearing it for considerable.

JOHN.—I see you are making fun of me, Harry. But you shall hear my maiden speech, and be made to acknowledge its merits.

HARRY.—I hope I am *always willing* to acknowledge *true merit*, John; but how long have you been searching the dictionary for big words?

JOHN.—Oh! about three weeks; and I assure you I have a fine catalogue of them all cut and dried for my advantage.

HARRY.—They may prove to your disadvantage; but come, here you have been studying big words for three weeks, and I believe that I can use as many as you can, now!

JOHN.—Well, I'll try you, my boy! Now, when I say some high sounding word or phrase, you see if you can get one to match it, will you?

HARRY.—Yes; go ahead!

JOHN.—

Demagogue,	Pedagogue.
Exaggerate,	Refrigerate.
Levigation,	Amalgamation.
Aristocratic,	Epigrammatic.
Antagonism,	Anachronism.
Ecclesiastical,	Enthusiastical.
Latitudinarian,	Uniformitarian.
Uncharacteristically,	Ineffervescibility.
Vicissitudinary,	Usufructuary.
Indiscrimination,	Individualization.
Valculiferous,	Antiomniferous.
Transubstantiate,	Pulmonibranciate.
American institutions,	Voluntary contributions.
Evangelical denominations,	Multitudinous associations

HARRY.—

JOHN.—The ebon opaqueness of the nocturnal hour.

HARRY.—The concentrated quintessence of every thing sour.

JOHN [*scratches his head, and apparently tries to think of other examples*].—Why, Harry, I guess you've been picking big words out of the dictionary, too. Are you preparing *yourself* for an orator?

HARRY.—Not at all; my inclinations run in a different direction. But do you intend to devote your life to speechifying?

JOHN.—To be sure I do.

HARRY.—Well, may I inquire to what subject you intend chiefly to apply your eloquence?

JOHN.—Oh! I shall not limit myself to any particular subject, but take up whatever is most popular, and *drop it* as soon as I find something better calculated to win public applause. I have made up my mind to create a *sensation* in the world, and I am *determined to do it*.

I shall yet see the day that my praises are in every man's mouth.

HARRY.—Well, that would be very pleasant, to be sure, provided you merit such adulation—

JOHN [*interrupting him*].—Of course I *shall merit* it. I shall study eloquence and elegance until I become perfectly irresistible.

HARRY.—But what is your primary object, John? You surely have some purer, nobler motive than self-aggrandizement?

JOHN.—Why—why—I don't know as I understand what you mean. What do you think *should* be my *primary object*, as you call it?

HARRY.—I think the first object in the life of every person should be to do good.

JOHN.—Pshaw, Harry! you know as well as I do, that the world is full of persons who take all the responsibility of doing good upon themselves; besides, I should have to give up my darling project of becoming an orator, if I attempt to play the philanthropist.

HARRY.—By no means, John; you could so combine the orator and philanthropist as to form a most desirable character, instead of pursuing the useless, selfish career you have marked out for yourself.

JOHN.—Convince *me* of that if *you can*.

HARRY.—Well, then, let your *first object* be to benefit others; next, remember that every subject has two sides; and instead of advocating the most popular side and running after strange gods, and still stranger whims and theories, study carefully which side is *right*, and then bring all your eloquent artillery against the opposing side; devote yourself to the redress of real grievances; bravely battle for the right; and you will not be undeserving the praise that will surely attend you.

JOHN.—Why, Harry, *you* are really growing eloquent, and I am half inclined to adopt your suggestions, and try to live for something high and noble.

HARRY.—If you should, the world might be both wiser and better for your having lived in it.

JOHN.—Well, I will think of it and tell you my decision when we meet again. Good-morning!

HARRY.—Good-morning, sir.

QUACKERY.

CHARACTERS.

DR. PEDANTICUS.

MIKE MILIGAN, an Irishman.

SCENE.—A doctor's office. Dr. Pedanticus putting vials in his saddle-bags. Enter Mike.

MIKE.—Good-mornin' docthur.

DR.—Good-morning, Mike. Take a chair. [Mike sits down.] Well, Mike, how is your health?

MIKE.—Oh, bad enough, docthur. I'm afeard I'm a-goin' to have the bloody [oo as in took] cholera, what's on it's way across the say. Oh, docthur, can't you prevent me from havin' the bloody disease? Can't you, docthur? say now, sure you can.

DR.—Well, Mike, what induces you to onceive the idea that you are about to be visited with an attack of the terrible Asiatic epidemic?

MIKE.—Well, you see, docthur, about a wake ago I got into a little fight with Jimmy Malooney, and the bloody spaldeen hit me a lick agin the stomach, and iver since that time I've had a quare falin, sort a-like cholera. Say, docthur dear, what can you do for me?

DR.—Well, Mike, I will derivate the diagnosis pertaining to the symptomatic indications, and then ascertain what remedial remedies to apply.

MIKE.—Yis, docthur, do; sa [see] what you can do for me, docthur, for I'm afeard I'm a goin' to have the bloody cholera.

DR.—Let me see your tongue, Mike. [Mike puts out his tongue.] The indications are of a rather heteroginary character. How is your appetite, Mike?

MIKE.—Me appetite is very wake, docthur, very wake indade. I don't ate more'n half a loaf of rye bread, six paces of mate, and fourteen petaties at one male, and as dhrink, nothin' will lay on my sthomach but whisky.

DR.—I would not advise you to indulge very greatly in whisky, as it has a deleterious effect upon the sub-linguinary diaphoritic periosteum of the diaphragm.

MIKE.—Oh, docthur, I can't git along without whisky, at all at all. Me health woud give way inthirely if it vasn't for the dhrift of dhrink.

DR.—Let me feel your pulse, Mike. [*Feels his pulse.*]

MIKE.—Does it bate regular, docthur?

DR.—It's action is rather efferoesical.

MIKE.—Yis, sir. I thought so, meself, docthur.

DR.—How do you rest at night, Mike?

MIKE.—I rest on a bed, now; but before I got sick Bridget made me slape on the floor. [*Pronounce flure.*]

DR.—I mean do you sleep well?

MIKE.—Yis, sir. Except whin little Pat hollers like a wild cat for a dhrift of wather, and whin I git the wather he wants a pace of bread; and so he kapes me runnin' all night long.

DR.—Well, Mike, I'll tell you exactly what is the matter with you. I'm not one of the class of physicians that keep their patients in the dark as respects the nature of their complaints.

MIKE.—Yis, do, docthur; let me hare all aboot it, for I'm dreadfully afeard of cholera, bad luck to the bloody disease.

DR.—The transverse colon of the recto lymphatics is prevented from performing its proper functions, in consequence of the duplicatures of the posterior auricular temporo malillary esophagus, pressing against the facial artery of the duodenum, located upon the meso rectum of the four layers of the great omentum. Also the aperture of the meatus auditorius externis is obstructed, by coagulated secretions formed in the heart of the thorax. Also the seratus porticus superior is very much dilated, from the pressure upon it of the levator anguli scapulae, and the flexor longus pollicis pedis tendon.

MIKE.—Oh, docthur, I knode it was something li that was the mather with me. Oh, be-gorra, docthur, I kin niver git over so many ailments. Oh, docthur, do you think I can git all thim things fixed up all right agin.

DR.—Oh, yes; you needn't be alarmed if you will faithfully follow my prescriptions. [*Doctor prepares medicine.*] Here [*giving him a vial*] is the double extract of *Kramidia trianda*; take half a teaspoonful upon

going to bed, and the same quantity half an hour before each meal. You see, Mike, I always let my patients know exactly what I give them. Here is an infusion of Lauro Cerusus Virginiana, intended to promote the proper action of the external plantar of the internal calcanean. Take twenty drops twice a day; at three o'clock and again at seven. After taking these remedies three days, you will be entirely well. Here is also a small box of pills, consisting of Hydrargyri chloridi mitis cum ipecacuanhae.

MIKE.—There is none of the bloody mercury in 'em, is there?

DR.—Oh, none at all, they are perfectly safe; take six pills at a time, twice a day, at ten A. M., and again at two P. M.

MIKE.—Good-by, docthur, God bless you.

DR.—Good-day, Mike.

TWO FAULTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NELLIE and SARAH, sisters at a boarding-school; SARAH aged sixteen, NELLIE, fourteen and a-half.

MARY, their mutual friend, aged seventeen.

MR. CRABSTER, professor of mathematics.

SCENE 1.—*A room in the building, Sarah and Mary, busy at their books. Enter Nellie, humming softly to herself.*

MARY.—Nellie please don't sing any more, that's a good child, it disturbs me and I do so want to understand this problem.

SARAH.—Take your book, Nellie, and attend to your lessons immediately. If you don't alter your conduct, I will positively write to papa. You are a perpetual mortification to me.

NELLIE.—Really, Miss Perfection, it grieves me beyond measure, to see you lay the matter so much to heart. I am afraid your angelic spirit will yet be

further tried. I know not what dark deed I may yet commit.

[*Pins a green ribbon to Sarah's dress and goes off.*]

SARAH.—That girl grows more careless and provoking every day. I almost despair of ever making any impression upon so vain and trifling a nature.

MARY.—Really it grieves me, Sarah, to hear you speak so unsparingly of your sister's faults. The truly generous mind can not but look with compassion upon those to whom nature has given inferior endowments to its own. When I hear persons arrogate to themselves virtues, which they blame others for not possessing, I can not but remember the injunction of St. Paul, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

[*A bell sounds, and they both go off.*]

SCENE 2.—*Recitation hall. Mr. Crabster—old gentleman, with sharp nose and spectacles. Sarah and Mary with the other girls of their class.*

MR. CRABSTER.—Step to the blackboard in order. [*Reads an example; each one performs it, and returns to her seat.*] Take the pointer, Sarah, and explain the example.

[*Sarah advances with great dignity, amid the suppressed giggling of the class.*]

MR. CRABSTER.—Silence! Miss Sarah, before you proceed any further, please to remove that string from your dress.

SARAH [*staring at him blankly and turning red*].—There's no string to my dress, Mr. Crabster.

MR. CRABSTER.—Yes, but there is—

SARAH [*very indignant*].—There isn't; I don't wear strings to my clothes.

MR. CRABSTER.—Leave the hall immediately, and go to your room, miss, and remain there until I give you permission to leave it.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 3.—*Mr. Crabster, at his desk alone, busily writing. Nellie enters, and approaches him looking very confused and ashamed.*

MR. CRABSTER [*gruffly*].—Well, what do you want?

NELLIE.—To go to Sarah's room in her place, for I was the one in fault. I pinned the ribbon to her dress; I only did it to tease her. I did not think of her wearing it to the hall. Please let me be punished!

MR. CRABSTER [*resuming his writing*].—I'll do no such thing. I did not punish her for wearing the string, but for contradicting me, and speaking so unlady-like as she did.

NELLIE.—But she did not know the ribbon was there; and any thing slovenly about her dress always makes her so angry. And now you see that I am the one who deserves to be punished, and will let me go be a prisoner, and release Sarah.

MR. CRABSTER [*meditatively*].—In consideration of the extraordinary features of the case, I suppose that I will have to pardon you both, for this time, if Miss Sarah will make a suitable apology for her rude behavior, and you promise to give up your mischievous pranks for the future, and attend more closely to your studies. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 4.—*Sarah and Mary in the latter's room.*

MARY.—Sarah, you must not say you will never forgive her, it is both childish and wicked. If you were truly grieved to see these faults in your young sister, as you say you are, you should be willing to use every means in your power to correct them. If I must speak with the candor of a true friend, I think you generally take the way least calculated to effect a reformation in Nellie's character, and often succeed in placing yourself as much in fault as she. If you would only learn to control your temper, and meet her lively sallies in the spirit of banter, in which they are given, it would be half the battle. In the present instance, if you had not lost your good humor the moment Mr. Crabster spoke to you about the ribbon, the whole affair might have passed off without occasioning any annoyance to any one.

GRUMBLING OVER LESSONS.

CHARACTERS.

OLIVE, a large girl. ALMA, same size.
 SARAH. CARRIE. MARY. SALOME. MAGGIE.
 CHARLIE, a mischievous boy, who can whistle Dixie.

SCENE.—*The girls stand in groups, playing, and eating dinner, as it is noon-time.*

OLIVE.—Now, girls, the teacher has gone after her dinner, the boys are at play, so let us have a good time studying our lessons.

CARRIE.—Yes. Hurrah! let's get our books and study. [*They run and procure them, and study for a minute.*] I do think [*pouting*] the teacher is real mean not to let us whisper, or hardly move in school; now, when we study, we can stand up or walk around, and learn ever so much better. Can't we, Mary?

MARY.—Yes, that we can. *I* think she's mean, too.

SARAH.—So do I.

SALOME.—And I, too.

OLIVE.—Now, girls, stop talking so. You know we couldn't study a bit well if it was noisy.

MAGGIE.—That's true. Girls, keep still. How can I study now? [*They keep quiet until Maggie exclaims*] —Oh, dear! I never can get this lesson in spelling! How hard it is! I can never remember these definitions. And what good will they ever do? There!—[*throwing the speller on the desk*]—I'll give it up—can't learn it.

OLIVE.—Remember the motto, Maggie, "I'll try."

MAGGIE.—Well, I will try a little. [*Reluctantly takes up her book and studies aloud.*] M-o-r-t-a-r, a short piece of ordnance used for throwing shells. C-a-r-b-i-n-e, a short gun, borne by light horsemen, carried over the left shoulder, and has a ball weighing twenty-four pounds.

OLIVE.—Why, Maggie! you had better think. It must be a large gun to carry a ball weighing twenty-four pounds.

MAGGIE.—Well, it says *something* about twenty-four pounds.

OLIVE.—It says twenty-four balls weigh one pound.

MAGGIE.—Well, that's a sad mistake. I'm most discouraged.

SARAH.—That is as bad a mistake as our class in geography made the other day. We were going by water from Cleveland to Quebec, and going, too, right down the Niagara river over the Falls, forgetting all about Welland Canal. Teacher says we must learn to think, and that is so hard ; isn't it, Maggie ?

MAGGIE.—Yes, indeed it is.

OLIVE.—But if you do not learn to think, you will not make much of a scholar.

ALMA [*who stands at the blackboard with chalk in hand*].—Well, I never can write this sentence, if I think a week. A sentence whose principal parts are each limited by a word, phrase, and sentence. [*Sits down for awhile in despair, then arises and goes to work.*]

SARAH [*with a frown, scribbling on slate*].—What a hard arithmetic lesson ! To write a rule of our own for long division. I never can do it without—

OLIVE.—Without thinking, Sarah. No, of course you can't.

SARAH [*contemptuously*].—Oh, Miss Preacher, I didn't mean that. I meant without looking in my book.

OLIVE.—Oh, girls, you ought not to grumble ! Our teacher gives you lessons which will teach you to think for yourselves. You must not be dependent on others, but learn to depend on your own energies. "Good scholars must be thorough in every thing." That is a good text.

ALMA [*half laughing*].—And you are as good as a preacher. Say, Olive, how much salary would you ask to give us a sermon like the one just delivered, every noon until close of term ? [*Sarcastically.*] No doubt we would daily grow wiser and better.

CARRIE.—Now stop, Alma, you are using the language of irony too much.

OLIVE.—Well, girls, I think you are most too bad. You know I say the truth, and sometime you will be sorry When you grow old—

SARAH.—As old as the reverend Olive ! Girls let us count the gray hairs [*touching Olive's locks*] on her venerable head. [*All laugh.*]

SALOME [*crossly*].—I never in the world can make sentences which contain these words—discouraged, venerably, and contented.

ALMA [*going to her and taking speller*].—Yes you can. Say Alma is discouraged about learning to write sentences, Olive's grave words sound venerably, and she is contented to lecture ugly girls, and so on.

MARY [*throwing down geography*].—Come, girls, let us go and play.

CARRIE.—Oh, no ! not yet. We couldn't get to the door before Olive, the preacher, would say, Girls remember what the teacher says—“Lessons first, play afterwards ;” and then we would be conscience smitten.

[*They all study, till Mary, with a sour face, exclaims*]
—Oh, what a hard geography lesson ! How to go by water from Grand Rapids to Buffalo. I shall sink before I get there ! Dear me !

CARRIE [*cyphering*].—I never can perform this example !

OLIVE [*cheerfully*].—Find a way, or make a way, Carrie.

ALMA.—Well, Olive, I've got a kind of a sentence. It's the best I can do. I wouldn't have tried, if I had not been anxious to be benefited by your sober sermon.

OLIVE.—I'm glad it has done some good. If you have done the best you can, you have “done well—acted nobly ! Angels do no more !”

CHARLIE [*coming in whistling*].—Why, girls, what are you doing now !

GIRLS [*all together, pushing and striking him*].—Go away ! Stop bothering ! You're always teasing ! We are studying.

CHARLIE [*looking surprised, and giving a long whistle*].—Studying ! nonsense ! studying ! You look cross as bears ! You never can learn with such sour faces !

OLIVE.—They are complaining, and pouting, and grumbling over hard lessons.

CHARLIE.—Now, girls ! I'd be ashamed ! To spoil such a nice playtime by acting so ! Come, let us sing “I

wish I had my lesson," and then go and play awhile; and when school calls, if you stop looking cross, and study hard, the wish will surely come to pass.

SARAH.—Yes; the singing comes next in order after sermon. Olive, say the congregation will sing hymn on 173d page, common, particular, lengthy, short metre.

OLIVE.—Now behave, Sarah, or I will not help you.

SARAH.—Well, I suppose I must mind, but it's tough. Olive, you commence, and I'll lengthen my face and sing with all the strength of my powerful lungs.

[*They all sing "I wish I had my lesson," tune, "Dixie." Charlie whistles. All go off with life and energy.*]

I'm glad I live in the land of learning,
Wisdom's heights I'm just discerning,
Far away, far away, away, far away.
Although sometimes I'm sad and weary,
And the way looks dark and dreary,
I'll away, I'll away, away, I'll away.

Chorus.—I wish I had my lesson,
I do, I do;
In learning I will end my days,
And live and die in wisdom's ways.
I'll try, I'll try,
I'll try to learn my lesson;
I'll try, I'll try,
I'll try to learn my lesson.

SARAH.—Sometimes, when I have hard lessons, I'm almost sorry I live in the land of learning. It will be a long time before I can ever discern wisdom's heights.

Too many children fret and worry,
Because they can't learn in a hurry,
Right away, right away, away, right away.
But as for me, as I grow stronger,
I will strive to study longer,
Work away, work away, away, work away.

Chorus.—I wish I had my lesson, &c.

CHARLIE.—Yes, too many children have been fretting and worrying this noon, I should judge.

ALMA.—Now, Charlie, stop teasing; we've reformed. Don't you ever fret and worry?

CHARLIE.—Well, yes, sometimes; but I don't often draw my face so prodigiously long.

Sometimes I think of the sunny hours,
 The golden bees and pretty flowers,
 Far away, far away, away, far away.
 But then I know when school is over,
 I can run in the fields of clover,
 Skip away, skip away, away, skip away.

Chorus.—I wish I had my lesson, &c.

MARY.—Well, I wish school was over now. I long to be out in the woods and among the flowers, with books, lessons, and teacher out of sight and hearing.

I love my school next to my mother,
 Next to father, sister, brother,
 Work away, work away, away, work away.
 While I'm young and while I'm ruddy.
 I will work and I will study,
 Work away, work away, away, work away.

Chorus.—Oh ! I know I'll learn my lesson, &c.

CARRIE.—I love my school pretty well, but I love play and fun next to my mother, “next to father, sister, brother.” And now hurrah ! let's leave our books and have a grand, good time before the bell rings. [They exit with shouts and laughter.]

BEHIND THE SCENES.

CHARACTERS.

MARIA,	}	Three girls, who remain
KATE,		after school to study
NELLIE.		their lessons.

SCENE.—*Chairs or benches to represent school-room. Desks. Cloaks hanging up. Curtain rises.*

NELLIE.—There ! I have finished my algebra lesson at last. Oh ! how tiresome it is to study so much ! I wish I was a queen, then I should never have to go to school.

KATE.—But you would, when you were a princess, and have far more to study ; and you know “There is no royal road to learning.” So you must make a better wish than that.

NELLIE.—Then I will wish my studies were over. My heart seems to be full of bees. Philosophy buzzes in it, and grammar buzzes, and algebra buzzes, till I am almost distracted. I shall be glad when my studies are done.

KATE.—What a hive of learning and sweetness it must be! But, Nellie, dear, do you remember what our teacher told us the other day, that our studies would not be ended while we lived; we must always be learning something new.

MARIA.—Congratulate me, girls! I have committed to memory a difficult history lesson, and can say it perfectly—now listen: “The victorious general”—

NELLIE [*interrupting*].—Oh! don’t, Maria! We have enough of that through study hours. Let us talk of something not quite so learned, and more interesting.

KATE.—My party, for instance. You know, girls, my birthday comes next week, and I have been promised a birthday party. Mamma is to manage it all. There will be dancing, and refreshment, just like a grown up party, and I am to have a new white dress with eight tucks. I am so glad we staid this afternoon, because we can arrange whom to invite. Of course, you two, Nellie and Maria, and the Smiths and Browns will come. I shall have to leave some out. I must consider whom.

NELLIE.—Be sure and invite Minerva Barry; you know her father has “struck ile” [*mimicking*], and made his everlastin’ forchune. She will be likely to wear her flame color silk that cost “a heap of money.”

KATE.—Now, Nellie, you are too bad. If you had been brought up with such disadvantages as Minerva has, you would be awkward and ignorant, too.

NELLIE.—Then I should have staid in the backwoods, where I belonged. Why, she brings bread and ham to school to eat in the classes, and says she likes it “powerfully.” “You needn’t mind any thing I dew,” she said to Miss Horton, “my pa’s rich, he’s struck ile.”

KATE.—Poor thing! if any one would be kind enough to tell her how frightful she looks in those rich silks she wears to school, and how much more becoming a

neat gingham would be, it would be doing her a real service.

MARIA.—Let her wear what she likes, girls, but for pity's sake don't invite her to your party, Kate. Why, she would eat ice-cream with a fork, and cold turkey with her fingers, and she would wear the flame color silk with yellow bows ; and then just imagine her telling every one in the room, " My pa's rich, he's struck ile" [drawling].

NELLIE.—Or playing Yankee Doodle with one hand, on the piano, to show off her accomplishments.

KATE.—Girls, you are too bad. Nothing is ever accomplished by ridicule. It is the weapon of weak minds. I think something may yet be made of Minerva, for she has a good heart.

A VOICE.—Thank you, Kate.

[*The girls look up in astonishment and see Minerva just stepping from behind a cloak that was hung up.*]

NELLIE [scornfully].—Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

MINERVA [angrily].—I wasn't listening, I just went in behind there to frighten you ; I didn't think you were mean enough to talk about a schoolmate behind her back, that way. I—I wont like you ever again, nor speak to you either, except Kate.

NELLIE [aside].—Oh, don't we feel hurt! aint it dreadful! and our pa's aint rich, and haven't struck ile. [Aloud.] Oh, Minerva! forgive us! we didn't mean any thing bad—girls always talk about each other.

MINERVA.—Oh, I don't mind if you are sorry for it I suppose I can afford to forgive you. My pa's rich—but I like Kate the best, after all. [Exit Minerva.]

MARIA.—What a muss we have got into. Who would have thought there was any one listening?

KATE [gravely].—There is always One listening to our idle words ; so we should be careful, girls, and not go too far in talking nonsense. But now about the party. Of course, we must have our usher, Mr. Jacobs, to make fun for the children ; he knows so many games, and tells such funny stories.

NELLIE.—But suppose he should forget, and cry,

"First class in geo-o-graphy, this way," or "boys! boys! girls! girls! less noise! wouldn't it sound funny"?

MARIA.—And he is so absent-minded; he will take snuff all the time, and—

A VOICE.—Stop, girls, till I get out of this!

Mr. Jacobs, a little old man, with spectacles on and a pen in his hand, steps from behind a desk.]

MR. JACOBS [*in a most comical tone*].—“My pa's rich, he's struck ile!”

GIRLS [*altogether*].—Oh! Mr. Jacobs!

KATE.—Did you hear all our foolish talk? We thought you had gone home.

MR. JACOBS.—I am afraid, my dear children, you struck deeper than “ile.” Poor Minerva must feel both angry and ashamed. Let me suggest that hereafter you imagine a listener near, and always temper justice with mercy, when speaking of the defects of another. There is a very beautiful little verse I would like you to commit to memory. I think, Kate, you know it already. Let me repeat it, after which we will go home.

“Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

[*Curtain falls.*]



THE TEST.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLACE.
TOM WALLACE.

MRS. WATSON.
JOHN WATSON.

SCENE 1.—*A room. Mrs. Watson and John Watson discovered.*

MRS. WATSON.—Ah, it is very hard to live in this way after having been reared in a palace of luxury. Every thing is gone from me now, but you, my son. The house has been sold, and we have scarcely enough

to keep us alive for a few short weeks, while I have such poor health that I am scarcely able to move about.

JOHN.—Do not despond, dear mother. I will soon find something to do, and then we will get along nicely. I can make money enough to keep us alive, but I do feel sorry that I must give up going to school. I had become very much interested in that arithmetic that used to seem so dry, and I was getting along finely.

MRS. W.—I did not like to have you leave school just now when you so much need schooling, but grim poverty is looking us in the face and we must endeavor in some way to keep ourselves alive. If I were only able I could make something, but as it is I can do nothing. I am only a weight on your hands.

JOHN.—You *must not* talk so, mother. I shall feel very much displeased if you do. You are no weight on my hands. What would I have been without you? But I must get my cap and see if I can not find a situation. We have a little money yet, you know, and I think it will last until I find something to do.

[*Going, meets Tom Wallace.*]

TOM.—Hallo, John! where away so fast? You seem to be in a great hurry.

JOHN.—I'm just going out to see if I can't find a situation. You know since our recent misfortunes we are in rather straitened circumstances, and I want to see if I can't find something to do. But come in and sit down. I'll not go out now.

TOM [*to Mrs. Watson*].—Good-morning, Mrs. Watson. I hope you are better this morning.

MRS. W.—Not much, my young friend. I am very weak, and the troubles that have come upon us seem rather to have made me worse.

TOM.—John has said that he was about to go out to seek a situation. I have just come in in the nick of time. Father wants a boy, and he told me to speak to John the first time I should meet him and ask him if he would accept a situation in his store. I thought I would not wait until I would meet him on the street, but ran over here immediately. If you feel like going, John, he will be glad to have you.

JOHN.—I will go, gladly. I had a great deal rather work for a man I knew than for a stranger.

MRS. W.—I am very glad that you have obtained a situation for John. I know it is a very difficult matter at present to find employment of any kind, and I feel truly grateful to both you and your father for what you have done.

TOM.—No thanks, Mrs. Watson. Father was in need of a boy, and as he knew John to be sober and industrious and supposing he would be anxious for steady employment, he decided to ask him to come. You will come to-morrow morning?

JOHN.—Yes; I will be on hand early.

TOM.—All right. Good-morning.

MRS. W. AND JOHN.—Good-morning.

[*Curtain falls*].

SCENE 2.—*Mr. Wallace's store. John Watson and Tom Wallace discovered.*

TOM.—Come now, John; don't be so puritanical in your notions. Here is some tip-top wine. I got it down at Harlan's, and I know you will like it. Take a drop, do!

JOHN.—Indeed, Tom, I will not. I know something of the evils of intemperance and I am fully determined that I will never drink intoxicating liquor of any kind.

TOM.—John, don't be a fool. There is a wide difference between being a drunkard and taking a glass of wine occasionally.

JOHN.—Not a very wide difference, I assure you. Can you point to a single drunkard who didn't commence his downward course by drinking a little "prudently," "temperately," as it is sometimes called? Point me to a single instance, will you?

TOM.—I don't know that I can, but I can point you to a great many who have been drinking temperately for a long time and yet there is no prospect of their becoming drunkards.

JOHN.—I have no doubt there are some temperate drinkers who will not become drunkards, but they are few. The greater part of them will fill drunkards' graves.

TOM.—Well, this wine will not hurt you, but on the contrary it will make you feel like a new man. Come now, take a drop, and don't be a goose.

JOHN.—Indeed I will not. You have my answer. But, Tom, I am surprised to see you have a bottle of wine with you. I thought you were strictly temperate.

TOM.—There's no use in a fellow being so awful strict. I think I can take a little pull occasionally and yet not be a drunkard. I was at Alice Craig's birthday party last week, and when we were all about to pledge the fair Alice in a glass of wine, one of your strictly temperate fellows refused to drink. He said he would drink her health in a glass of water, but he had given his mother a promise that he would never drink wine, nor any other kind of intoxicating liquor, and he meant to keep that promise. Of course all the boys laughed at him, and Alice herself looked very much displeased but said nothing. Now, how would you have done if you had been in that fellow's place? You certainly would not have refused to drink on an occasion of that kind.

JOHN.—Yes; I would have refused. I would have done just exactly the same as that young man did, even if every person in the room had laughed at me, and if I had been turned out of doors by the young lady's father. I tell you, Tom, I have seen enough of the evils of intemperance to make me bitter in my denunciations of the wine cup. I have seen the promising youth—the pride of the father and the delight of the mother—in a few short years become a driveling sot. I have seen the father, who should have been looked up to for counsel and advice, go staggering to his home, there to meet a number of starving, frightened children, and a heart-broken wife. I am young yet, but I have seen enough to make me detest the wine-cup; and I have determined that, by the help of God, I will *never* let one drop of intoxicating liquor pass my lips.

TOM.—I declare, John, you have turned temperance lecturer. Well, I can't stand this speechifying, so I'll go out. [Exit Tom.]

JOHN.—I am really surprised to see Tom with a bottle. I supposed that he hated intoxicating liquors as

much as I do. His father doesn't know of it or there would be a rumpus. I sincerely hope he may not be led away. I intend to talk to him again, but I must be careful *how* I talk, for if I offend him he may persuade his father to discharge me. [Sees note on the floor.] Hallo! what's this? [Picks it up.] A twenty dollar note, as sure as I'm alive! I wonder who could have dropped it. Probably some one who was in the store this evening. Oh, won't that buy lots of nice things for my poor sick mother? Aint I glad that I found it instead of Tom? It is a wonder he didn't see it. Let me see—what will I buy? First, we must have some coal, for our stock is getting low; and then we will have a nice turkey for Thanksgiving, and mother shall have a new shawl and—[pauses a few moments.] I don't believe I ought to keep this money. It isn't mine if I did find it. It would buy some things we need very much, but it isn't mine, and I must not keep it. Oh, I wish I was rich! It would be so much easier to do right if I was rich. Well, I'll not keep the money—that's settled! I'll do as near right as I know how even if we are poor and have hard getting along. It is settled. I'll hand the money to Mr. Wallace and he can find out who lost it and return it to the rightful owner.

[Enter Mr. Wallace.]

MR. WALLACE.—Well, John; did you take that package down to Marshal's?

JOHN.—Yes, sir. Here's a twenty dollar note I found here on the floor a few minutes ago. I suppose it was dropped by some of the customers this evening. You can find out the owner, if you please, sir, and hand it back.

MR. W.—And why not keep the note, John? It isn't probable the owner can be found.

JOHN.—But the money isn't mine, and I will not keep it. I was tempted to keep it when I found it, and thought how many nice things it would buy for my poor mother; but right triumphed over wrong and I determined that I would not keep it.

MR. W.—I will tell you all. I was just outside and heard all your soliloquy and your conversation with

Tom. It was all a little plan to test you. Tom does not drink but, at my request, he tried to induce you to join him in a glass of wine. I am proud to say that he is the strictly temperate fellow he spoke of who would not pledge Alice Craig in a glass of wine. Whilst you were talking he dropped the note to give you another test. It was rather severe, but you have stood it manfully and henceforth you shall have a permanent situation in my store, and your mother shall want for nothing. As an earnest of what I intend to do, I present you with the twenty dollar note. Take it and buy whatever you need, and remember that as long as you are as honest as you have proved yourself this evening, and that as long as you are as strictly temperate and as good a temperance lecturer as you have proved yourself this evening, you will always find a friend in me.

JOHN.—Oh, sir; how can I ever thank you for your kindness? [Curtain falls.]

THANKSGIVING.

CHARACTERS.

HENRY WENTWORTH.

ROBERT ALLEN.

EMILY MELVILLE.

SCENE.—*A room in Mrs. Melville's house. Mr. Wentworth discovered.*

MR. WENTWORTH.—Well, here I am, encased in my new boarding-place, and a snug little place it is, but the villagers seem most awful slow. I really don't know what is to become of me. It is about thirty years since I found myself a rich man, and since that time I have been a miserable dog. I've traveled all over Europe, and still I am not satisfied with myself, nor satisfied with any body else. I didn't like Russia; it was far too cold, and Italy was far too hot. Holland was inexpressibly dull, and France was inexpressibly gay. Nothing pleases me. I am all out of sorts. 'Tis a great pity that I am not still poor. It was an unlucky day for me

when I became possessor of my immense fortune. Well, I find myself now in a snug little house, and I think I'll stay a few weeks. It must be very lonely for the lady and her daughter to live here all alone. They seem to be only in tolerable circumstances, and I think I'll help them along a little, if I can find a way of doing it without offending them. To-morrow is Thanksgiving, and from the way the pretty little Emily is flying round, we may expect a sumptuous dinner of turkey, pumpkin-pies, etc. She's a famous little cook. I'll wager she can't be beaten in the State. Well, here's the morning paper—the *Star*. It's a stupid old thing, but I'll look it over, and take a smoke, on the porch. [Retires.]

[Enter Emily.]

EMILY.—Mr. Wentworth is gone out, and I'll brush things up a little. [Proceeds to arrange furniture, etc.] He's a nice old gentleman, but a little crusty sometimes. Well, while he boards with us, we will endeavor to make him feel happy and contented. They say that riches make a man happy, but I don't believe it. Mr. Wentworth is reputed a very wealthy man, and he doesn't seem to be the least bit happy. [Hums a tune as she proceeds with her work; knock at the door; opened by Emily.]

[Enter Robert.]

Good morning, Robert. What's the matter, that you are out so early this morning?

ROBERT.—I came over to see if you wanted Mr. Gray's pony, to ride to church to-morrow. I can get him for you.

EMILY.—Oh, no, Robert! I'll walk. Our old bachelor boarder is going to church, and we'll all walk together. You must remember what I told you last Monday, and come here for dinner. We will have a nice time. Arn't you glad, Robert, when Thanksgiving comes around?

ROBERT.—I can't say I am. Emily, I have been wondering what we have to be thankful for. What's the use of pretending to be thankful when you don't feel so?

EMILY.—Oh, Robert!

ROBERT.—I'm in earnest. Just look at it in every light, and tell me why we should be thankful. Is there any thing we ought to be particularly thankful for?

EMILY.—Oh, yes, Robert ! We ought to be thankful for the sunshine and the rain. We ought to be thankful for the bread we eat, and for the many blessings that surround our daily life.

ROBERT.—Yes, I know ; but I am not thinking of these common-place affairs. Emily, you know we are both poor. I am totally without employment, although I have been seeking in the city for something to do for the last three weeks. While this lasts you know we can not be married. I would be willing to work, and work hard, from daylight to dark, that I might earn something, and that I might be enabled to lay something by, and be able to look forward to the bright day when I could claim you as my own.

EMILY [*coming to his side, and looking up in his face.*]— Dear Robert, don't be disheartened. A brighter and a happier day will dawn. We will yet be happy. Let us put our trust in God, and all will be well. He will provide for us if we will implicitly rely on Him, and bide his own good time.

ROBERT.—I believe—I—I know I have been talking like a great blockhead, but I can't help feeling discouraged and disheartened. It seems hard that we must wear out our lives in this endless waiting. Our best days are passing away, and we are becoming poorer and poorer. Oh ! will there never be any change ? Must we still drag along in this wretched, miserable way ?

EMILY.—Robert, do not talk in this way. If we but trust in God, all will yet be well. [*A noise is heard as of a chair being moved.*]

ROBERT.—What's that ?

EMILY.—Oh, my ! The window is open, and perhaps Mr. Wentworth is on the porch. What if he has heard our conversation ?

ROBERT.—I hope he hasn't. Let us get out of this anyhow. [*Exeunt to kitchen.*]

[*Enter Mr. Wentworth.*]

MR. WENTWORTH.—Well, I must confess I have a sort of a hang-dog feeling just now. I didn't want to hear what the two young folks were talking about, but I couldn't get up and leave without disturbing them, and, to tell the truth, I couldn't help listening. I think,

however, they will forgive me for eavesdropping ; for I will put them on a plan whereby they can get married right off ; and then that young fellow will stop his whining. Poor fellow, I pity him ! I know it is a dreadful thing to be in love, and not have enough of the filthy lucre to enable you to step into matrimony. I can sympathize with the young dog, for I was once in the same ugly predicament. Ah ! that vision of sunny curls and soft brown eyes haunts me still, but, unfortunately, the possessor of the sunny curls and soft brown eyes hadn't the true heart that my little hostess has. But enough ; I will not think of the past. I'll make these two young lovers happy, and then I'll run off. I couldn't stay and hear the thousands of thanks they would rain on me. Indeed I couldn't ! I'll be sorry to lose the Thanksgiving dinner, too. The pumpkin-pies will be superb, and the turkey will be done to a turn. [Takes out pocket-book.] Here's a check for three thousand. That will give them a start in the world. Now I'll pencil a little note to Emily, and be off. [Writes and encloses the check.] Now, my hat. Thank fortune I've no baggage. [Goes to door leading to porch. Calls back.] Emily ! I mean Miss Mellville ! [Emily appears.] I'm off now.

EMILY.—Why, Mr. Wentworth, what's the matter ? Why are you going to leave so soon ?

MR. WENTWORTH.—Oh ! I've suddenly taken a notion to go back to the city. I'm restless, you know ; can't stay long in one place. There's a note on the table for you, explaining my sudden departure, and containing money enough to pay my board bill. I'll come back and see you some day. Good-by ! [Exit Mr. Wentworth.]

EMILY.—Well, I declare ; this is funny. What a strange kind of a man ! I believe he doesn't know one minute what he'll do the next. I will read his note. [Opens and reads.] Robert, Robert, come here ! [Enter Robert.] Would you believe it ! That strange old gentleman has run off, and left me three thousand dollars.

ROBERT.—What !

EMILY.—Three thousand dollars ! just think of it !

And he says I must marry you immediately ; but here's the letter ; read for yourself.

ROBERT [*takes the letter and reads aloud*].—“ My little friend Emily : I unintentionally overheard your conversation a few minutes ago. Here's a check for three thousand dollars. Take it, marry the young man immediately, and be happy. I have piles of money, and the only good it does me is to give it away to deserving persons. It makes a man feel good to do a benevolent action. Take the money, and don't forget your old friend WENTWORTH.” Three thousand dollars ! Well, I'm astonished ! What did he run away for ?

EMILY.—I don't know, unless it was because he didn't want to hear us thank him for his kindness. I am real sorry he is gone.

ROBERT.—And you will accept the present ?

EMILY.—Certainly, Robert. We are rich people now, and when Mr. Wentworth comes back, wont we overpower him with our thanks ? Oh, what a kind-hearted man he is ! But you will now keep Thanksgiving from your heart, will you not, Robert ?

ROBERT.—I will.

EMILY.—And should sorrows surround us, and the dark clouds lower over our pathway, you will still trust in the Great Benefactor.

ROBERT [*reverently*.]—The Lord helping me, I will.
[Curtain falls.]

THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

CHARACTERS

MARY COLE. GRANDMOTHER COLE, who is very deaf.

JACK COLE. AUNT MARTHA GORDON. CYRUS GORDON.

SCENE 1.—*The sitting-room of the Cole family. Mary reading a newspaper. Grandmother Cole knitting. Aunt Martha crocheting. Jack playing with the balls in Aunt Martha's work-basket.*

MARY COLE.—Oh, Aunt Martha ! only hear this ! it's in the *Chronicle*. What a splendid chance ! I declare, I've a great mind to answer it myself !

AUNT M.—What have you got hold of now? You're *allez a-making* some powerful diskivery somewhere? What now? Something to turn gray eyes black, and blue eyes gray?

MARY.—No; it's a matrimonial advertisement. What a splendid fellow this "C. G." must be!

AUNT M.—Oh, shaw! A body must be dreadfully put to it, to advertise for a pardner in the newspapers. Thank goodness! I never got in such a strait as that 'ere. The Lord has marcyfully kept me thus fur from having any dealings with the male sect, and I trust I shall be presarved to the end.

JACK COLE.—Didn't you ever have an offer, Aunt Mattie?

AUNT M. [*indignantly*].—Why, Jack Cole! What an idee! I've had more chances to change my condition than you're got fingers and toes. But I refused 'em all. A single life is the only way to be happy. But it did kinder hurt my feelings to send some of my sparks adrift—they took it so hard. There was Colonel Turner. He lost his wife in June, and the last of August he come over to our 'ouse, and I give him to understand that he needn't trouble hisself; and he felt so mad that he went rite off and married the Widder Hopkins afore the month was out.

JACK.—Poor fellow! How he must have felt! And Aunt Mattie, I notice that Deacon Goodrich looks at you a great deal in meeting, since you've got that pink feather on your bonnet. What if he should want you to be a mother to his ten little ones?

AUNT M. [*simpering*].—Law, Jack Cole! What a dreadful boy you be! [*Pinches his ear.*] The deacon never thought of such a thing! But if it should please Providence to appoint to me such a fate, I should try and be resigned.

GRANNY COLE.—Resigned! Who's resigned? Not the President, has he? Well, I don't blame him. I'd resign, too, if I was into his place. Nothing spiles a man's character so quick as being President or Congress. Yer gran'father got in justice of the peace and chorus, once, and he resigned afore he was elected. Sed he didn't want his repetition s'iled,

JACK.—Three cheers for Gran'father Cole !

GRANNY C.—Cheers ? What's the matter with the cheers now ? Yer father had them bottomed last year, and this year they were new painted. What's to pay with 'em now ?

MARY [*impatiently*].—Do listen, all of you, to this advertisement.

AUNT M.—Mary Cole, I'm sorry your head is so turned with the vanities of this world. Advertising for a pardner in that way is wicked. I hadn't orter listen to it.

MARY.—Oh, it wont hurt you a bit, auntie. [*Reads.*] "A gentleman of about forty, very fine looking ; tall, slender, and fair-haired, with very expressive eyes, and side whiskers, and some property, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young lady with similar qualifications—

JACK.—A young lady with expressive eyes and side whiskers—

MARY.—Do keep quiet, Jack Cole ! [*Reads.*] "With similar qualifications as to good looks and amiable temper, with a view to matrimony. Address, with stamp to pay return postage—C. G., *Scrubtown* ; stating when and where an interview may be had." There ! what do you think of that ?

JACK.—Deacon Goodrich to a T. "C. G." stands for Calvin Goodrich.

AUNT M.—The land of goodness ! Deacon Goodrich, indeed ! a pillar of the church ! advertising for a wife ! No, no, Jack ; it can't be him ! He'd never stoop so low !

JACK.—But if all the women are as hard-hearted as you are, and the poor man needs a wife. Think of his ten little olive plants !

GRANNY C.—Plants ? Cabbage plants ? 'Taint time to set them out yet. Fust of August is plenty airly enuff to set 'em for winter. Cabbages never begin to head till the nights come cold.

JACK.—Poor Mr. C. G ! Why don't you answer it, Aunt Mattie ; and tell him you'll darn his stockings for him, and comb that fair hair of his ?

AUNT M.—Jack Cole ! if you don't hold your tongue, I'll comb your hair for you in a way you wont like. Me

answering one of them low advertisements ! *Me*, indeed ! I haint so eager to get married as some folks I know. Brother Cyrus and I have lived all our lives in maiden meditation, fancy free—the only sensible ones of the family of twelve children ; and it's my idee that we shall continner on in that way.

MARY.—Why, don't you believe that Uncle Cyrus would get married if he could ?

AUNT M.—Your Uncle Cyrus ! I tell you, Mary Cole, he wouldn't marry the best woman that ever trod ! I've heern him say so a hundred times.

MARY.—Wont you answer this advertisement, auntie ? I'll give you a sheet of my nicest gilt-edged note-paper if you will !

AUNT M. [*furiously*].—If you weren't so big, Mary Jane Cole, I'd spank you soundly ! I vow I would ! Me answer it, indeed !

[*Leaves the room in great indignation.*]

MARY.—Look here, Jack. What'll you bet she wont reply to that notice ?

JACK.—Nonsense ! Wouldn't she blaze if she could hear you ?

MARY.—I'll wager my new curled waterfall against your ruby pin that Aunt Mattie replies to Mr. "C. G." before to-morrow night.

JACK.—Done ! I shall wear a curled waterfall after to-morrow.

MARY.—No, sir ! But I shall wear a ruby pin. Jack, who do you think "C. G." is ?

JACK.—Really, I do not know ; do you ? Ah ! I know you do, by that look in your eyes. Tell me, that's a darling.

MARY.—Not I. I don't expose secrets to a fellow who tells them all over town. Besides, it would spoil the fun.

JACK.—Mary, you are the dearest little sister in the world ! Tell me, please. [*Taking her hands.*]

MARY.—No, sir ! You don't get that out of me. Take care, now. Let go of my hands. I'm going up stairs to keep an eye on Aunt Mattie. She's gone up now to write an answer to "C. G." And if there is any fun by-and-by, Jack, if you're a good boy you shall be there to see.

GRANNY C.—To sea? Going to sea? Why, Jack Cole! you haint twenty-one yet and the sea's a dreadful place! There's a sarpint lives in it as big as the Scrubtown meeting-'us', and whales that swaller folks alive, clothes and all! I read about one in a book a great while ago that swallered a man of the name of Jonah, and he didn't set well on the critter's stummuck, and up he come, lively as ever!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 2.—*The garden of a deserted house, in the vicinity of Mr. Cole's. Mary leading Jack cautiously along a shaded path.*

MARY.—There; we'll squat down behind this lilac bush. It's nearly the appointed hour. I heard Aunt Mattie soliloquizing in her room this morning, after this manner—"At eight o'clock this night I go to meet my destiny! In the deserted garden, under the old pear-tree. How very romantic!" Hark! there she comes!

JACK.—Well, of all the absurd things that ever I heard tell of! Who would have believed that our staid old maid aunt would have been guilty of answering a matrimonial advertisement?

MARY.—Hush! Jack, if you make a noise and spoil the fun now, I'll never forgive you. Keep your head still, and don't fidget so.

AUNT MATTIE [*slowly walking down the path—soliloquizing.*].—Eight o'clock! It struck just as I started out. He ought to be here. Why does he tarry? If he aint punctual I'll give him the mitten. I swow I will! Dear gracious! what a sitivation to be in! Me, at my time of life! though, to be shure, I haint so old as—as I might be. The dew's a-falling, and I shall get the rheumatiz in these thin shoes, if he don't come quick. What if Jack and Mary should git hold of this? I never should hear the last of it! Never! I wouldn't have 'em know it for a thousand dollars! Goodness me! What if it should be the deacon? Them children of his'n is dreadful youngsters; but, the Lord helping me, I'd try to train 'em up in the way they should go. Hark! is that him a-coming? No; it's a toad hopping through the carrot

bed. My soul and body! what if he should want to kiss me? I'll chew a clove for fear he should. I wonder if it would be properous to let him? But then, I s'pose if it's the deacon I couldn't help myself. He's an awful deetarmined man; and if I couldn't help it I shouldn't be to blame! Deary me! how I trimble! There he comes! I hear his step! What a tall man! 'Taint the deacon! He's got a shawl on! Must be the new schoolmaster! he wears a shawl! [A man approaches. *Miss Mattie goes up to him cautiously.*] Is this Mr. C. G.?

C. G.—Yes; it is. Is this Miss M. G.?

AUNT M.—It is. Dear sir, I hope you wont think me bold and unmaidenly in coming out here all alone in the dark to meet you?

C. G.—Never! Ah, the happiness of this moment! For forty years I have been looking for thee! [Puts his arm around her.]

AUNT M.—Oh, dear me! don't! don't! my dear sir! I aint used to it! and it aint exactly proper out here in this old garden! It's a dreadful lonely spot, and if people should see us they might talk.

C. G.—Let 'em talk! They'll talk still more when you and I are married, I reckon. Lift your vail and let me see your sweet face.

AUNT M.—Yes, if you'll remove that hat and let me behold your countenance.

C. G.—Now, then; both together.

[*Aunt M. throws back her vail. C. G. removes his hat. They gaze at each other a moment in utter silence.*]

AUNT M.—Good gracious airth! 'tis brother Cyrus!

C. G.—Jubiter Ammon! 'tis sister Martha!

AUNT M.—Oh, my soul and body, Cyrus Gordon! Who'd ever a-thought of you, at your time of life, cutting up such a caper as this? You old, bald-headed, gray-whiskered man! Forty years old! My gracious! You were fifty-nine last July!

C. G.—Well, if I am, you're two year older. So it's as broad as 'tis long!

AUNT M.—Why I thought shure it was Deacon Goodrich that advertised. C. G. stands for Calvin Goodrich

C. G.—Yes; and it stands for Cyrus Gordon, too. And Deacon Goodrich was married last night to Peggy Jones.

AUNT M.—That snub-nosed, red-haired Peggy Jones! He'd ort to be flayed alive! Married agin! and his wife not hardly cold! Oh, the desatefulness of men! Thank Providence! I haint tied to one of the abominable sect!

C. G.—Well, Martha, we're both in the same boat. If you wont tell of me, I wont of you. But it's a terrible disappointment to me, for I sarting thought M. G. meant Marion Giles, the pretty milliner.

AUNT M.—Humph! What an old goose! She wouldn't look at you! I heerd her laffing at your swaller-tailed coat, when you come out of meeting last Sunday. But I'm ready to keep silence if you will. Gracious! if Jack and Mary should get wind of this, shouldn't we have to take it?

C. G.—Hark! what's that?

[*Voice behind the lilac-bush sings*]:

“Oh, there's many a bud the cold frost will nip,
And there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.”

AUNT. M.—That's Jack's voice! Goodness me! Let us scoot for home!

JACK.—Did he kiss you, Aunt Mattie?

MARY.—Do you like the smell of cloves, Uncle Cyrus?

C. G.—Confound you both! If I had hold of ye I'd let you know if I like the smell of cloves, and birch, too.

[*Curtain falls.*]

CHANGING SERVANTS.

CHARACTERS.

SIR WILLIAM, a crusty master. JOHN, a faithful servant.
GEORGE, his waiting boy.

BOB, a servant recently hired.

SIR WILLIAM [*seated, with George standing*].—George, have you seen any thing of John this morning?

GEORGE.—Yes, sir; he is at work in the garden.

SIR WM.—I wonder if he has attended to the horses?

GEORGE.—I suppose so, sir, for he has just come in from the stables.

SIR WM.—Tell him to come in. I want to talk with him.

GEORGE.—I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

SIR WM. [*John comes in.*].—John, did you feed the horses?

JOHN.—Yes, sir, and watered and curried them.

SIR WM.—Well, you always do either too much or too little. You ought to have spent the time in the garden that you occupied rubbing the skin of the poor creatures. Don't you know you are *too strong* to curry a horse?

JOHN.—But, if you please, sir, don't you recollect you told me yesterday, you would turn me off if I neglected to curry the horses another morning?

SIR WM.—Oh, pshaw! That's another subject altogether. Tell me whether you fed them corn or oats.

JOHN.—Which did you want them to have?

SIR WM.—Come, sir! Can't you answer my question without asking half a dozen others? Did you give them hay or corn?

JOHN.—No, sir.

SIR WM.—Well, that is a satisfactory answer, indeed! Tell me what you mean by "no, sir."?

JOHN.—I mean that I didn't give them hay nor corn.

SIR WM.—Then what did you give them?

JOHN.—Well, sir, I fed them oats.

SIR WM.—Well, you could have done half a day's work while you were answering me a simple question. But I'll bet the lazy fellow didn't give them any salt with it.

JOHN.—Why, no, sir; who ever heard of feeding salt with oats?

SIR WM.—Oh, you are so provoking! I'll have no more of your impudence, sir. Tell me why you didn't ask me what you should feed the horses.

JOHN.—Because, sir, when I ask you how any thing shall be done, you always quarrel with me for pestering you.

SIR WM.—Just listen at the impudent fellow! Don't you know you never do any thing as I want it?

JOHN.—Yes, sir; and it is just because you never

choose to be pleased with what I do. If I give the horses *corn*, you want them to have *oats*; and if I give them *oats*, you want them to have *corn*. If I give them *salt*, you quarrel; and if I *don't* give it to them, you quarrel.

SIR WM.—The mischief! I'll not be talked to in this way by my own servants! Get out of my house, and I'll see if I can't get some one that will obey my orders. [John starts.] Hold on! Where are you going?

JOHN.—To see if I can please you once. [Starts.]

SIR WM.—Come back! [Stops.] Get out! [Starts again.] Come back, I say! Let me hire you over. Maybe you'll suit me better next time. Will you promise to please me?

JOHN.—Will you promise to be pleased with me?

SIR WM.—How's that? No! What makes you ask me that? Begone, sir! [Starts.] Come back! Come back! I want to tell you something. [Turns round.]

JOHN.—What is it, sir?

SIR WM.—Nothing. [John goes out. George comes in.] George, where's that fellow Bob I hired the other day? Tell him to bring me my tea forthwith, immediately. [George goes out and returns.]

GEORGE.—Master, Bob's asleep in the kitchen, and when I shake him he doesn't do nothing but *grunt*.

SIR WM.—Wake up the lazy villain, and tell him I am waiting for my tea. [George goes out.] What right has he to get sleepy when I need him? [Bob comes in, an awkward fellow.] What do you mean, sir, by being sleepy when I send for you? Where's my tea? Wont you answer me? Where's my tea?

BOB.—Faith, sir, I don't know.

SIR WM.—Why, didn't I order you to bring it?

BOB.—Yes, sir; but indeed I didn't see any thing of it.

SIR WM.—Why, where did you expect to find it, blockhead?

BOB.—Yes, sir; I looked under the cellar steps, and about and about, and I didn't see a bit of tea nor a blockhead.

SIR WM.—Well, never mind the tea just now. Tell me what you have been doing all the evening.

BOB.—Hunting the granary keys, sir.

SIR WM.—And where did you expect to find them, pray?

BOB.—Yes, sir; I looked down in the cellar awhile, and I thought I saw a little hole sticking in the wall with a little peg in it. I pulled the peg out to see if the keys were not in there, and lo! and behold! I found I had pulled the stopper out of your old "*red-eye*."

SIR WM.—Why, you impudent rascal! Pull the stopper out of my best whisky?

BOB.—Please, sir, it was all through mistake; entirely so. I thought it was a hole in the wall. As soon as I found out what had happened, I tried to put the stopper in again right quick, but I couldn't exactly find the place it had come out, and it wouldn't go in anywhere else.

SIR WM.—So you have been drunk all evening off my whisky, have you? Why didn't you tell me of the mischief you had done?

BOB.—Faith, sir, I thought of asking you down to drink with me; but then I thought you were so plagued selfish you wouldn't come no how.

SIR WM.—And I suppose you had fine drinking with yourself, did you?

BOB.—Well, no. Not exactly by myself, either. You see I waited awhile for somebody to come along to drink with me, and the more I waited the less they came; so I thought I would go out and hunt some one, and the first person I met was a parcel of hogs, and every one, as they passed, said "*bosh!*" by which I understood them to mean they would like to take a dram; so I gave them all a drink apiece, and you ought to have seen the little pig-a-wiggles, how they shaked their little tails; and the *old mamma*, she's as drunk as a hog.

SIR WM.—Well, Bob, this is a pretty piece of business I will settle with you for it directly. Go up stairs now, and see if that man who came in last night is ready for breakfast. Move off.

BOB [going].—Yes, sir; if I can find the door. But please, sir, recollect it was all a mistake. I thought it was a hole in the wall. [Goes and returns.]

SIR WM.—Did you see the man, Bob?

BOB.—No, sir; I was so sleepy.

SIR WM.—Well, did you *hear* any thing of him ?

BOB.—Oh ! I have a ringing and singing in my ears.

SIR WM.—Well, for goodness' sake, Bob, tell me whether the man was dead or alive.

BOB.—I expect he was.

SIR WM.—Was what, blockhead ?

BOB.—Why, dead or alive, sir.

SIR WM.—Bob, if you don't want to be kicked out of the house tell me what the man was doing ?

BOB.—Yes, sir ; he was standing on his head, asleep. He sent you his kindest regards, and said he hoped you wouldn't quarrel quite so loud. That he would like to get his nap out before he went to sleep.

THE REHEARSAL.

CHARACTERS.

ALFRED SMITH.

JOHN CLARKE. *

SCENE.—*A school-room.*

ALFRED [*walks on to the stage and commences to speak*] :

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do, lives after them ;
 The good is often interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 For Brutus is an honorable man ;
 So are they all, all honorable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

* The names can be changed to suit the persons speaking.

[*Comes to a stop and after studying a short time repeats*]:—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

[*Stops again. John enters.*]

JOHN.—Alfred, stand back and let me speak. You have forgotten your speech.

[*Alfred goes to back of stage and John commences.*]

The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold, the once proud fabric of a Roman empire—an empire carrying its arts and arms into *every* part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphant chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. *Where* is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? *Extinguished for ever.* Her mouldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering Monks. [*Comes to a stop and after studying a short time, repeats*]:—Afford a shelter to her muttering Monks—[*Stops again.*]

ALFRED.—Ah, ha! Guess you don't remember your speech much better than I did mine! We will both have to study hard, or we will not get along very well at the exhibition to-morrow night.

JOHN.—That's very true.

ALFRED.—It would be an awful bore on us if we should come on the stage and forget our speeches.

JOHN.—But, you know, we will have a prompter who will help us through if we stick.

ALFRED.—I know, but I do not want to trust to a prompter. I want to have my speech perfectly committed, and speak it without any help.

JOHN.—I really don't see any use in these exhibitions. I think our teacher might have us employed in some other way that would be of more use to us.

ALFRED.—I can not agree with you. The object of these exhibitions is to enable us to speak in public. Before I commenced to learn to speak in this way, and before we commenced to debate, I could say nothing in public. Now I pride myself on being able to get up before a large audience and say a few words "off-hand"

as we call it. I think it is of incalculable benefit to a person to be able to do this.

JOHN.—Pooh! it is nothing to get up at singing school or at Lyceum meeting, and say a few words, but it would be an entirely different matter if you were in a strange place and before a strange crowd—you would find it more difficult than to make a speech and spread yourself, as you sometimes do in debate.

ALFRED.—I agree with you that it would be harder to speak before an audience of strangers than it would be to speak to persons you are well acquainted with; but, with practice, you know, we can accomplish any thing. But, John, do you know that Mr. —— (*county superintendent*) is in the neighborhood, and will be here at the exhibition to-morrow evening?

JOHN.—Really! will he? How did you hear that?

ALFRED.—I saw Mr. —— (*the teacher*) this evening as I was coming here, and he told me.

JOHN.—Well, if he is coming we will have to carry ourselves straight, and act our prettiest. I must say that I'd as lief he'd stay away. I shall feel somewhat scared if such an important personage is present.

ALFRED.—Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and Mr. —— (*directors*) will be here, too. Will you not feel afraid to speak before them?

JOHN.—No, not much; I have seen them often and do not feel afraid of them. I know they are learned and intelligent men, but still they are not *great* men like Mr. —— (*superintendent*), and then they know that our advantages are not great and will not expect as much of us as it is probable Mr. —— (*superintendent*) will. But I have heard some persons say that you will be called on for an extemporaneous speech. If you should be, what will you do?

ALFRED.—Make the attempt, of course.

JOHN.—Ho ho! I wouldn't! I'd decline. Why you'll make a fool of yourself if you try.

ALFRED.—I don't care. Of course they will not expect much of me, and even if I do not get along very well, I can have it to say I made the attempt, and after having made the first attempt it will not be so hard to make the second.

JOHN.—Suppose you step out, now, and give us **an** extemporaneous speech.

ALFRED.—Well—really—I don't know what to say.

JOHN.—Ha, ha ! That's the way it will be to-morrow evening. You'll not think of any thing to say, and when it comes to the point you'll back down.

ALFRED.—No, sir ; I'll make the attempt, if I should only say ten words.

JOHN.—Well, suppose you say ten words now.

ALFRED.—I'll tell you what I'll do. If I am to be asked for an off-hand speech to-morrow night I will say something now that will bear repeating.

JOHN.—Well go ahead.

ALFRED.—Ladies and gentlemen, you know I am no speech-maker. I am only a school-boy of number —. But why may we not have great orators and great statesmen in number — ? I believe there are smart boys here—some perhaps as smart as were numbered in the schools to which Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and Thomas H. Benton belonged. We are a great people—and—[Pause].

JOHN.—Stuck. are you ?

ALFRED.—No, I'm waiting for a cheer.

JOHN.—Well, here it is. [Cheers.]

ALFRED [continues].—There have been a great many people in this country.

JOHN.—Ha ! ha ! ha !

ALFRED.—I mean there have been a great many *great* people in this country, and why may we not have a great man in number — ?

JOHN.—That's what I want to know ?

ALFRED.—Don't interrupt me, and I'll say something grand after while. If Daniel Webster made a big dictionary and a spelling-book why may not—

JOHN.—'Twasn't Dan made the big dictionary and the spelling-book—'twas Noah.

ALFRED.—Oh, so it was ! Well, if Noah Webster made a big dictionary, and if Daniel Webster was great on speech making, may we not find a Daniel or a Noah in this school ?

JOHN.—Yes ; there's a Daniel in our school—Dan

Jones. He's a smart fellow when it comes to **sock ball**.

ALFRED.—Ladies and gentlemen—My name is Norval—

JOHN.—Hold on, old fellow! We want something original.

ALFRED.—We are but a band of small boys; not very small either, we feel pretty large—but I feel sure the time will come when we will be big boys, and go home with the girls from singing school just as [*introduce names to suit*] Jim Wilson and John Harrison and Sam Hayes do now. [*Alfred applauds tremendously.*] And the time will come yes—ladies and gentlemen—the time will come when the little girls of our school will spread themselves and feel as big as [*introduce names to suit*] Sallie Jones and Jane White and Suzy Wilson do now. And, ladies and gentlemen, when that time does come, Sallie Jones and Jane White and Suzy Wilson will be considerably up in years. Yes, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, they will be, to speak plainly, *old maids*; or if they are *not* old maids who knows but their names may be Sallie Wilson or Jane Harrison or Suzy Hayes and perhaps they will be thumping little boys and little girls and sending them off to school just as certain little boys and little girls are being thumped and sent off to school now. [*Alfred applauds and shouts "good, good!"*] Somebody says that the world moves, and I believe it's a fact. The people in the world keep moving too. One man goes up like a rocket and creates a noise in the world and makes a flash, and then he goes out and all is darkness. But they don't all go up like a rocket and then die out. Some shine on, and shine on, and shine on, and the longer they shine the brighter they shine. That's the way the boys of number — intend to shine. [*Alfred applauds and shouts "that's so!"*] Now if I was as old as Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, [*naming some of the young men present*] I'll tell you what I would do. I'd get married! I don't know why it is that some persons will live on and live on and not get married. I don't think that's right! Do you? The Bible is a good book, and the Bible says people ought to get married. Now if I was a young lady and if such a fellow as Jim Wilson or John Harrison or

Sam Hayes was coming to see me, and taking me home from singing school and if he wouldn't propose, I'll tell you how I'd bring him to the point. I'd tell him that I thought a great deal of John Clark or Alfred Smith, that they were two very smart young men, and that if they were just a *little older* I would marry one of them.

JOHN.—Ha! ha! ha! I don't think that would frighten them into a proposal.

ALFRED.—Ladies and gentlemen [*introduce names to suit*] Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Powell, and Mr. Adams and Mr. Jones are present, and as they are learned and intelligent men I had better not say any thing more, or they may lose their good opinion of me. Haven't I made a pretty long speech? I didn't know what I would say when I got up, but I was determined to say something. You all know it isn't right for a boy to have too much brass in his face, but I think you will all agree with me that he ought to have enough to attempt to make a speech when called upon. And now having said my say, I make my best bow and retire.

JOHN [*applauds.*]—Instead of giving us ten words you have given us quite a long speech. You have done yourself credit, Alfred, and if you do as well to-morrow night, Mr. —— (*superintendent*) will open his eyes in astonishment.

ALFRED.—Thank you, John. But come, let us be off and prepare for rehearsing that "Contentious Community" dialogue.

JOHN.—All right—come ahead. [*Exeunt.*]
[*Curtain falls.*]

DEAF UNCLE ZED.

JACK FAIRWEATHER [*enters with letter*].—Mrs. Catherine Lavina Fairweather; that must mean the old lady herself. Yes, sir-e-e it's for her; looks like it might contain a bit of the sentimental. Plenty of room for it in that dainty envelope. Ha, ha!

MRS. FAIRWEATHER.—Jack, what are you talking about? What's that? Come here, sir.

JACK.—Oh, I've just brought you a "billy-dicks."

MRS. F.—A what?

JACK.—No, a "billy-ducks," that's what my educated sister Sophronia Janette Amerette calls 'em.

MRS. F.—Explain yourself; how dare you talk thus to your mother?

JACK.—Reckon that's the Latin of it—here it is in English. [*Holding up the letter.*]

MRS. F. [*taking the letter.*].—A letter, you young rascal. Post-marked Manchester, too. It is from your Uncle Zedekiah Fairweather. [*Proceeds to open it.*] Well that's good. I only hope the old curmudgeon has opened his heart and sent us some of the needful.

JACK.—So do I. Hello, Tim [*enter Tim*]! here's a letter from Uncle Zed.

TIM.—Who cares!

JACK.—But there's lots of money in it.

TIM.—Three cheers. Bully for Uncle Zed!

JACK.—Now we'll get our new skates.

TIM.—And go to the show and ride the elephant.

BOTH BOYS.—Hurrah! Hurrah!

MRS. F.—Hush boys, don't be quite so fast. Call your sister.

JACK.—And Lucy, too?

MRS. F.—No difference about her.

[*Jack goes out—enters with the girls.*]

JANETTE.—What do you want, mother?

MRS. F.—Listen, children. I have received a letter from your Uncle Zedekiah. You know I wrote to him some time since, asking him for some money, which we need very badly. He has plenty, and I hoped when he heard the story of our needs, he would open his miserly old heart and lend a helping hand to the family of his only brother. Here is his reply:—My dear sister. I have just received yours of the 24th inst. My health is in a very precarious condition; my hearing is also somewhat impaired; nevertheless I have decided to visit you. If my life is spared, you may expect me to arrive next Tuesday, and by my presence I will endeavor to cheer your lonely home. Until then, adieu. Your brother, Zedekiah.

JANETTE.—Oh! horrible!

JACK.—Why, sis, aint he going to bring us presents?

TIM.—Hurrah, we'll have capital fun.

JANETTE.—Oh, my poor nerves! Only think of screaming at the top of one's voice for weeks. I suppose that he is as deaf as a post.

LUCY.—That's his misfortune, not his fault.

MRS. F.—Hush, Miss Impertinence. Now, children, we must make the best of it.

JANETTE.—Do write to him not to come.

JACK.—Guess that wont do much good now. This is Tuesday, he will be here to-day. You can save your postage, and tell him when he arrives.

TIM.—Hope he will come, and wear the same suit he did six years ago. 'Twould be better than a show.

MRS. F.—Now boys, listen to me. Your uncle will doubtless arrive soon. There's no help for it, and, as I said before, we must make the best of it. He's rich, and we are poor. We must be civil to him while he lives, or we will never be benefited by his death.

JACK.—And maybe not then.

MRS. F.—Go, now, boys, put on your best suits, and go to the depot to meet him. I will follow you as soon as I set things to right here. [Exit boys.] Lucy, Lucy. Where is that numbskull?

LUCY.—Yes—ma'am.

MRS. F.—I have called you half a dozen times. Go arange the east room for our uncle.

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am. [Exit Lucy.]

MRS. F.—Now, daughter, compose yourself; do only win the favor of your uncle, and your fortune's made.

JANETTE.—Oh, the dreadful old-fashioned, cross, deaf, old creature! How can we have him around here. You know he will be in the parlor, whether he is wanted or not. Then, too, he will be bound to know every word that is said. All deaf folks do! Oh, I shall faint if Don Pedro happens to meet him.

MRS. F.—Cheer up, my daughter. Perhaps he will keep his room; you know his health is poor.

JANETTE.—That's all the consolation I have.

MRS. F.—Hope for the best, Janette Ameretti, my dear. But I must be going; it's nearly train time. Look bright when we come in; that's a good girl!

[Enter Lucy.] Well, miss, have you done as I ordered you?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Did you light the fire?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Did you dust the furniture?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Did you air the room?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Did you arrange that arm-chair?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—And prepare the dressing-gown?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—And the slippers?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—And the smoking-cap?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Very well; now you keep out of the way until called for. [Exit Mrs. F.]

JANETTE.—What's to become of us! Must we submit to be bored to death with that crusty, cross, deaf, old bachelor?

LUCY.—Have you seen him lately, Miss Janette?

JANETTE.—No, and I wish I could be spared the infliction now.

LUCY.—He may prove pleasanter than you imagine him to be. We should not be too rash in our judgment of others.

JANETTE.—Oh, you'd better talk to me, Miss Charity; you are always setting yourself as a model of perfection. No doubt you will do all you can to get my uncle's money. It's plain to me that's all you are after now.

LUCY.—Oh, Jennie, how can you speak so? [Exit.]

JANETTE [alone].—Only think of me, Sophronia Janette Amerette Fairweather, primped up in the parlor, screaming at the top of my voice, "I hope you are well, Uncle Zedekiah," only I don't. Oh, my poor lungs. Well there's one consolation; one can say just what she chooses about him, and he will never know it. But here they come. [Enter boys with large trunk.]

JACK.—Gracious me! put it down. I'm all out of breath.

TIM.—Oh, sis, you ought to see him ; here he goes !

[*Walks across the stage imitating Uncle Zedekiah.*]

JANETTE.—Where is he ?

JACK.—Oh, he is coming with mother. He can't walk very fast, you know.

JANETTE.—Suppose he has the gout, too ?

TIM.—Oh, sis, I should like to see him dance a jig with you.

JANETTE.—I only wish I were rich, he would dance his jigs alone, and in some other locality, I imagine.

JACK.—You had better begin to look pleasant. He will be here soon. I think from the appearance of his trunk, his *presence* will be considerable, if not more.

TIM.—Yes, we will all enjoy it muchly. Sis looks the very conglomeration of sweetness now.

JANETTE.—There, there's the bell now. Lucy will open the door of course ! [*Exit Janette.*]

[*Enter Mrs. F., with Uncle Z. leaning on her arm, followed by Lucy, with numerous bundles. Boys remain seated on the trunk. Mrs. F. speaks very loud.*]

MRS. F.—There, my dear brother, we have arrived at last.

UNCLE Z.—What, ha !

MRS. F.—I say we are at home.

JACK.—And wish you were too.

UNCLE Z.—Please speak a little louder.

MRS. F.—Pray be seated in this chair ; Lucy, wheel it around here. You must be fatigued with such a journey ?

UNCLE Z.—Ha ?

MRS. F. [*screams out*].—Fatigued, tired, I say ?

UNCLE Z.—I don't just hear right ?

MRS. F.—You must be tired after your long ride ?

TIM.—I wonder where Noah was old feller, when you took that coat out of the ark ?

UNCLE Z.—Ha ? [*Seating himself in the arm-chair.*]

MRS. F.—He was asking you to give him your coat, to hang up for you in the hall.

UNCLE Z.—Give him—what ?

MRS. F.—Your great-coat.

UNCLE Z.—Can't spare it yet awhile, young man.

Seems to me if you would go honestly to work, you might earn one for yourself. Here, my little girl [*to Lucy*], wont you help me take this coat off. [*Lucy helps him*.]

MRS. F.—You didn't understand Timothy, uncle!

UNCLE Z.—Oh, yes.

MRS. F.—Now, boys, hold your tongues. [*Boys take hold of their tongues*.] Behave yourselves, I say, or you will spoil all.

JACK.—He's most bare-footed on top of his head, aren't he, Tim?

TIM.—Shouldn't wonder. Let's recommend him to use "Spaulding's glue;" that will bring har out, I guess.

UNCLE Z. [*to boys*].—What are you saying?

TIM.—It's a fine day, sir, but likely to rain.

UNCLE Z.—Oh yes, yes.

MRS. F.—Now, my dear brother, do try to be comfortable. Don't mind those boys. You must see my charming daughter.

UNCLE Z.—Ha?

MRS. F.—Janette Amerette will be delighted to see you.

JACK.—In Ballehack, or some other place as far away.

MRS. F.—Hush, Jack. She was so happy to hear you were coming to stay awhile with us. Indeed, she was quite agitated.

UNCLE Z. [*to Lucy*].—My little girl, will you please put that chair up this way? My foot pains me most dreadful bad.

MRS. F.—Set it up here. Move, I say. [*Lucy obeys*.]

UNCLE Z.—There, thank you.

TIM.—Jack, I say, aint he what Dickens might call a "fine figure of a man." Bow to the aged. [*Boys bow. Uncle Z. looking around, sees them*.]

UNCLE Z.—Seems to me you are rather late making your manners, boys; but it's better late than never.

MRS. F.—But better never late. Boys are so thoughtless. [*To boys*.] It's lucky he doesn't hear you, my lads. If you don't behave, I will send you out of the room in disgrace.

BOYS.—What! send us from our uncle?

JACK.—You could not be so cruel, mother! If I

only had an organ, he would make such a nice monkey
Wouldn't we go traveling !

UNCLE Z.—Ha ?

MRS. F.—He says it's pleasant traveling with good
company.

UNCLE Z.—No doubt, no doubt !

JACK.—Hurrah ! Mother, you're trump !

MRS. F.—Lucy, Lucy ?

LUCY.—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. F.—Go call Janette. Uncle, do take some of
this nice red wine, it will strengthen you.

UNCLE Z.—Ha ! What did you say ?

MRS. F.—Wine, to strengthen you.

UNCLE Z.—I never taste liquor.

MRS. F. [*to boys*].—The old curmudgeon, when I
bought it on purpose for him.

[*Enter Lucy and Janette.*]

Mrs. F.—Brother Zedekiah, this is your affectionate
niece.

[*Uncle Z. rises, puts out his hand. Janette puts
her arms around his neck.*]

JANETTE.—My dear, good uncle, I have been dying
to see you !

UNCLE Z.—What, ha ?

JANETTE.—I have been dying to see you.

UNCLE Z.—What, *dying* ? What appears to be the
matter ?

JACK.—Upon confounded consideration, I have con-
cluded that her pride is wounded, and mortification has
sot in.

UNCLE Z.—Ha ?

MRS. F.—Jack, leave the room. [*To uncle.*] He
says he is glad you have come to cheer his sister.

UNCLE Z.—No doubt ! no doubt ! Janette, you've
been sick, have you ? You don't exercise enough.
That's the way with you youngsters now-a-days.

TIM.—Shall I hit him, sis ?

UNCLE Z.—But while I stay, you've got to jump
around smart and wait on me. Maybe it will do you
some good.

JANETTE.—It will afford me much pleasure to serve
you, dear uncle !

JACK.—“Over the left,” you know.

UNCLE Z.—Speak a little louder?

JANETTE.—You can’t please me better than to let me wait on you!

UNCLE Z.—Oh, I understand; then I will let you do it. I always try to please the ladies. Just hand me that bundle.

JANETTE [*to Lucy*].—Get that bundle. [*Lucy hands the bundle to Uncle Z., who begins to open it.*]

JACK.—Audience please give contention. The information is about to commence.

[*Uncle Z. takes out an immense ear-trumpet, and puts it up to his ear. Boys sing out:*]

“The elephant now goes ’round, the band begins to play, the boys about the monkey’s cage had better keep away.”

UNCLE Z.—Maybe this will be some help to us.

JANETTE.—Oh, I don’t mind speaking out loud to you. Mother, do take him to his room.

UNCLE Z. [*hands bundle to Janette*].—Now do this up, and put it away.

[*Janette hands it to Lucy. Jack takes it, puts it on a cane over his shoulder, and promenades behind Uncle Z. Door-bell rings.*]

JANETTE.—Oh, horror, mother! That’s Don Pedro now. Do take him away. [*Lucy starts to the door.*] Wait a minute, you minx.

[*Boys begin to gather up bundles.*]

UNCLE Z. [*to Janette*].—Can’t you get a pillow now and put to my back, Janette?

MRS. F.—Wont you retire, uncle, you must be tired?

UNCLE Z. [*using the ear-trumpet*].—Ha?

MRS. F.—Wont you retire, you must be tired?

UNCLE Z.—Of course I’m tired, but will be very comfortable if I only get a pillow.

MRS. F.—I think you’d best go to bed!

UNCLE Z.—Oh, no; not to bed these three hours yet! It’s early, yet! [*Bell rings again.*]

MRS. F.—Well, then, step out in the other room and have some tea.

UNCLE Z.—Some what?

MRS. F.—Some tea.

UNCLE Z.—Well, yes. Bring it in here. [Bell rings.]

JANETTE.—Oh, what shall I do. Uncle, dear uncle, the tea is in the other room. Come and get it, wont you? [Bell rings. Exit Lucy.]

JACK.—We might ride him out on this ane, Tim, free gratis for nothing, wont cost him two cents.

JANETTE.—I wish he had some sense.

TIM.—I wish we had some of his c-e-n-t-s. Yes, and dollars, too.

MRS. F.—Come, uncle.

[Exit all except Janette. Enter Lucy with a dandy. Lucy retires.]

DON PEDRO.—Bon soir, mademoiselle.

JANETTE.—Tres bien, monsieur. I am so glad you have come!

DON.—I am delighted to see mon cher looking so well, ce soir. [They sit down on a sofa.]

JANETTE.—This is a delightful evening!

DON.—Yes, very. The moon looks down in *splendah*.

JANETTE.—Yes. It reminds me of the words of the poet: "The moon shines bright."

DON.—Bon, bon. You have such a magnificent bump of memory, mon cher! Wont you sing "Meet me by moonlight alone, love?"

JANETTE [affectedly].—Oh, dear, I can't. I have such a cold.

DON.—Oh, those lovely strains! It would fill my soul with joy to hear your sweet voice!

JANETTE.—Indeed, I can't.

DON.—Please just try, for my sake, Janette, dear?

JANETTE.—Well, then, for your sake, remember!

[Janette sings. Uncle Z. comes hobbling into the room, followed by the rest of the family. She stops singing—looks confused.]

MRS. F. [screams].—Here, this way, this door, this door

UNCLE Z. [making himself comfortable].—Oh, this does very well.

DON.—'Pon my word, now, who's that?

BOTH BOYS.—Put him out, put him out.

JANETTE.—Oh, he's an old superannuated Methodist

preacher, who once met pa. Ma, do take him to his room. This is an imposition.

JACK.—I say, Mr. Don, don't you want to be introduced to this here new arrival, just from your town—Paris? Maybe you've met before?

UNCLE Z. [to *Lucy*].—My little girl, will you get me the paper?

LUCY [*handing it to him*].—Yes, sir.

[Uncle Z. puts on his glasses, takes some snuff, and begins to read.]

MRS. F. [speaks through the trumpet].—Will you go to your room?

UNCLE Z.—What! Where! Ha?

MRS. F.—Up stairs to your room.

UNCLE Z.—Oh, don't trouble yourself, I am very comfortable here. But who's this? you haven't introduced me yet?

MRS. F.—This is Don Pedro, Mr. Jones. [Says Mr Jones in a low tone.]

[Don Pedro bows very low. Uncle Z. shakes his hand very hard.]

UNCLE Z.—How dy'e do. Your folks all well?

JANETTE.—Oh, I shall faint.

DON.—Happy to meet you, Mr. Jones!

UNCLE Z.—Ha? Speak a little louder?

DON [speaks through the trumpet].—Happy to meet you, Mr. Jones! Are you well, Mr. Jones?

UNCLE Z.—Who?

MRS. F.—Do you know Mr. Jones?

UNCLE Z.—What do you mean? I don't know Jones.

DON [out of breath].—Oh! Oh! mon cher! He ought to be in the lunatic asylum.

JANETTE.—Don't talk to him any more.

DON.—Not if I can avoid it, I do assure you, made-moiselle!

MRS. F.—I fear you are exerting yourself too much?

UNCLE Z. [to *Don*].—How's the crops in your section?

[Don Pedro looks confused.]

JACK [aside].—Every thing's green, I reckon!

UNCLE Z.—I say, young man—

MRS. F.—This young gentleman lives in the city.

UNCLE Z.—Ha? Speak louder.

MRS. F.—Don Pedro lives in the city.

UNCLE Z.—Oh, I understand now! Your name is John, is it? John Peters! Well now it appears to me I ought to know your folks?

DON.—They live in a foreign clime.

UNCLE Z.—Oh, in former times, of course! I knew the Peters's down behind old Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. [Boys laugh heartily.]

JANETTE.—You didn't understand him, sir.

UNCLE Z.—No, no. I don't pretend to mind the youngsters; but your father I dare say, was as honest a shoemaker as lived in them parts. Do you follow his trade, John?

DON.—I am a foreigner, sir!

UNCLE Z.—A farmer! ah yes. What's the price of squashes?

JACK [very loud].—He can tell you that better after he offers his head for sale, and somebody bids on it!

[Janette faints. Don Pedro snatches his hat and leaves. General confusion. Curtain falls.]

SCENE 2d.—*Mother and daughter seated by a table.*

JANETTE.—Well, well, something *must* be done. I have endured this as long as I can. Three months to-day, since he arrived, and no hope of his leaving yet. No compensation for our trouble either. I have submitted to mortifications enough. I wont endure it.

MRS. F.—Have patience, my child! Don't be too hasty. I don't like the old clod-hopper any better than you do, but I have an eye on his money; and if you are not more considerate we shall lose all.

JANETTE.—I think our prospects of having any of it to lose are not very bright at present.

MRS. F.—No; and all on account of your own folly and rashness, I do assure you. If you had acted the part that little pauper Lucy has, you might now stand just as high in the estimation of your uncle as she does.

JANETTE [angrily].—Don't talk to me about that minx. She is always out of the way when she ought to be in, and in the way when she ought to be out.

MRS. F.—Well, we must make the best of it. To turn her out of the house would be certain death to all our hopes. So you must try and make amends for your past bad conduct toward your uncle, and undermine his confidence in her as far as possible. That's our only hope, now.

JANETTE.—Bad conduct, indeed! Who has suffered more at his hands than I? Who has done more to try to please the quarrelsome old bachelor than I? Yes, I say who has suffered. Only think of him insulting Don Pedro, so that he never entered the house again. Just as he was about to propose, too. I say I won't stand it. I wish old Zedekiah Fairweather were in the bottom of the Mississippi.

MRS. F.—So do I, I am sure, but I don't want him to take his money with him. I intend to have that.

[Enter Uncle Z. fashionably dressed, with traveling satchel in hand.]

UNCLE Z.—You've taken a poor way to obtain it, I fear.

[Janette and Mrs. F. scream. Enter the whole family.]

JANETTE.—Eaves-dropper! Eaves-dropper!

MRS. F.—Hush, Janette. My dear brother—what can be the matter?

UNCLE Z.—Hear, madam. I beg of you to listen to me a moment. I am about to take my departure, and have come to bid you farewell.

MRS. F.—What! leave us so soon? Impossible!

UNCLE Z.—Yes, madam. My baggage has been sent to the train, and I must soon follow.

JANETTE [very loud].—Why did you not tell us?

UNCLE Z.—Oh, I can hear very well. Don't exert yourself.

MRS. F.—Oh—oh—oh, sir—dear uncle, we—we beg your pardon.

UNCLE Z.—For your hospitality, accept my sincere thanks; and when your hopeful sons want to go travelling with a hand-organ and monkey, please call on me, and I will furnish their outfit. And when they have traveled all the country round, and grown old and bald, I will recommend the use of "Spaulding's glue."

[Boys drop their heads.]

MRS. F.—Oh, we are undone, we are undone.

UNCLE Z. [*to Lucy*.]—And to you, my faithful little friend, I donate a scholarship in one of our best schools, where you can have every advantage, and become fitted for the station in life which nature intended you to occupy.

LUCY.—Oh, sir, how can I thank you for your kindness.

UNCLE Z.—But I must not forget my dear niece, who has been so deeply injured by the loss of John Peters, *alias* Don Pedro. To compensate her, I give her this package [*presents a box*], which is to be opened after my departure.

JANETTE.—Oh, my dear, good uncle, your kindness quite overcomes me! Do stay longer with us.

UNCLE Z.—No, I can't now. Come, Lucy, get your bonnet, child, we must be going. Good-by, one and all

[*Exit Uncle Z. and Lucy.*]

MRS. F.—We are well rid of both of them. What if he did hear us! I knew he would not have it in his heart to leave us nothing. The box is quite heavy. Open it, quick!

BOYS.—Yes, quick; you must share with us?

JACK.—I knew our time would come. Who cares if—

[*Janette, after removing many wrappings, holds up to view the ear-trumpet. Curtain falls.*]

EGYPTIAN DEBATE.

Between HON. FELIX GARROTE, and EBENEZER SLABSIDER, Esq.

[*Subject of Debate*—Who desarves the greatest praise, Kris-terfer Kerlumbus for diskiverin' Amerika, or Mr. Washington for defendin' on't? Scene.—Lyceum in Egypt, Illinois.]

HON. FELIX GARROTE AROSE:—

MR. PRESIDENT, & GENTLEMENS OF THIS HERE LYCEUM: Kerlumbus was born in the year 1492, durin' the rain of Julius Cæsar at Rome, a small town in grease, situated on the banks of the Nile, a small creek

which takes its rise in the Alps, and flows in a southwest course and emties into the gulf of Mexico. Mr. Kerlumbuses parients was pore. His pap was a basket maker, and bein' so low in their sarcumstances, they were tetotally unable fur to give their orphan't son that education which his genius and talent demanded. They therefore bound him to a shephurd who sot l'm to watchin' swine on the sea-beat shores of the Nile; and it was *thar*, Mr. President, it was *thar*, sir, by the corn-stalk and rush-light fire, that this immortle youth fust larnt to read, write, and syphur, and all the other various and useful accomplishments of English and foren literature. It was *thar*, sir, by this corn-stalk and rush-light fire, that, readin' the history of Robertson Crusoe, it conspired in his youthful breast the seeds of sympathy and ambition; *sympathy*, sir, to rescue that unfortunate hero from his solitary and alone situation on the island of Mr. John Fernandez, and return him once more to the bosom of his family in Jarmany—*ambition*, sir, to diskiver a island which no white person had ever yit diskivered, (except Crusoe,) and he warn't considered nobody at home. To place upon the mariner's compass that island, and tharby render his name immortler.

He accordin'ly made immediate application to Julius Cæsar for two canoos and a yawl, eight men, and pervisions to last him a two weeks' cruise; but, sir, he was indignantly refused! He was took up next day—tried by a court martial for treason—found guilty, and sentenced to three months' banishment upon the island of Cuba, a small island in the Mediterranean ocean, a island at present hankered after by the Southern Confederacy as the seat of government, becase a capital of a rival and jealous Confederacy never can exist on the same continent with ounr. There must be, gentlemen of this here Lyceum, there must be at least a considerable slice of ocean between *our* capital city and the throne of a traitor or tyrant, who would dare to destroy the union!

But to return to the pint. Kerlumbus were far from bein' unintimidated or discouraged, howsumever, by this here mean treatment, but on the contrary, he was inspired with increased energy and renewed hopes and

ambition—and, sir, I can put into the mouth of my hero, the immortle words which Milton put into the mouth of the Duke of Wellington at the siege of Bunker Hill—

“Once more into the breeches, dear friends, once more.”

When the tarm of his banishment had expired, he returned to Rome, and found that Cæsar had died again, and that Alexander the Great had succeeded him. He made the same demand of Ellick that he made to Mr. Cæsar, and met with a similar denial—but finally at last, through the intermediation of Cleopatra, (Ellick’s fust wife,) he succeeded.

It is onneccessary for me to enter into the detail of his outfit and voyage—suffice it to say, as there is no needcessity, as I hinted before, for to particularize on the incidental and numerical sarcumstances of his—a—a—his blockade—I mean of his a—fleet, suffice it to say, as I said before, that after having been absent from his own native shores two long weeks, he diskivered, one day, from the mast-head, *not* the long-sought island of John Fernandez, Esq., but a *severe gail!* I will not tell you how they hove to, and how they hove up, and every thing of that there kind, but after they had been tossed on waves that run mountaings high, he was at last wrecked, and his crew all lost, (except hisself and one other man,) and they was throwed upon a state of insensibility.

When he come to, he rose up in the majesty of his strength and found he was on a island. So he pulled out his red cotton palmetto handkercher, tied it onto a fish-pole and rared the standard of South Carolina, and took formal possession of the territory in the name of Alexander the Great, and called it San *Sal-vador*, in honor of Cleopatra’s only dater. Now Cleopatra was so well pleased with the honor conferred upon her dater, that she migrated to this country for to settle. Hence, sir, the long line of descendants so distinguished in our gelorios country’s history, and known as PATRIOTS from the Hebrew varb, Cleopatra.

Now, sir, having accomplished the great and paramount object of his sublunary career, he was ready for

to die. The natives, therefore, for intrudin' upon their sile, took him prisoner, maltreated him with Carolina tar and goose feathers, and eventually at last rid him on a rail! And thus did *rails* become notorious as the means of carrying contemporary great men of more modern ages, into the most highest orifice within the gift of a gelorous empire, to the terror and dismay of the *patriots* of the region of swamps and rattlesnakes. And thus perished one of the truly great and good men of the antediluvean period of the middle century, the prince of navigators, who lived and died for mankind, (and that of course includes us Egyptians,) therefore we are doubly indebted to him for gratitude!

One more remark allow me to say, Mr. President, and gentlemen of this here Lyceum, and I am done, and I want to impress it upon your mind. If it had not have been for Keristofer Kerlumbus, Mr. Washington would have never have been born, so he wouldn't—besides all this, Mr. Washington was a coward.

With these remarks I leave the floor for abler hands.

[*Mr. Slabside rises highly excited.*]

Mr. PRESIDENT :—I am dumbfounded—I am tetotalistically and surrupticiously surprised at the quiet manner in which you have listened and hearn the suspensions of character of that great and good man—my blood's been bilin hot, to think of the audacious propinquity of the speaker who had the last floor—*Mr. Washington a coward!*—*Mr. WASHINGTON A COWARD!* His character, sir, is as pure and as spotless as the African snows, thrice bleached by the howling zephyrs of the northern—hem—*Mr. Washington a coward!* *Lock-jawed* be the mouth that spoke it! Why, sir, look at him at Lundy's Lane—look at him at Tippecanoe—look at him at Waterloo, and, sir, look at him at New 'rleans! Did he display cowardice thar, sir, or at any of the thousand similar battles that he fout—and—

HON. FELIX GARROTE [*interrupting*].—*Mr. Washington never fit* the battle of New 'rleans—he wasn't thar, sir; he'd been dead two years and seving months and thirty-one days afore *that* battle was fit, so he had. He never fout that battle!

MR. SLABSIDE.—Who did fight the battle of New 'rleans?

HON. FELIX GARROTE.—If you will jist take the trouble to refer to Josephus, or read Benjamin Frank ling's History of the Crimean and Black Hawk wars, you will thar find, Mr. President, that Gen. Bore-your-gourd fit the battle of New 'rleans.

MR. SLABSIDE.—I thank my very larned friend, not only for interruptin' me, but more particularly for his corrections, in which he has showed himself totally ignorant of history, men and things.

I contend, notwithstanding the gentleman's assertion to the contrary, that Mr. Washington not only fit at the battle of New 'rleans, but that he is alive now, sir. I have only to pint you, Mr. President, and gentlemen of this here Lyceum, to his quiet and retired home at Sandoval, on the banks of the Tombigbee river, in the state of Missouri, whar he now resides conscious of his private worth, and of the great and brilliant sarvice he has rendered his country, and in the enjoyment of those distinguished honors heaped upon his grateful brow by his aged countrymen; and allow me to call the attention of my very learned opponement, that Gen. Boregard was not at the battle of New 'rleans. He could n't have fout that battle. He was dead, sir!

Yes, Mr. President, if you will have the patience to turn and look over Horace Greeley's History of the Kansas Hymn Book war, you will there learn that Gen. Bo-re-gurd and Col. Buchanan, at the head of an army of negroes, made a desperate charge upon Mason's and Dixie's ly'in; and they've been dead ever since !!

[*Immense sensation among the Egyptians, during which the president pronounced the debate closed, and introduced the speakers to the audience. Great shaking of hands.*]

THE WIDOW MUGGINS. HER OPINIONS OF COOKS, SUITORS, AND HUSBANDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. MUGGINS, a widow.

COUSIN HANNAH JANE.

BETTY, Mrs. Muggins' cook.

SCENE.—*A room in Mrs. Muggins' house. Cousin Hannah Jane sewing.*

MRS. M. [*without*].—Betty, what in the world are you doing? Why don't you hurry up with your work. I'll declare to gracious, you are the slowest creature I ever saw in all my born days.

BETTY [*without*].—Why, Mrs. Muggins, I'm hurryin' jest as fast as I can.

MRS. M.—Oh, Betty! yo're very slow, very slow.

[Enter Mrs. M., who sits down and commences knitting.]

MRS. M.—Cousin Hannah Jane, a body has a sight of trouble with the cooks a body has to hire now-a-days. When I was a young woman, the servant-girls did a great deal better than they do now, cousin Hannah Jane.

C. H. J.—Yes, cousin Jemima, in our young days, the servants were of some account.

MRS. M.—Yes, that they were, cousin Hannah Jane. They didn't break a bowl or a pitcher every other day, as most of 'em do now; and they were not afraid to work. I tell you, the way my mother's servants worked! oh, it was a sight! *Them* was the days when a-body could get the worth of a-body's money out of a hired girl, cousin Hannah Jane.

C. H. J.—Yes, the servants earned their wages *then*.

MRS. M.—Cousin Hannah Jane, you don't know how much trouble I have had with the shiftless, trifling cooks I've had this year. Would you believe it, cousin Hannah Jane? I've had as many as eight cooks since the 1st of January.

C. H. J.—Sakes a-live! you don't say so!

[Enter Betty.]

BETTY.—Mrs. Muggins, do you want them taters baked or biled?

MRS. M.—*Biled*, Betty, biled!

BETTY.—Yes, marm. [*Going out.*]

MRS. M. [*calling*.]—Betty!

BETTY [*returning*.]—Well.

MRS. M.—Mind, Betty, I said *biled*!

BETTY.—Yes, marm. [*Exit.*]

MRS. M.—I always am obligeed to tell Betty twice over, before she understands me, cousin Hannah Jane. But Betty does a sight better than most of the other servants I've had, cousin Hannah Jane; she don't break as many things, and she's a *heap* neater about her work than most of 'em were, cousin Hannah Jane. Then she's *tolerable* industrious, only she's so slow; that's her wust fault, cousin Hannah Jane. Now the fust cook I had, the arly part of the year, was the awfulest laziest, sleepy-headedest thing you *ever* saw, cousin Hannah Jane. Why, she never had breakfast ready before ten o'clock, cousin Hannah Jane. You know I couldn't put up with *that*, cousin Hannah Jane. So I sent her away.

C. H. J.—That was right. I'd have done so, too, cousin Jemima.

MRS. M.—Well, my next cook wasn't any better than the fust, cousin Hannah Jane. Her name was Jane Short. She was a awful slovenly, untidy critter. She didn't keep herself clean, cousin Hannah Jane. She would often git breakfast without washing her face or combin' her hair, cousin Hannah Jane.

[*Cousin Hannah Jane holds up her hands in amazement.*]

C. H. J.—Goodness, mercy, did I ever!

MRS. M.—It's a fact, cousin Hannah Jane, true as my name's Jemima Muggins. Cousin Hannah Jane. Wasn't it awful?

[*Cousin Hannah Jane again holds up her hands in amazement.*]

C. H. J.—Oh, horrid!

MRS. M.—It's as true as my name's Jemima Muggins
[*Enter Betty.*]

BETTY.—Mrs. Muggins, do you want them eggs fried or biled.

MRS. M.—Biled, Betty, biled!

BETTY [*going*].—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—Betty!

BETTY [*returning*].—Well.

MRS. M.—Don't forgit, Betty, *biled*; recollect Betty.

BETTY.—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—My next cook was an awful *proud* thing, cousin Hannah Jane, especially for a servant-girl. Her name was Mary Toots. She would sometimes wash her face in butter-milk to make it white, and then pour the butter-milk in the pitcher, and put it on the table for me and my niece Peggy Ann to drink, cousin Hannah Jane.

C. H. J. [*again raising her hands in wonder and disgust*].—Sakes a mercy! Did I ever?

MRS. M.—It's as true as my name's Jemima Muggins.

[Enter Betty.]

BETTY.—How many eggs must I use in makin' them pan-cakes?

MRS. M.—Six, Betty, *six*!

BETTY [*going*].—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—Betty! [Betty returns.]

MRS. M.—Mind, Betty, I said six.

BETTY.—Yes, marm. [Exit.]

MRS. M.—My fourth cook was too fond of gaddin' about, cousin Hannah Jane. I soon got rid of her. My fifth cook had the *awfulest* temper you ever saw in your life, cousin Hannah Jane. What do you think, cousin Hannah Jane; she broke a whole set of cups and sassers, because I said she had red hair.

C. H. J. [*raising her hands*].—Oh, horrid!

MRS. M.—Don't that beat any thing you ever heerd on, cousin Hannah Jane?

C. H. J.—Oh, sakes a' mercy! it was awful!

MRS. M.—My sixth cook was too fond of reading books, cousin Hannah Jane. You know it wont do fer a servant-girl to be too fond of readin'. She didn't suit me. My seventh [*the last one before Betty*], I sent away, because she made fun of my church, and you know I wouldn't stand *that*, cousin Hannah Jane. So

I soon gave her *leave of absence*, as people say. So you see, Betty is my eighth cook this year. As I said before, she does a heap better than any of the others, but still she has a heap of faults, cousin Hannah Jane ; but the wust one she's got, is she's so slow, so *pokin'*. Now you might think I am hard to please, cousin Hannah Jane, but I aint. Not a bit. If a servant will try and come any ways *near doin'* right, I am satisfied, cousin Hannah Jane. You know I have a very mild temper, cousin Hannah Jane.

C. H. J.—Yes, cousin Jemima, no one has a better disposition than you have. [*Enter Betty.*]

BETTY.—How much sugar shall I put in the rice-puddin', Mrs. Muggins?

MRS. M.—Three ounces of sugar to four ounces of rice, Betty. Put in four eggs, Betty ; two ounces of butter, melted in a tea-cup full of cream—put in a piece of lemon peel, Betty.

BETTY [*going.*].—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—Betty ! [*Betty returns.*] Remember to put in the lemon peel.

BETTY.—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—Now, Betty, aint a bad sort of a girl. She'd do tolerable well, if she wasn't so slow. Betty is very fond of my niece, Peggy Ann ; she'll do almost any thing for her. What do you think, cousin Hannah Jane, Jake Stubbins, the tooth doctor, has been comin' to see Peggy Ann every Sunday night for the last six months and yet he has never axed her to have him. Now, I'm a goin' to put a stop to this here kind of work. If he don't ax her to marry him the very next time he comes, I'll give him to understand his company isn't wanted here any longer. What's the use of comin', and comin', and comin' from June to etarnity, and never sayin' nothin' about marryin', cousin Hannah Jane ; besides that, he often comes before supper-time, in fact, nearly always. Now, I say it's a shame to be a livin' off of a body that way, and then not say a word to the gal about marryin'. It's too bad, cousin Hannah Jane, *too bad*.

C. H. J.—Yes, that's so, cousin Jemima. I wouldn't stand it neither.

MRS. M.—Now, Jake Stubbins, jest for all the world puts me in mind of the fellows that used to come to my Uncle Timothy's. Uncle Timothy had eight grown gals; and on Sunday afternoon and Sunday night, it was a sight to see the way the young men and the old bachelors and widowers did gather in! oh, it was awful. And what do you think, cousin Hannah Jane, but one out of the eight ever married, although they had more beaus than you could shake a stick at. [Enter Betty.]

BETTY.—What's your way of makin' plum-cakes, Mrs. Muggins?

MRS. M.—Take two quarts of fine flour, Betty, and a pound of dry loaf sugar. With your plums, use half a pound of raisins, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, half a pound of almonds, a grated nutmeg, twelve eggs, and a little brandy.

BETTY [*going*.]—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—Betty! [Betty returns.] Mind to put in the brandy.

BETTY.—Yes, marm.

MRS. M.—Well, cousin Hannah Jane, I'm a lone widder, and I sometimes think I had better take a companion, but I'm afraid I can never meet with such another dear, good man, as poor Mr. Muggins was; oh, he was *sich* a dear, good soul! He was *so* keerful of *me*, cousin Hannah Jane. He was always afraid I would injure my health by hard work, cousin Hannah Jane. He would always want to do his own work and mine too, cousin Hannah Jane. Oh, no! I will never see a man like my poor husband! Oh, Obadiah Muggins! It's been twelve years since the dear, good soul went to the kingdom, cousin Hannah Jane. [Sighs.] My friends often tell me I ought to take another companion, cousin Hannah Jane, and I have plenty of chances, plenty of 'em, cousin Hannah Jane, but I'm not easily suited, cousin Hannah Jane. Now, I could get old man Wiggins jest as easy as slippin' on ice; but the old critter has sort of curious ways that I don't like much. Then there's Uriah Thompson; I could git him, but he has too many children. Then there's old Deacon Doolittle; I *know* I could get him, but he's too sharp and close-fisted, he'd want to handle more of my money.

than I'd care about letting him have, and then we'd have to quarrel. Then there's Dan Dempster, he's nearly *dyin'* to marry me, but he's sich a rank pisin copperhead, and I *hate* them. Then there's plenty of others I could git, cousin Hannah Jane, but I don't know any one as reminds me of poor Obadiah what's dead and gone to the kingdom. Well, cousin Hannah Jane, suppose we go into Peggy Ann's room and persuade her to play for us on the pyanner. She plays so nice. I do love to hear her sing that sweet song, "There's three little kittings who have lost their mittins!" [Singing heard without.] Jest listen, she's a singin' now; come along, cousin Hannah Jane, come along. [Exit. Curtain falls.]



MARRYING FOR MONEY.

CHARACTERS.

HARRY BROWN.

ROBERT BRUCE.

ELIZA GREELY

SCENE 1.—*A room in Mrs. White's boarding-house.*

BROWN [looking in his pocket-book].—Only five dollars in my pocket, and ten dollars due for board. Aint I in a pretty fix? I must raise the wind somehow; that's certain; but the query is, how am I to do it? Beside my board bill I have sundry other little bills that ought to be squared up. I really don't know why it is, but as soon as I get out of money every body commences dun-ning me.

BRUCE [outside].—Hello, Brown!

BROWN.—Hello yourself!

BRUCE.—Will you let a fellow come in?

BROWN.—Come in, of course, and don't stand there hallooing at a fellow when he's in trouble. Come in right away; I want to talk with you.

[Enter Robert Bruce.]

BRUCE.—You really want to talk to me, do you? Well, go ahead. You're talking nearly all the time. If you don't have any one to talk to, you talk to yourself

I think you were indulging in that pastime when I came to the door.

BROWN.—Well, that's nothing. Somebody has said that all great men talk to themselves, and I believe it's a fact. But, Bob, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not consider myself a great man, but perhaps I will be a great man some day. There's one thing certain, Bob, I've got a great load of trouble to bear, and the question naturally arises, how am I going to rid myself of that trouble; how am I going to pitch the great load from off my shoulders, and stand once more in the free light of day a relieved man, a free man, an untrammelled man—a man who feels that a great load has been jerked from off his shoulders—a man that—ah—ahem. [Pauses.]

BRUCE.—Well, that's good! go on.

BROWN.—Bob, are you laughing at me? Come now, that won't do. Would you laugh at one who was floundering in the mud of despondency? Would you let a smile wreath your lips when a fellow-being was in trouble? Answer me, Bob. As Shakspeare says, "Let me not burst in ignorance."

BRUCE.—No, I wouldn't. How could I laugh at a man when his misery makes him so very eloquent? I couldn't do it, indeed. But, Harry, what's the matter now? What new trouble have you got into?

BRUCE.—I haven't got into any new trouble. I'm in the same old trouble—want of money.

BRUCE.—Oh, is that all? I can lend you an X, if that will get you through.

BROWN.—Bob, you're a good old fellow, but I can't take any thing more from you until I have squared off the old account. You know I owe you a ten now.

BRUCE.—Yes, I know; but you needn't trouble yourself on that score. I can wait. By-the-way, Harry, have you seen the new boarder yet?

BROWN.—No; who is he?

BRUCE.—Who is *she*, you mean. Her name's Eliza Greely.

BROWN.—A relative of Horace, is she?

BRUCE.—Can't say, indeed.

BROWN.—Well, is she pretty?

BRUCE.—No, not killingly beautiful. Wont smash many hearts, I judge.

BROWN.—One more question, Bob. Is she rich?

BRUCE.—She is. She told Mrs. White she had a few thousands, and asked her where she had better invest.

BROWN.—Good ! hurrah ! I'll marry her.

BRUCE.—Ha ! ha ! Wait until you see her before you get excited. And then remember that it takes two to make a bargain. Remember, also,

“ It's easier far to like a girl,
Than to make a girl like you.”

BROWN.—Well, I'll do my best any how ; but stop, is she young ?

BRUCE.—About your own age, I should say, perhaps younger.

BROWN.—Well, that's good so far. Now let's see, how am I to manage ? I'll get an introduction to her to-night, of course.

BRUCE.—Oh ! of course you will. And then what next ? Will you propose before you go to bed ?

BROWN.—No, Bob, that would be rushing things. No, no ; I'll take time and work carefully. As old Hopkins used to say, “ I'll make haste slowly.”

BRUCE.—And perhaps in the meantime you'll have the pleasure of seeing the fair lady carried off by some fellow who makes haste *fastly*.

BROWN.—I'll be on the lookout for all such fellows.

BRUCE.—Perhaps the lady is engaged.

BROWN.—Well, to be sure. [With a puzzled air.] I never thought of that ; but if she is, I'll find out before I ask the momentous question. I say, Bob, wouldn't you enter the ring yourself if it wasn't for your darling little Alice ?

BRUCE.—I might ; I don't know ; wiser men have done more foolish things.

BROWN.—Well, it's all arranged ! I'll marry the new boarder, and then with our few thousands in our pockets we'll laugh at poverty. We'll “ walk the water like a thing of life,” or, rather, like two things of life. We'll live in a big house, and have a coach, and servants, and horses, and every thing we want. In short, we'll be

as happy as the day is long. I wish it was night. I am anxious for the introduction. Roll swiftly round ye wheels of time. Make every thing scatter, and bring the night with all possible speed. I'm in haste. I'm all in a shiver of expectation and excitement.

BRUCE.—Keep cool, Harry ; the night will come soon enough. I must be off now, but before I go allow me to wish you success in your pursuit of a wife with golden charms. [Exit Robert.]

BROWN.—I believe I'm going to make a raise at last. Now, if brother Tom was here, and knew all, he would give me a regular scolding for attempting to rush headlong into matrimony. But Tom is too slow and too careful. There's no use in courting a girl a year, nor half a year, nor two months. It's all nonsense ; if a man likes a girl, and the girl likes him, they'll know it before two days. I believe in rushing right ahead, and never stopping to think. This stopping to think has ruined many a man, and spoiled thousands of good matches. Now, if this new boarder isn't engaged, I'll lay a wager she'll be mine before three months ; I'm going to be in a hurry ; I'm going to rush things ; she's got the tin, and that's what I'm after. Wont Tom open his eyes wide when he hears that I'm married ? But wont he open his eyes *very* wide when he hears that I'm living in a brown-stone front ? But I can't sit here ; it's impossible for me to stay here until supper-time ; I must go out and walk the streets until nightfall ; my impatience will not let me be quiet. [Gets up and takes his hat.] Good-by poverty, and hurrah for the new boarder and her thousands of dollars [Exit Harry Brown.]

[Curtain Falls.]

SCENE 2.—*A room in Mrs White's boarding-house. Harry Brown discovered.*

BROWN.—I'm married, thank fortune, I'm married at last. My wife, although not the most beautiful woman in the world, is, I think, a good sort of a woman. She will be liberal ; I know she will ; she will shell out the dollars as though they were cents ; there's one thing mystifies me a little ; I think she might have bought herself a grander outfit ; her bonnet might have been just

a little better. But then she looked well in it, and I suppose she understands the mysteries of dressing better than I do. Now, there's some women who look a thousand times better in calico than they do in silk, and I have no doubt Eliza is one of that number. I've been married two days now, and I think it is about time I was finding out just exactly how many thousands she has. It's a delicate matter to talk on, but then I needn't care; the knot is tied and can't be severed. Hello! here comes my wife now. My wife! how funny that sounds!

[Enter *Eliza*.]

ELIZA.—Well, ducky, not gone out yet, I see.

BROWN.—No, my little darling, I aint gone out yet. Fact is, 'Liza, I don't like to be away very long from you.

ELIZA.—Don't you, Brownie dear? Ah, you'll get over that by and by.

BROWN.—No, Eliza; I don't think I will. I may even say I am *sure* I will not. I am convinced that there is, away down in my heart of hearts, a long, strong, broad, deep flame of love, that will blaze on and blaze on through countless nights of waking and days of woe. There rolls not a billow of sorrow nor salt water that can extinguish that flame. That flame will burn as long as—yes, Eliza, that flame will burn as long as—ahem—yes, Eliza—

ELIZA.—Is there any thing the matter with you, Brownie, dear?

BROWN.—No, Eliza, nothing; I was only soaring. But to come to business, wifey tifey, where is your money deposited?

ELIZA.—My money! ha! ha! That's good! Brownie dear, I haven't ten dollars to my name.

BROWN.—Ah! I see; a good joke, Eliza; a good joke indeed. You want to make me believe for a little while that you haven't any money, and then tell me all at once what an awful pile you have. But don't do it, Eliza; the news would be too good; I couldn't bear it; reason might totter and throw herself.

ELIZA.—Brownie, you are talking kind of shallow this morning. Is there any thing the matter with your head?

BROWN.—No, ducky, nothing; but do tell me just

how many thousand dollars you have, and where it is deposited.

ELIZA.—I told you before, and I tell you again, I haven't ten dollars to my name. There's my port-monee. [Hands it.] Examine for yourself. It contains every cent of my money.

BROWN.—Great Constan—

ELIZA.—Stop, Brownie; don't swear. Did you think I was wealthy?

BROWN.—To be sure I did. Didn't you tell Mrs. White you had a few thousand?

ELIZA.—I believe I did say something of that kind; but I meant a few thousand cents. Of course I didn't say it to lead any person to believe I was wealthy.

BROWN.—Oh, I'm sold. I'm a wretched man!

ELIZA.—No, you ain't, Brownie, dear. [Puts her arms around his neck.] Cheer up; perhaps you'll find I'm worth more than a few thousand dollars.

BROWN.—Eliza, I believe you are right. I believe I have found a treasure, but not the kind of a treasure I expected. Anyhow, the knot is tied, and we may as well make the best of a bad arrangement; not saying at all, duckey tifey, that it is a bad arrangement. Oh, no; not at all.

ELIZA.—No, no; it isn't a bad arrangement, Brownie dear. We'll get along swimmingly. I know we will.

BROWN.—Yes, we'll get along swimmingly; at least I hope we will. But still I think it is a bad arrangement to marry in haste and repent at leisure.

[Curtain falls.]

THE CONFLICT.

SCENE.—*William Thoughtful, a young man who is forming new resolutions and plans on New Year's day, is seated in a room, alone, thinking aloud.*

THOUGHTFUL.—This day I wish to begin life anew. What is my future destiny? Shall I continue to climb the "Hill of Science," as I trust I have begun, till I reach the summit, and all the world reverence the name of Thoughtful? Or, shall I still remain near my own

loved home, toiling with willing hands to gain the glittering gold? not for mere show, but that I might minister to the loving ones who have, by example and care, made me what I am! Oh! that the future was not a sealed book to me! If some good fairy would only have the kindness to point out the path which would be the safest for me to pursue!

[Enter *Vanity*. *A young girl gaily dressed; displaying much gold and jewels.*]

VANITY.—Beautiful creature! Thy brow is clothed with thought. How much more charming in the eyes of all, must one be, the expression of whose face shows that he thinks and feels, than one whose only expression is love for the world and its pleasures. Listen to me! You have talents, *great talents*; with a little exertion you might gain gold enough to dress with all the pomp and splendor of a prince. The wealthiest would bow to you, and nothing would be lacking to complete your happiness. Your personal beauty, wealth, and towering mind would attract all the world, even from the least to the greatest.

THOUGHTFUL.—I think I know who thou art: is not *Vanity* thy name? Surely, no honest person is ashamed of his name?

VANITY.—Oh, no, indeed! *Vanity* would advise thee to do nothing that would really benefit thee; but *I* would have thee improve thy mind, and attain to greatness. Oh, follow my advice! Think of the enjoyment to be derived from being one to whom every one will bow and render praise.

THOUGHTFUL.—I know thee! *Vanity* is thy name! Are we to live merely for our own selfish enjoyment? Thou hast been trying to deceive me; but I understand thy wiles. Retire from my presence! I hope *I* will not harbor *Vanity*.

VANITY [*retires, murmuring*].—I thought he would not know me.

THOUGHTFUL.—There, I have vanquished one enemy! Oh! that I might know equally well all who, with their flattering words, would lure me from the path of duty.

[Enter *Mammon*. *A boy represented as an old man, rather plainly dressed.*]

MAMMON.—Listen to me, and I will give thee advice worth more than that of any other being. Hast thou not heard of me—of my wealth? My coffers are filled to the brim! It will be well for thee to do as I have done. I will tell thee how to gain this great amount of treasure Only follow my advice, and thou shalt be happy!

THOUGHTFUL.—Who art thou that advisest me? One who really seeks my good, or art *thou* trying to deceive me? But speak on; I would learn more of thy character.

MAMMON.—I will speak on till thou knowest certainly that I would do thee good. Dost thou not know that gold is a blessing? See here! [*Taking a handful of shining metal from his pocket.*] See this gold and silver! Here is enough to procure comforts for thine aged parents that would last them all their lives; and yet, this is not a hundredth part of what *I* possess. Do as I have done, and thou shalt not only gain enough to make thy *parents* comfortable and happy, but can aid many poor and stricken ones. I would not have thee restricted to any one particular employment; choose whatever you like; only remember that it is your *duty* to gain gold! For, how could the poor, the benighted, and the suffering sick ones who can not help themselves be benefited if there was not some *able* as well as willing hand to help them? Listen to the call of the numerous benevolent societies all over our land! Oh, give us gold! more gold to send bibles to the heathen who have dwelt in darkness all their lives. Or, how could we obey the divine command—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,” if it were not for gold? Thou mightest choose to be a minister of the gospel; but while seeking to do good be careful not to offend your wealthy parishioners; for, if you should gain their ill-will, they might refuse to part with any of their precious gold; then your benevolent plans would be thwarted. Without this valuable treasure, you could not soothe the wailing cry for help, which is being sent up from all over the face of our globe. Or, if you should choose to be a physician, and be called to attend some wealthy patient for the sake of obtaining gold, with which you

might minister to the wants of the poor and needy, it would be better not to be in too much haste to have him recover, so that he would no longer need your services. Or, if you should choose to be a merchant, be sure and let thy motto be gold. Obtain all thou canst for an article, if the purchaser does not know that he can buy it for less at other places ; that is *his* business, not thine. [*Winking slyly.*] Get all thou canst, for how much good couldst thou do, if thou only possessed a great amount of gold.

[Enter *Truth*, a boy with a helmet and shield, bearing a banner wreathed with evergreens, and having the word, *Truth*, inscribed upon it.]

TRUTH [*waving his banner*].—Is gold to be bought at the expense of Truth, Justice, or Honesty ?

MAMMON [*frowning upon Truth*].—And who art thou ? to intrude upon us, when I have been advising my good friend *Thoughtful* ?

TRUTH.—One who loves justice, and will never, no never, see one who loves it as well as I do, deceived by thy flattering words ! [*Turning to Thoughtful.*] Friend *Thoughtful*, didst thou not know him ? Although he would gladly make it seem to thee that it is thy duty to wrench the glittering treasure from thy fellow men, canst thou not see that he would have thee use *deceit* and *fraud* in every possible way ? Oh, consider ! before resolving to follow his advice !

THOUGHTFUL [*rising hastily to his feet, and grasping the hand of Truth*].—Oh ! my good friend, *Truth* ! Words can not express my thanks to thee, for coming just in time to prevent my following this deceitful *Mammon* ! I know him now, and ought to have known him before ; but his seemingly benevolent purpose blinded me. But from henceforth, honesty will be my first motto, and—

MAMMON.—Far be it from me to advise thee to be dishonest ! But gold is a blessing, and we could never minister to the wants of the poor and needy without it.

TRUTH.—Oh, misguided *Mammon* ! go to your gilded cell, and ponder on the inconsistency of your statement ! What less is it than dishonesty, to receive more than you know an article is worth from an unsuspecting cus-

tomer? Or, as in the case of a physician, to knowingly and wilfully prevent your patient from recovering? Nay, worse than that, not only wrongfully obtaining his gold, but depriving him of his health; and to whom is not health dearer than gold?

MAMMON [*walks slowly away, muttering*].—I am vanquished!

THOUGHTFUL.—Oh, Truth! wilt thou ever be my champion, and open my eyes to all deceit?

TRUTH.—If thou wilt receive and ever *acknowledge* me as thy friend, most certainly I will. I would gladly use my weapons to defend all; but those who will not listen to me, I *can not aid*.

[Enter Benevolence, Earnestness, and Humility; each bears a banner with her name inscribed upon it. Benevolence, a large girl, dressed in a purple or drab dress, and a large cloak of some dark material thrown over her shoulders, enters first: she is followed by Earnestness, who has on a scarlet dress, trimmed with evergreens, and a wreath of the same about her head. Lastly, Humility, a little girl dressed in white, enters. They take their places upon the stage, and wave their banners.]

BENEVOLENCE.—Deceptive Mammon would have thee think that I follow in his footsteps! But true Benevolence follows Truth. Thou hast chosen him as thy champion, wilt thou accept my friendship? [She smilingly extends her hand; he takes it.]

THOUGHTFUL.—Most gladly, I will!

EARNESTNESS.—Thou hast chosen Benevolence as thy friend. I would make thee more *earnest* in every good work! [Thoughtful clasps her hand.]

THOUGHTFUL.—Most thankful am I for thy friendship.

HUMILITY.—Thou hast vanquished Vanity, wouldst thou have Humility instead? [He clasps her hand also.]

THOUGHTFUL.—Ah, yes! With Truth for my champion, Benevolence, Earnestness, and Humility for my friends, I trust I shall conquer all my enemies. How sad if I had chosen Mammon and Vanity instead! I now regard them as deadly foes.

[Curtain falls.]

LIFE: A SCHOOL SCENE.

CHARACTERS.

PLEASURE.	BEAUTY.	WEALTH.	FAME.	PIETY.
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DRESS: PLEASURE.—White dress, looped with flowers; covered with butterflies, spangles of gold, etc. Wreath of flowers on her head. Flowers on bosom.

BEAUTY.—The same as Pleasure, nearly.

WEALTH.—Rich black silk, with trail. Rings, pins, bracelets, chains, jewels, etc, in profusion. Crown of black silk or velvet, with half moon and stars of gold. Black vail covered with gold stars flowing back from crown.

FAME.—Plain dress of some dark stuff. Plain linen collar and cuffs. Collar fastened with a single brilliant gem. Hair done back from forehead.

PIETY.—Pure white, with a single rose-bud on bosom.

POSITION ON STAGE.—Pleasure enters first, from *left* of stage; speaks *center*; takes place *right*. Beauty enters *right*, takes place and speaks *left*. Wealth enters *left*, speaks *center*, takes place *right*. Fame enters *right*, takes place and speaks *left*. Piety enters, takes place and speaks *center*—thus forming a beautiful *tableau*.

PLEASURE [*Enter lightly, trilling a gay song. Stops singing and says:*]—

Oh, life to me is a thing of pleasure!
 For sorrow and care I find no leisure.
 Like a butterfly gay with gaudy wings—
 Or like a birdling wild that trills and sings,
 I'll away from bower to bower,
 Tasting the sweets of every flower,
 Singing my wild, glad measure;—
 Ever seeking some new pleasure.

My friends shall be
 All like me,
 Giddy and gay
 The live long day.

We have but one life to live—so the records say,
 Let us drink and be merry while we may:
 With rich, red wines our glasses we'll fill,
 With jest and with laugh dull care we'll kill.

Soft, sensuous music causes my bosom to beat,
 Away, away, to its time, ye restless feet.
 Time to repent when death draws nigh :—
 Till then, wild heart, cause me not a sigh.
 Life to me is a song of pleasure—
 Keep step, wayward feet, to its changeful measure

BEAUTY :—

Sister, thou dost live for pleasure :
 In *beauty* I find the rarest treasure ;
 You would live thoughtless and gay ;
 I would be a beauty fair as the day ;
 I would have features faultless and fair
 With no trace of frailty ling'ring there :
 I would have a form like that of a queen—
 Yes, far more lovely than mortal has seen,
 Then I'd be the wonder of all that should see—
 Oh, *that* would be pleasure if pleasure there be !

WEALTH :—

Foolish things ! Prate of beauty and pleasure !
 I would have coffers crammed with treasure.
 What beauty is there like that of gold ?—
 E'en though it does make the heart stony and cold !
 What earthly pleasure like that to feel
 Hands full of gold, till senses reel ?
 Oh, give me jewels, sparkling and bright,
 That shame the stars which fill the night.
 Bring me diamonds from the mine,—
 Bring me pearls from ocean's brine ;
 Fill my houses with all that there be
 Of what's costly and rare from over the sea.
 Then I'll not care for Old Time as he flies,
 When with gold and with jewels I can feast **my eyes**.

FAME :—

Ye groveling earth-worms with wishes vain !
 I seek for that which few may obtain.
 What pleasure is there in a cup of wine ?
 Who years from now will care for that form divine ?
 And none but a sordid, soulless mind
 In the chink of gold would a pleasure find.

Care ye not for something more high?
 That something which your gold can never buy?
 Have ye no longings in your inmost self
 Other than those for pleasure and pelf?
 I would have mine a proud, immortal *name*,
 Which shall *for ever* live in Fame!

PIETY:—

I would have life to me
 Just what our Father designed it should be.
 True wisdom I'll seek
 Ever to guide me when I'm weak.
 In doing His will my pleasure I'll find;
 To what seemeth Him good, I'll be resigned.
 My treasure I'll seek to lay up above,
 In the Better-land, where *God* dwells, who is *love*.

[*Music, while the curtain slowly falls.*]



BEN, THE ORPHAN BOY; OR, "HONESTY IS
 THE BEST POLICY."

CHARACTERS.

BEN WILSON, MARTHA RAYMOND. MR. HOLLAND.
 MRS. HOLLAND. SERVANT.

SCENE 1.—*A street, Martha Raymond, a keeper of a fruit stand, and Ben Wilson discovered.*

BEN.—How nice the windows look this evening; I wish I was rich and could buy some of the pretty things I see. But if I could but get enough to eat and a good fire to stay by at night, I would be satisfied. But I can not. I am compelled to wander through the streets and can get nothing but what I beg from the passers-by.

MARTHA.—Are you hungry now, Ben?

BEN.—Yes, very hungry; I have had nothing to eat to-day. Dave sent me out this morning without a

mouthful to eat before I started, and would have whipped me, too, if I had not run away. And now I am afraid to go back again.

MARTHA.—Here, Ben [*hands cakes*], you shall not want for something to eat as long as I have any thing to give you. I have very hard getting along, but am a little better off than you. I have stood here all this cold, dreary day, and have only sold a half dollar's worth yet. My poor mother is sick at home, and if things do not turn out better, I shall soon be as badly off as you.

BEN.—Oh, how good that cake is!

MARTHA.—Here's a couple more, Ben. I know you are hungry. We are poor, but God will provide for us if we but trust in him and are honest and upright.

BEN [*looking off*].—Do you see that fine lady and gentleman getting into that carriage? Arn't they grand? Martha, why is it that some people are allowed to be so rich and comfortable, while others are so poor and miserable?

MARTHA.—I can not tell, Ben. God's ways are dark and past finding out. It seems hard that it should be so, but if it were not right it would not be. We must trust in the Lord and bear all without murmuring. [*Ben darts out and returns bearing a large pocket-book.*]

BEN.—Look, Martha! See! I've found a great big pocket-book, and I guess it's chuck full of money. [*Opens it.*] Oh, see what a lot of gold pieces!

MARTHA.—Put it in your pocket—quick, Ben! It is not safe for you to be displaying it on the street. [*Ben puts it away.*] Come here, Ben. Do you know who lost the pocket-book?

BEN.—I guess it was that fine lady or gentleman who came out of the store and got into the carriage.

MARTHA.—Do you know who they are?

BEN.—No!

MARTHA.—It is Mr. Holland and his wife; they are very wealthy. But what are you going to do with the money?

BEN.—Going to keep it, of course, and buy lots of good things to eat. But, I'm going to give you half of it, so that you can get the medicine for your mother and buy a whole heap of coal.

MARTHA.—Is the money yours, Ben?

BEN.—Yes—well—I don't know. I found it and those people are rich folks, and, you know, they don't need it.

MARTHA.—Ben, you would be doing very wrong to keep this money. It would be as bad to keep the money, belonging, as it does, to a rich man, as it would be to keep it, if it belonged to a poor man. It would not be honest to keep it; and let me advise you to return it immediately.

BEN.—Oh, how can I? Just think how I am suffering every day for something to eat and for clothes to wear; and think of your mother, who is lying sick and in need of assistance. The man is rich and will never miss the money. Oughtn't I to keep it?

MARTHA.—No, Ben; you ought not. I know you suffer for want of bread and clothes and a comfortable home; but trust in the Lord and be honest, and all will yet be well.

BEN.—Well, I felt like a rich man a few minutes ago, but it is all gone now. I will take your advice, Martha, for you have always been kind to me, and I know you always do right. If you will tell me where the gentleman lives, I will take the money to him right away.

MARTHA.—He lives at No. 28 Seventh street, in the large brown-stone front. Remember the number—28.

BEN.—Yes. May I go home with you to-night, when I come back? I am afraid to go back to my home; I know old Dave will beat me if I do.

MARTHA.—Yes, come back here and I will take you with me. [Exit Ben.]

SCENE 2.—*Mr. Holland's parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Holland discovered.*

MRS. HOLLAND.—I am rather tired. It certainly was a long ride for me after my illness, but I know it will do me good, and I will feel a great deal better after I become rested a little. [Putting her hand into her pocket.] Oh, dear! I've lost my pocket-book! Or, perhaps, my pocket was picked while I was in the store. No, it couldn't have been. It must have dropped as I was getting into the carriage. It contained something over a hundred dollars.

MR. HOLLAND.—Oh, well ; don't worry about it. You are not likely to get it again, but 'tis no difference. I hope some poor person will find it and use the money to make himself comfortable. [Enter servant.]

SERVANT.—Mr. Holland, here is a little boy who says he must see you. [Exit servant.]

[Enter Ben.]

BEN.—Here, sir, is a pocket-book you or the lady here dropped about half an hour ago in front of Mason's store. I have not disturbed the contents. Good evening, sir [about to retire].

MR. HOLLAND.—Come back ; come back ; I want to talk to you. Be seated, my little man.

BEN [with cap in hand].—If you please, sir, I'd rather not. My clothes are ragged and dirty, and your chairs are grand. I will stand.

MR. HOLLAND.—Pooh ! You *shant* stand ! Don't mind your clothes and the chairs—sit down—sit down ! The chairs have been occupied by persons who hadn't *half* your honesty. Sit down, my honest little fellow—sit down ! Don't be afraid. [Ben sits.] And you say you found this in front of Mason's store ?

BEN.—Yes, sir.

MR. HOLLAND.—Do you know how much money it contains ?

BEN.—No, sir ; I opened it and looked in, but did not touch the money.

MR. HOLLAND.—Here, Alice ; this is the pocket-book you dropped, isn't it ? Reward the honest little fellow as you see fit.

MRS. HOLLAND.—Such honesty isn't often seen or heard of in this great wicked city, and I propose to reward him liberally. Here, my little friend, is the pocket-book as you found it. It contains something over one hundred dollars. Take it all and spend it as you choose. I *know* you will not spend it foolishly.

BEN.—What ! All ? Oh, ma'am ! I couldn't do that ! I will be very glad to have a few dollars, though, as I have no home and can hardly get enough bread to keep me alive.

MRS. HOLLAND.—Have you no father or mother ?

BEN.—No, ma'am. I have been living with a cross

man, who says he is my uncle. His name is Dave Hanson. He was going to beat me this morning, because I would not steal a package he told me to steal. I ran off, and do not like to go back again.

MR. HOLLAND.—How would you like to stay with us?

BEN.—Oh, sir; I would be delighted! I would do any thing for you if you would only give me a good home.

MR. HOLLAND.—Well, it is settled; you shall stay.

BEN [*with demonstrations of joy*].—Oh, sir; how kind you are! I thank you very much and will do any thing for you.

MRS. HOLLAND.—What is your name, my honest little friend?

BEN.—Ben Wilson, ma'am. I have no friends in the city except Martha Raymond, who keeps a cake and apple stand on North street. I was talking to her to-night at her stand, when I saw your pocket-book. She knew you, and told me where to find you. And—oh, I forgot! I promised to go back there to-night, and she said she would take me home with her, as I had no place to stay. She is far honester than I am, for I wanted to keep the money, but she said it would be wrong, and talked so good to me about doing right and trusting in God, that I coulun't keep the pocket-book. She is very poor and has a sick mother, and she says she needs medicine and refreshments.

MR. HOLLAND.—Very well; we will go to see them to-morrow morning and make them both comfortable. They shan't want for any thing.

BEN.—Thanks, kind sir; and now how happy I am, and [*turning to audience*] how happy I will be, if the fair ladies and gentlemen before us will agree, that "*Honesty is the best policy*" and approve the course of BEN, THE ORPHAN BOY.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE CONVICT'S SOLILOQUY THE NIGHT BEFORE EXECUTION.

[The convict should have on striped clothes—a shirt and pants—to represent a criminal; his face pale, eyes hollow, hair uncombed and matted. He should represent a person of about thirty years of age; his feet fastened to the floor by a long, heavy chain; his hands confined by handcuffs. The light should be very dim, which will add to the effect. The piece requires a good actor and speaker; one who has a good control of his voice.]

SCENE.—A prison cell, containing a low mattrass of straw, a table, and a pitcher. Curtain rises, and discovers him sleeping uneasily. He awakes with a wild start. As he gets deeply into the subject he rises and walks the floor.

I have just dreamed a dream. Yes, with dreams my nights of sleepless horror are filled. Those half unreal, yet so terrible; so full of horrid phantasy; but 'tis not of *those*. *No!* I have dreamed a *dream*. I dreamed that I was a boy again and had not *here* this gnawing pain. I was still by my *mother's* side. Oh, my God! *my mother!* Why do I call on *God*? But that dream, oh, *that* dream. That it might be real again. Yes, I knelt at *her* knee in prayer. In *prayer*? Yes, in prayer, for I prayed *then*. And if I had been told that I should some time see *this*, feel *this*, *this*, *all* this, and this but my just part, I would have said and thought he lied who told me of it.

But I was in prayer, at my mother's knee, my little hands, then innocent of guilt—my God! how guilty now! by *every* crime they're stained—were clasped within her own, hers so loving, while her eyes of blue were hid from sight by those veined lids the while; and there she prayed for her only child, for her boy, for *me*; and such a prayer as touched *my* heart; and such a prayer as might cause angels to weep and fiends to cower. I have no heart; I cast it from me long, *long* ago, in the dim past; dimmed by the sins and crimes that rise up between that time and this—the days of happy youth. *Happy*, did I say? happiness is a word forgotten and unknown to *me*.

And then I saw her anguish when she heard of my first sin. How pale she looked! With what anguish unspeakable she looked on me, once her pride, now so fallen. Yet she loved me; tried to woo me back to the paths of rectitude; but in vain; I was hardened; I would not listen; there was no hope, I said; I spurned her love; I was cold and cruel, though it broke my heart, for it was not *stone then*. At last she died. Oh! such a death! Her last breath of agony a prayer for me, her boy.

And then that bright-eyed, merry girl! Ha! ha! I'll take to myself the bitter pleasure of thinking of her now for the last time. I loved her so well. How true, how good she was! how like an angel! Yes, with all my soul I loved her, and she returned my love two-fold. She would not believe that I had sinned; she said they lied; but the proof came all too strong; it dazed her brain, and she was mad! Oh God! How fast I went down—down to the mouth of hell! Oh! those fiends in angel form that first led me to drink wine; those fiends that the world calls women—FIENDS! How she held the red wine to my lips! I drank; I was lost—*lost for ever*. Ah! how well do I remember the first time that I took the bright coin, that burned into my soul like a thing accursed—took it from my employer's drawer to pay for the drink that my insatiable thirst demanded. It soon got to be an old story to me. Then I was found out. I fled. Oh God! accursed, accursed! My home gone, friends gone, soul ruined. I got money then; ha! ha! and that game was soon stopped. I was pursued *too closely*. The fiends of darkness that gather round me begone! begone for a time! There, what a fool! How I quake with fear; for oh, I see his eyes—*those eyes!* Oh! 'Twas in the dim wood at nightfall that I turned at bay. Ah! they'd better have let me alone. The tiger, when it feels the pangs of hunger, is more merciful than was I—maddened with the liquid fires of hell—RUM! They became scattered; I heard them searching; I crouched down under the bushes, down in the thick, black darkness that choked me; he was close upon me; I clutched the knife; one step more; with a spring I was upon him. Staggered for a moment he sprang back;

with my wild strength I clutched him ; I drove the knife into his bosom ; the hot blood squirted full in my face ; with a groan he fell on the ground. Again I was upon him ; this time, with truer aim, I drove the knife-blade to his heart's core ; there, in the ghostly moonlight, with his wild, startled gaze full upon me, and that terrible rattle in his throat—I fell back like one dead—it was *my brother!* I was his murderer ! How that white face stares out at me now ! those eyes ! I knew no more until I found myself *here*. They took me out for the eager rabble to gaze upon ; and I thought how many of *you*, fine folks, are yourselves making murderers with your accursed, demoniac, hellish *drink* ? They condemned me to death—that jury of stern men—without leaving the room they returned their verdict. 'Twas but a mockery, a mere form, though I asked not for pity. I got none. When that murmur of applause went through the room, I sprang to my feet ; *he* who had returned the verdict guilty—the foreman—was the damnable wretch who had sold me the poison which had brought me there ; *he* who had made me what I was ; *he* whose vile stuff had fired my brain when I did the deed, stood there before heaven and the world—pronounced *me* unfit to live ; *HE* ! and *he* to live and curse the world yet longer with his hellish traffic—his traffic in souls ; *HE* ! There in the gallery among the crowd of women who had come to hear the words which sealed my doom, was *she* who *first* held the wine cup to my lips ! *She* who scoffed when I scrupled to take it. I drank it. The serpent *has* stung me sore—aye, poisoned my *soul* to its death for all eternity. How I gave vent to the surging, fiery waves within ! They thought me mad. *He*, the vile wretch, sank down as if he had received his death blow. And well had it been for the world had it been so, and with all such as *he*. Pale and panting he cried for them to take me out ; they dared not touch me, though my hands *were* fettered ; *she*, with a wild shriek, swooned, and they bore her away ; well they might shrink as from the voice of doom. Oh ! my lost spirit shall take keen pleasure, to which the joys of heaven were feeble, in haunting them. At last I sank back exhausted ; they led me passive out, while the crowd opened right and left, and stared as

on an awful *something*—they knew not what. . . . And to-morrow I die! For the last time have I seen the sun set; but once more am I to see the blue sky of heaven; and then only to be suspended between it and the earth, in which my body is to lie. Hark! the clock tolls the hour. [*A clock slowly and distinctly strikes twelve.*] Soon they will be at work on the—gallows. Listen! yes, there is the sound of the saw and hammer. [*Sound of carpenter's tools heard at work outside, and continue until curtain falls.*] Oh God! can it be for me? *am I to die?* To die—so soon? *God of mercy hear me!* Visit those who tempted me to fall as they deserve! And I am LOST! Probation ended—lacking six short hours. *And I am lost!* My mother! oh! my mother! Never more to meet! my God! MY MOTHER!

[*Curtain slowly falls, while a dirge is played.*]

JOHN JONES'S FORTUNE.

CHARACTERS.

JOHN JONES, a tailor.

SALLY JONES, his wife.

DAVID AIKEN, a neighbor.

SCENE.—*A room scantily furnished. John Jones seated cross-legs on a table, sewing. Sally preparing dinner.*

JOHN.—Well, Sally, we are getting along swimmingly now, aint we? We are poor, very poor, but I think you will agree with me that we are happy. I think you will agree with me that we are the happiest couple in the county.

SALLY.—Yes, John, I agree with you; I believe I always agree with you, and you always agree with me, and that's the way we happen to get along so well together.

JOHN.—That's so, Sally! Now there's the Smiths that live in the big brick house up on the hill yonder, they don't get along very well. They say the old man and the old woman are continually fighting, and the boys have taken to drink and are fast becoming drunk

ards. Tom was carried home the other night by two of his companions. He had been at a carousal in the village, and got so beastly drunk he couldn't ride.

SALLY.—I pity his parents, but, perhaps, they do not deserve pity, because if they had brought up their children properly they would not have turned out so. I'm glad we are not rich. If we were, something would go wrong. I might become lazy or you might become lazy, or—well, I don't know what might happen, but I'm sure we wouldn't be as happy as we are now.

JOHN.—That's so, Sally; but I don't think you need feel uneasy about it. It will be a long time before we are rich. But, you know, we are out of debt, and I think, if I work hard, I can make as much as we can eat and wear; and, perhaps, in a year or two I can lay up a few dollars.

[*Sally proceeds with her work, John sings a verse of the Star Spangled Banner.*]

“Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming !
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?”

[*Whistles the same tune a minute or two.*]

JOHN.—I say, Sally, hav'n't you got dinner ready ? I'm as hungry as an ox.

SALLY.—Yes, it is nearly ready; but, you see, we hav'n't very much to eat to-day. I don't care for myself, but I would like to have something better for you when you have to work so hard.

JOHN.—Oh, never mind me, Sally, I'll get along. But you work as hard as I do, Sally—you know you do. I'll get a nice cut of beef this evening and some fresh fish, and we'll dine like kings to-morrow; wont we, Sally ?

SALLY.—I'm sure, I'm satisfied with what we have. I have no complaints to make so long as we have no sickness nor trouble. You know it is better to have a table scantily spread and be happy, than to have a table loaded with the richest viands and be unhappy. But come, now; dinner is ready for you.

JOHN.—And I'm ready for dinner. [Puts down his sewing, and gets off the table.] It's a glorious thing to have a good appetite, even if it does cost a little more than to have a poor one. [Knock at the door—opened by John. David Aiken discovered.] Hallo, Dave! How do you do? Come in!

DAVID.—No; havn't time.

JOHN.—Oh, yes, come in, and have a bite of dinner; we havn't much, but you know you are welcome.

DAVID [fumbling in his coat pocket].—I know, but I can't stop. I've got a letter for you, but it has got mixed up with some of my papers, and I can't find it. Here it is. It came in this morning's mail, and as I was coming past I thought I'd bring it to you.

JOHN.—Thank ye, Dave, thank ye! [Exit David.] Sally, I guess we'll let the dinner cool a few minutes till we read this letter—wonder who it can be from. [Opens letter.] It is dated from Bently. [Reads.] “Sir:—This is to inform you that your mother's uncle is dead, and has left you the sum of forty thousand dollars.” [Stops reading, and shouts.] Hurrah! hurrah! Isn't that grand news, Sally?

SALLY.—It is. Oh! John, I'm so glad! But I never heard you speak of the old gentleman who has left you the fortune.

JOHN.—Well, to tell the truth, I didn't know much about him. I knew my mother used to have an uncle out there somewhere, but I thought the old fellow was dead long ago.

SALLY.—Well, we are rich people now. We can buy that house and farm that is for sale down in Magoffin valley.

JOHN.—I guess we wont squander our money buying such poor land as that! We'll go to the city and live, and I'll set up an extensive clothing store.

SALLY.—Yes, and squander all your money before two years.

JOHN.—Sally, you'd better be careful! You don't mean to say that I would go to drinking and gambling?

SALLY.—No, that wasn't what I meant, but that's what it will come to. Lots of people have tried to keep store in the city, and it has always ended in their break-

ing up; and that's the way it will be with you; and then after you have squandered all your money that way you'll take to drink, and leave your poor wife and children to starve, and—

JOHN.—Sally, shut up! You are making a fool of yourself. I reckon I know something about buying and selling, and can take care of my money. [Sharply.] Put the potatoes on the fire again; I aint going to eat cold potatoes.

SALLY.—Well, if you don't like cold potatoes, you can put them on the fire yourself! I aint going to run after you and be your nigger any longer. You're getting mighty big all at once!

JOHN.—Sally, if you don't keep quiet I'll strap you Here, if you wont warm the potatoes I'll give them to the pigs. They are little bits of things anyhow, and you didn't half wash them. [Throws the potatoes out of the window.] You always were a dirty thing, and you never could wash potatoes.

SALLY.—There! take that, you low-lifed tailor [Throws a plate at him.] And that! and that! [Throws cups and saucers.] You are the ugliest, hatefulest man in the world, and you ought to be—

JOHN.—Sal., you old hag, I'll trounce you—I will! [John raises a stick to strike her—she slaps him in the face, and screams.]

[Enter David.]

DAVID [seizing John].—Hello! John! what are you about? I'm ashamed of you! Here, I've run back to give you your letter. I gave you the wrong one.

JOHN.—Did you? And I never looked at the envelope. [Picks up the envelope.] Why, it's for John Jacobs. Tell him I opened it in a mistake.

DAVID.—Here's your letter. The envelopes are so much alike, and the names, too, that I very naturally made the mistake. Good-by, John; and let me tell you if I see you trying to whip your wife, the next time I come, I'll take you in hands myself, and give you a sound thrashing.

JOHN.—I'm ashamed of myself, Dave. Please say nothing about it.

DAVID.—All right. I'm mum. Good-by. [Exit David.]

JOHN.—Now, Sally, we'll read another letter. [Reads.]
SIR—The cloth will be ready for you next Saturday, Yours, etc., HANLEY & ANDERSON." So, you see, our fortune of forty thousand has vanished. Well, I can't say that I am sorry. Are you, Sally?

SALLY.—Truly, I am not. Let us forget our little trouble, and be happy again. As soon as we became rich we commenced to fight; now that we know we are poor again, we will be happy as in days gone by.

JOHN.—Yes, that we will; and I sincerely hope that the letter will not raise the rumpus in John Jacobs' family, that it did here. But I'm as hungry as a half-starved hippopotamus. We can't have potatoes for dinner, that's certain; but let's eat something. And just before we go to dinner, I would say to our friends here before us, that riches do not always bring happiness; and in proof of this I would refer you to the FORTUNE OF JOHN JONES, THE TAILOR.

[Curtain falls.]



IN WANT OF A SERVANT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MARSHALL AND WIFE.	SNOWDROP WASHINGTON.
MARGARET O'FLANAGAN.	MRS. BUNKER.
KATRINA VAN FOLLENSTEIN.	FREDDIE.

SCENE 1.—*The breakfast-room of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. Mr. Marshall smoking a cigar and enjoying the morning paper, with his heels on the mantel.*

MRS. MARSHALL [in a complaining tone].—Oh, dear, Charles, how sick and tired I am of housework! I do envy people who are able to keep help. Here I am tied up to the little hot kitchen from morning till night—stewing, and baking, and frying, and scrubbing, and washing floors, till I am ready to sink! One thing right over and over again. I wonder why Hood, when he wrote the "Song of the Shirt," had not kept on and written the Song of the Basement Story.

MR. M. [*removing his cigar*].—Is it so very bad, Lilly? Why, I always thought it must be nice work to cook—and washing dishes is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is pour a little hot water on 'em and give 'em a flirt over with a towel.

MRS. M.—That's all you men know about it; it is the hardest work in the world! I always hated it. I remember, when I was a little girl, I always used to be taken with the headache when mother wanted me to wash the dishes. And then she'd dose me with rhubarb. Ugh! how bitter it was; but not half so bitter as washing dishes in boiling water in a hot kitchen in the middle of August!

MR. M. [*meditatively taking his feet from the mantel*].—I made a lucky sale this morning, and saved a cool three hundred. I had intended giving you a new silk, but I'll do better—I'll hire you a girl. How will that suit?

— MRS. M.—Oh, what a darling! I would kiss you if you hadn't been smoking, and my collar weren't quite so fresh. I am afraid I shall muss it. But you are a good soul, Charlie; and I shall be so happy. Do you really mean it?

MR. M.—To be sure.

MRS. M.—Wont Mrs. Fitzjones die of envy? She puts her washing out, and she's always flinging that in my face. I guess the boot will be on the other foot now! I wonder what she'll say when she runs in of a morning to see what I'm cooking, and finds me in the parlor hem-stitching a handkerchief, and my *maid* attending to things in the kitchen? But where is a girl to be had? Will you go to the intelligence office?

MR. M.—No; I don't approve of intelligence offices. I will advertise. Bring me a pen and ink, Lilly.

MRS. M. [*bringing the articles*].—You wont say that to me any more, Charles. It will be, 'Biddy, my good girl, bring me the writing implements.' Wont it be nice? Just like a novel. They always have servants, you know.

MR. M.—What, the novels?

MRS. M.—No; the people in them. Are you writing the advertisement? Be sure and say that no one need

apply except experienced persons. I want no green hands about my kitchen.

MR. M. [reads from the paper what he has been writing].—“Wanted, by a quiet family, a girl to do general housework. None but those having had experience need apply. Call at No. 116 B— street, between the hours of ten and two.” How will that answer?

MRS. M.—Admirably! Charles, you'd ought to have been an editor. You express your ideas so clearly!

MR. M.—Thank you, my dear, thank you. I believe I have some talent for expressing my meaning. But I am going down town now, and will have this advertisement inserted in the *Herald*, and by to-morrow you can hold yourself in readiness to receive applicants. Bye-bye. [Goes out.]

MRS. M. [alone].—If it isn't the most charming thing! Wont the Fitzjoneses and Mrs. Smith be raving? Mrs. Smith has got a bound girl, and Mrs. Fitzjones puts out her washing; but I am to have a regular servant! I shall get a chance to practice my music some now. Dear me—how red my hands are! [Looks at them.] I must get some cold cream for them; one's hands show so on the white keys of a piano! I'll go and open that piano now, and dust it. It must be dreadfully out of tune. But I'll have it tuned as soon as ever I get that girl fairly initiated into my way of doing work. [Goes out.]

SCENE 2.—*Mrs. Marshall awaiting the coming of “applicants.” A furious ring at the front-door bell.*

MRS. M. [peeping through the blinds].—Dear me! I wonder who's coming! A person applying for the situation of servant would not be likely to come to the front door. I can just see the edge of a blue-silk flounce, and a streamer of red ribbon on the bonnet. I'll go and see who it is.

[Opens the door, and a stout Irish girl, gaudily dressed, with an eye-glass, and a waterfall of enormous dimensions, pushes by her, and entering the parlor seats herself in the rocking-chair.]

MRS. M.—To what am I indebted for this visit?

IRISH GIRL.—It looks well for the like of yees to ask! It's the leddy what's wanting a young leddy to help in the wurrk that I'm after seeing.

MRS. M. [*with dignity*.]—I am that person, if you please. What may I call your name?

IRISH GIRL.—Me name's Margaret O'Flanagan, though some people has the impudence to call me Peggy; but if ever the likes of it happens agin I'll make the daylight shine into 'em where it never dramed of shining before. What may your name be, mum?

MRS. M.—My name is Marshall. I am in want of a servant.

MARGARET.—Sarvint, is it? Never a bit of a sarvint will I be for anybody! The blud of me forefathy would cry out against it. But I might have ixpected it from the apearence of yees. Shure, and I'd no other thought but ye was the chambermaid. Marshall, is it? Holy St. Patrick! why that was the name of the man that was hung in county Cork for the murthering of Dennis McMurphy, and he had a nose exactly like the one fore-ninst your own face.

[*A second ring at the door. Mrs. Marshall ushers in a stolid-faced German girl, and an over-dressed colored lady. They take seats on the sofa.*]

GERMAN GIRL.—Ish dis the place mit the woman what wants a girl in her housework that was put into de paper day beforo to-morrow?

MRS. M.—Yes, I am the woman. What is your name?

GERMAN GIRL.—Katarina Van Follenstein. I can do leetle of most every thing. I can bake all myself, and bile, and fry; and makes sour-krouut—oh, splendid! And I sphanks the children as well as their own mudders.

MARGARET.—If ye'll condescend to lave that dirty Dutchman, young leddy, I'll be afther asking ye a few questions; and then if ye don't shute me I can be laving. Me time is precious. Is them the best cheers in yer house?

MRS. M.—They are.

MARGARET.—Holy Vargin! Why, mum, I've been ised to having better cheers than them in me own room.

and a sofy in me kitchen to lay me bones on when they're took aching. Have ye got a wine cellar?

MRS. M. [*indignantly*].—No! We are temperance people.

MARGARET.—Oh, botheration! Then ye'll niver do for me, at all at all! It's wine I must have ivery day to keep me stummach in tune, and if Barney O'Grath comes in of an avening I should die of the mortifications if I didn't have a drop of something to trate him on. And about the peanny. It's taking lessons I am, meself, and if it's out of kilter, why, it must be fixed at once. I never could think of playing on a instrument that was ontuned. It might spile me voice.

MRS. M.—I want no servants in my house who are taking music lessons. I hire a girl to do my work—not to dictate to me, and sit in the parlor.

MARGARET.—Ye don't hire me. No mum! Not by a long walk. It's not Margaret O'Flanigan that'll be hosted round by an old sharp-nosed crayter like yeself, wid a mole on yer left cheek, and yer waterfall made out of other folks' hair! The saints be blessed, me own is an illegant one—and never a dead head was robbed for to make it! 'Twas the tail of me cousin Jimmy's red horse—rest his soul!

MRS. M. [*pointing to the door*].—You can leave the house, Miss O'Flanagan. You wont suit me.

MARGARET.—And you wont shute me! I wouldn't work with ye for a thousand dollars a week! It's not low vulgar people that Margaret O'Flanagan associates with. Good-by to ye! I pity the girl ye gets. May the saints presarve her—and not a drop of wine in the house! [*Margaret goes out.*]

MRS. M.—Well, Katrina, are you ready to answer a few questions?

KATRINA.—Yah. I is.

MRS. M.—Are you acquainted with general house-work?

KATRINA.—Nix. I never have seen that shinneral. I know Shinneral Shackson, and Shinneral Grant, but not that one to speak of!

MRS. M.—I intended to ask if you are used to doing work in the kitchen?

KATRINA.—Yaw. I sees. Dat ish my thrade.

MRS. M.—Can you cook?

KATRINA.—Most people, what bees shenteel, keeps a cook.

MRS. M.—I do not. I shall expect you to cook. Can you wash?

KATRINA.—Beeples what ish in de upper-crust puts their washing out.

MRS. M.—Can you make beds, and sweep?

KATRINA.—The dust of the fedders sthuffs up my head, what has got one leetle giutar into it. Most beeples keeps a chamber-maid. Now, I wants to ask you some tings. You gits up in the morning, and gits breakfast, of course? It makes mine head ache to git up early. And you'll dust all the furnitures, and schrub the kittles, and your goot man will wash the floors, and pump the water, and make the fires, and—

MRS. M.—We shall do no such thing. What an insolent wretch! You can go at once. I've no further use for you. You won't suit.

KATRINA [*retreating*].—Mine krout! what a particular womans.

COLORED LADY.—Wall, missis, specks here's jest de chile for ye. What wages does you gib? and what is yer pollyticks?

MRS. M.—What is your name—and what wages do you expect?

COLORED LADY.—My name is Snowdrop Washington, and I specks five dollars a week if I do my own washing, but if it is put out to de washerwoman's wide de rest of de tings, den I takes off a quarter. And it's best to have a fair understanding now, in de beginning. I'm very particular about my afternoons. Tuesdays I studies my cataplasin and can't be 'sturbed; Wednesdays I goes to see old Aunt Sally Gumbo, what's got de spine of de back; Thursdays I allers takes a dose of lobeely for me stummuch, and has to lay abed; and Fridays I ginerally walks out wid Mr. Sambo Snow, a fren of mine—and in none of dem casins can I be 'sturbed. And I shall spect you to find gloves for me to do de work in; don't like to sile my hands.

MRS. M.—I want to hire a girl to work—every day—and every hour in the day.

SNOWDROP.—The laws-a-massy ! what a missis ! Why, in dat case dis chile haint no better off dan wite trash ! Ketch Snowdrop Washington setting in dat pew ! Not dis nigger ! I wish you a berry lubly morning !

[*Goes out, and a woman clad in widow's weeds, and a little boy, enter.*]

WOMAN [*in a brisk tone*].—Are you the person that wants to hire help ? Dear me, don't I smell onions ? I detest onions ! Only vulgar people eat 'em ! Have your children had the measles ? Because I never could think of taking Freddie where he might be exposed to that dreadful disease. Freddie, my love, put down that vase. If you should break it, you might cut yourself with the pieces. Have you a dog about the house, marm ?

MRS. M.—Yes, we have.

WOMAN IN BLACK.—Good gracious ! he must be killed then ! I shouldn't see a bit of comfort if Freddie was where there was a dog. The last words my dear lamented husband said to me were these : "Mrs. Bunker, take care of Freddie." Bunker's my name, marm. Have you a cow ?

MRS. M.—We have not.

MRS. BUNKER.—How unfortunate ! Well, I suppose you can buy one. Freddie depends so much on his new milk ; and so do I. How many children have you ?

MRS. M.—Three.

MRS. BUNKER.—Good gracious ! what a host ! I hope none of them have bad tempers, or use profane language. I wouldn't have Freddie associate with them for the world if they did. He's a perfect cherub in temper. My darling, don't pull the cat's tail ! she may scratch you.

MRS. M.—You need not remain any longer, Mrs. Bunker. I do not wish to employ a maid with a child.

MRS. BUNKER.—Good heavens [*indignantly*] ! Whoever saw such a hard-hearted wretch ! Object to my darling Freddie ! Did I ever expect to live to see the day when the offspring of my beloved Jeremiah would be treated in this way ! I'll not stay another moment in the house with such an unfeeling monster ! Come,

Freddie. [Goes out. *Mrs. Marshall closes the door and locks it.*]

MRS. M.—Gracious! if this is the way of having a servant, I am satisfied. I'll do my own work to the end of the chapter! There's another ring; but I wont answer it—not I. I'll make believe I'm not at home. Ring away, if it's any satisfaction to you! It doesn't hurt me.

HOW THEY KEPT A SECRET.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. HOBBS.	MISS PRINCE.
JULIA, } Her children.	MRS. BLAISDELL.
DICK, }	JAMES, her son.
MRS. WEBSTER.	MRS. PARKER.

SCENE 1.—*Mrs. Hobbs' sitting-room. Mrs. Hobbs darning stockings. Julia Ann crocheting. Dick whittling.*

MRS. HOBBS [glancing from the window].—Goodness airth! Julia Ann! who's that 'ere a-coming up street? I'll declare if it haint Mis' Webster! Yes, I should know that red-and-blue shawl, if I should see it in Canady! She's allers eternally upon the go! No weather stops her! Yer father sed, the other day, that the town ort to pay her for brushing out the roads! And in this awful snow-storm, too, when it's too bad for any mortal critter to be out of doors—who'd a-thought of her turning out? I declare! I must say she's hard drove! Got something or ruther to tell of about somebody, I'll be bound! Take them clothes out of that cheer! Brush up the hearth! quick! and hand me my t'other specks! There, she's a-rapping; go to the door!

[*Julia ushers in Mrs. Webster, a middle-aged lady in spectacles.*]

MRS. H. [rising].—Why, goodness airth! Mis' Webster! Wall, if I haint beat! Why, who'd a-thought of seeing you? I was jest a-telling Julia Ann that I didn't believe but what you was sick abed, I hadn't seen you out for so long! I was a-saying to Eben this morning,

that I *must* try and git a chance to go over to your house to-day—and Eben, he—

MRS. WEBSTER.—It snows a little, to be sure, and I s'pose I hadn't ort to have come out in it; but I'd got tired to death a-staying in the house. I told Uncle Thomas this morning, that I must walk out somewhere and get the air, or I should have the rickets. And Uncle Thomas he sed, "Most assuredly." But I'm one of that kind that can't live without the air, no how! I don't think I should survive a month, if I was shot up in a place where I couldn't git no air!

MRS. H.—No, I reckon not. We couldn't take no comfort, at all, without it! It's dreadful nice to set a body up! Bracing like!

MRS. W.—Wonderful! La! here's Julia Ann. I was so snow-blinded, when I come in, that I didn't notice it was her! How do you do, Julia Ann?

JULIA.—Very well, thank you.

MRS. W.—Law! how perlite you have got to be, sence you went to the academy. It's stuck you right up, haint it? Julia, is that all your own hair on yer head? or is it false?

JULIA.—It is my own.

MRS. W.—Law! is it? Wall, I declare! I didn't know you had such a mop of hair; should think it would make yer head ache! 'Taint wholesome to have so much hair! I should think you'd feel top-heavy. Why, I wouldn't have my hair done up so for all the world!

DICK.—Didn't know you had any hair, Mrs. Webster. Thought you wore a wig. Tom Smith said so.

MRS. W. [*indignantly*].—Tom Smith is a—very bad boy!

DICK.—Well, he said he looked through the window, one night, and saw you peel your head till it looked just like a boiled turnip, any how.

MRS. H.—Dick, keep quiet, or leave the room!

DICK—Yes, marm.

MRS. W.—Children are dreadful nuisances, Mrs. Hobbs. I declare I can't feel sufficiently grateful to Providence for my freedom from the little torments. I trust I shall always be spared in that way!

DICK [*aside*].—Guess you needn't worry.

MRS. H.—Do take off your bonnit, Mis' Webster. Haint you got your knitting along?

MRS. W.—No. I mustn't stop long. Have yon heern from Deacon Skinner's wife lately?

MRS. H.—No. Not sence day afore yesterday. Pritty sick, aint she?

MRS. W.—Law, yes! Wall, poor soul! 'taint no wonder! ah me! no wonder at all.

MRS. H.—Why, how you talk, Mis' Webster! What do you mean?

MRS. W. [*with a mysterious shake of the head*].—Ah, it's no matter what I mean! Poor woman! Poor Ruth Abby! Well may she look forward with rejoicing to the time when she will shovel off this mortal coil!

MRS. H.—What on airth do you mean? Do tell!

MRS. W.—Oh, it's no consequence what I mean! None at all! I wouldn't breathe a word of it to anybody, for the world! No, not for the world! I'd cut my tongue out first!

MRS. H.—Goodness airth! It must be something dreadful! Do tell *me*, Mis' Webster! I'll be jest as secret as a gravestone! I wont never breathe a syllable of it to nobody! never! Don't be afeard to trust me!

MRS. W.—Oh, don't ask me, Mrs. Hobbs. I mustn't let out a whisper of it! I declare, I felt so about it after I heerd of it, that I never slept a wink last night! I laid and tossed, and turned, and heerd the clock strike every time! And if there's anything *tejus*, it's laying awake nights.

MRS. H.—That's so. Now, whar I lived up to Harry Wrough, I got into jest such a fix. I didn't sleep nights any more than as if I'd been into the fire! It's awful to git in that way!

MRS. W.—Dreadful! especially when your narves is as distractioned as mine is! I haint been so slim in health for years as I am now. I went to Durham the other day, to see that new doctor; and he skairt me nigh about to death. He says I've got the information of the broncky, and that it will bring on the brown creeters, and likely enuff the new money. And he said that I'd got symptoms of catechisms growing over my eyes, and my disgustin organs is in an awful condition. Such a state

of decease he says he's seldom seen in one person! And my stomach is out of order, and my liver; and he says I'm the most rebellious of any body he ever seed!

MRS. H.—Goodness airth! Wall, that's dreadful! Wall, now, when I lived up to Harry Wrough, I got jest so. Dr. Smith he ixaminated me, and said if I didn't take some cally-mill, I should be in danger of going into the hydrostatick fits without delay! He sed my stomach hadn't got any grass-stick juice into it.

MRS. W.—A little thing upsets me. And when I heerd this about Deacon Skinner, I thought I should have swoonded! He, a deacon, and a pillow of the church! and his wife still alive! Oh, it's awful! awful!

MRS. H.—Do tell, Mis' Webster! do, dear! I'll never whisper it—not even to Eben! no, never!

MRS. W.—I know I hadn't ort to lisp it to a single creeter! But I have so much confidence in you, Mrs. Hobbs. Send them children out, though.

MRS. H.—Julia Ann, you and Dick go out in t'other room! [*They go out.*] There, Mis' Webster, there's nobody in hearing now. Let's hear it.

MRS. W.—Wall, Deacon Skinner was seen to kiss a woman, night afore last, in his own front entry! a woman that come in the last train; and wore curls, and had a black satchel, and cheeks red as your Julia Ann's. And what's more, that woman is there now!!

MRS. H.—Gracious airth! How awful! how dreadful! Dear, deary me! And he a going to prayer-meeting, and talking like an angel! Why, only last Sunday night, his talk was so affecting, that the tears fairly run down over my nose, and I felt so weak you might have knocked me down with a feather! Wall! wall! what is the world a-coming to? If Deacon Skinner has fell, then the Lord presarve us all!

MRS. W.—Wall, there haint no mistake about this 'ere; for Seth Holmes that works to our 'us, seed the sight with his own eyes, and is ready to swear to it! But, I declare, it's eleven o'clock, and I must be a-gwine! Do come over, Mrs. Hobbs.

MRS. H.—Why need you hurry, Mis' Webster? It is such a treat to see you! Do come over often, do! Why can't you stop and git some dinner?

MRS. W.—I can't, to-day; you come and see me. Good-day.

MRS. H.—Good-day, Mis' Webster. [Mrs. Webster goes out.] Wall, of all things! Deacon Skinner onfaithful! Wall, I allers thought there was an evil look about his eyes! The heart is deceitful and desprit wicked, the Scripture says, and it's the truth! I must run over and see if Mis' Blaisdell has heern it! If she haint, I guess she'll stare some, for she thinks there haint nobody on the footstool but Deacon Skinner's folks. [Calls.] Julia! Julia! come in here, and keep this pot a-biling! I'm a-biling some corned beef for your father to kerry into the woods for his dinner to-morrow. I've got to go over to Mis' Blaisdell's, to get her reeseet for making hop yeast. Shan't be gone long.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE 2.—*The kitchen of Mrs. Blaisdell. Present, Mrs. Blaisdell and her son James. Enter Mrs. Hobbs.*

MRS. BLAISDELL.—Ah, good morning, Mrs. Hobbs! Good morning. Snowy, isn't it? Sit up by the fire, and warm, do.

MRS. HOBBS.—Thank ye, I haint cold. And I mustn't stop long. Thought I'd jest run over a minnit, and see if you was dead, or alive. Health good, this winter?

MRS. B.—Tolerable. The rheumatism troubles me some. How are you?

MRS. H.—Very well, for me. James, how does the world use you?

JAMES.—Kindly, thank you.

MRS. H.—Skate any?

JAMES.—Yes, when there is any ice.

MRS. H.—You must come over and learn Julia Ann. She's jest beginning, and it comes rather hard for her, not having no grown up brother.

JAMES—I shall be very happy to come any time.

MRS. B.—What's the news, Mrs. Hobbs? General time of health, isn't it?

MRS. H.—Yes, I believe everybody is well except Mis' Deacon Skinner. By the way, have you heern from her lately?

MRS. B.—Yes, James was over there last night, and she—dear me! if here ain’t Miss Prince, and Mis’ Parker! [Enter two ladies.] Why, how do you do? What strangers you are!

MISS PRINCE.—Dear sake! Why, here’s Mis’ Hobbs! Quite a tea party, Mis’ Blaisdell!

MRS. PARKER.—And I with this old hood on! If I’d a-thought of seeing anybody, I’d a-dressed up a little.

MRS. H.—We was jest speaking of Mis’ Deacon Skinner. Have you heern anything about her?

MISS PRINCE.—We’ve heern enuff about *him*! Oh, dear me! Mis’ Blaisdell, have you heerd that dreadful story about Deacon Skinner?

MRS. H.—Then, it’s got out?

MRS. PARKER.—Got out! it’s all over town! And it ort to git out! I, for one, don’t feel under no obligations to keep it! though I promised Mis’ Webster I would.

MISS PRINCE.—It ort to be put into the newspapers, and be telegraphed from one end of the country to the other! Such conduct is shameful in such a man as Deacon Skinner perfesses to be!

MRS. PARKER.—A man that sets hisself up as a model! and a Deacon, too!

MRS. H.—And a pillow of the church!

MRS. B.—For pity’s sake, good people, what has Deacon Skinner done?

MISS PRINCE.—Is it possible you haven’t heard!

MRS. PARKER.—I thought everybody knowed it! Poor Mis’ Skinner! my heart aches for her! If it was *my* husband, I know I’d scald him! He’d ort to be hung, and then kept on bread and water for a fortnight!

MISS PRINCE.—Hanging is too good for him! Thank fortune! I’ve never had nothing to do with none of the men sect.

MRS. B.—Do explain yourselves.

MRS. H.—He’s unfaithful! He—

MRS. PARKER.—He’s got a woman there that he—

MISS PRINCE.—Was seen to kiss twice or three times, in his front entry, night afore last; and—

MRS. H.—She’s young, and wears curls! and come in the last train—

MISS PRINCE.—And had a black satchel, and a gilt

fandangle on her bonnit, and black eyes, and cheeks that was altogether too red to be nat'ral! Thank goodness! everybody knows I don't paint! [Looks in the glass, and gives her cheeks a sly pinch.]

MRS. H.—Such doings is dreadful! James, what are you laffing at?

MRS. PARKER.—You'd better cry than laff.

MRS. B.—Ladies, you are laboring under a mistake—

MRS. H.—No, it come correct. Seth Holmes seed him kiss her, with his own eyes!

JAMES—He did, did he? Well, I hope it did him good. And I don't blame the deacon for kissing her. I'd try the operation myself, if I had a chance.

MRS. H.—Why, James Blaisdell! I allers thought you was a moral young man! If them's your principles, you needn't take the trouble to come over to go skating with my Julia Ann.

MRS. B.—Ladies, allow me to explain. The lady who came night before last in the cars, was Lucy Skinner, the deacon's youngest sister, and she came to take care of Mrs. Skinner, who, I am happy to say, is a great deal better. I don't see anything wrong in a man's kissing his own sister.

MRS. H.—Wall, I declare! how folks will git up stories! I didn't railly believe it, when I heerd it! Deacon Skinner is such a nice man, and has been so long a pillow of the church.

MISS PRINCE.—Mis' Webster is a dreadful gossip! Thank goodness, I never talk scandal!

MRS. PARKER.—People ort to be keerful how they report such stories. I, for one, never make a practice of going about, talking about my neighbors; I have something else to attend to.

[Curtain falls.]

STEALING APPLES.

CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE PITMAN.

JAMES SMITH, } Neighbors.

REUBEN SYKES, }

THOMAS GREY, } Boys of the neighborhood.

FRANK GREEN, }

SYLVESTER, Squire Pitman's Servant.

SCENE.—*Squire Pitman in his Library, reading a newspaper. A noise at the door. Enter Reuben and James, each with a boy.*

JAMES.—Here they are, sir!

REUBEN.—We've caught the little rascals at last, sir. We told you they were stealing all your apples.

SQUIRE PITMAN.—Bless my soul! and what are their names?

JAMES.—This one is Tom Grey, and the other one is Frank Green.

REUBEN.—Squire, just you give us the word, and we'll lay this new cowhide on their little ragged backs, till they are satisfied to let the apples alone. [Shaking the boys, and flourishing the whip.]

SQUIRE P.—I shall give no such command. . . . You may leave them here with me.

REUBEN.—You are not going to let them go, are you? for now's your time to *lick* them, since the little thieves have been caught.

SQUIRE P.—Very well, you may go and leave the young *gentlemen* with me; I will attend to them.

REUBEN.—But you will want this whip, wont you? [cautiously letting go of the boys.]

SQUIRE P.—No, I shall have no need of it; you may take it away. [Exit James and Reuben. Thomas and Frank shy off, as Squire Pitman approaches them.] Boys, you needn't be afraid,—I am very happy to see you. I like to receive visits from young people, though I think it better, in such cases, for them to come through the gate and not get over the fence, as they are liable to tear their

clothes. [Frank looks at his torn trowsers.] Pray, sit down. [They sit down on the corners of two chairs.] How old are you, Thomas? I believe that is your name?

THOMAS.—Twelve, sir.

SQUIRE P.—And you, Frank?

FRANK.—I am twelve, too.

SQUIRE P.—And I am seventy! It is really kind of you to call upon an old gentleman like me. But the evenings are short; you ought to have come earlier. [Waiting a moment.] Are you fond of fruit, Thomas?

THOMAS [hesitatingly].—Y-e-e-s, sir.

SQUIRE P.—Do you like it, too, Frank?

FRANK.—Pretty well.

SQUIRE P.—So I suppose; most boys do. [Rings a bell. Enter Sylvester.]

SYLVESTER.—I am at your service, sir.

SQUIRE P.—You may bring in some knives and plates, and lay them on the table here.

SYLVESTER.—Yes, sir. [Goes out.]

SQUIRE P. [to boys].—I suppose you could eat a few apples to-night, couldn't you?

THOMAS and FRANK together.—Yes, sir.

SQUIRE P.—I generally keep a little fruit to treat the friends who are kind enough to call upon me.

[The knives and plates are brought in, and Squire Pitman brings a basket of apples from a closet.]

SQUIRE P.—Help yourselves. [Boys, apparently ashamed, commence to eat.] Do you like them?

THOMAS.—Yes, sir; they're tip-top.

SQUIRE P.—I'm glad you think so. I have several apple-trees in my garden. James, the gardener, was telling me that there was some danger of boys getting in, and robbing the trees; but I don't have any fears on that score. [Thomas and Frank exchange glances.] If any of the boys want fruit, I know they would prefer to come and ask me for it, or drop in and make a friendly call, as you are doing. By the way, wouldn't you like to carry home a few apples with you?

THOMAS and FRANK [hesitatingly].—Yes, sir.

SQUIRE P.—If you had something to put them in?

THOMAS.—I've a handkerchief.

FRANK.—And I've got a bag. [Holding up one.]

SQUIRE P.—Bless my soul, how thoughtful you were, to bring a *bag*! It will be just the thing. You're welcome to the apples in that basket, if you can stow them away.

THOMAS.—We are very much obliged to you.

SQUIRE P.—Oh, don't say a word. It is a mere trifle, and I like to make some acknowledgment for your kind call. Will you call and see me again?

FRANK.—Yes, sir, if you would like it.

SQUIRE P.—I should be most happy to have you come. I get lonesome sometimes, and young company cheers me up. Perhaps, however, you'd better come to the door, as it is a little dangerous climbing over fences. Now, you can go. [Taking the boys by the hand and leading them to the door.] Good-bye,—you will remember to come and see me again, wont you? [Exit Squire Pitman.]

FRANK.—Aint he a trump?

THOMAS.—That's so! I felt awful mean, to have him treat me so, when I had come after his apples.

FRANK.—So did I. When he told about tearing clothes, climbing over fences, how he looked at mine!

THOMAS.—Yes, and how he called us gentlemen! Oh, I felt so mean, when he was telling what the gardener said about the boys stealing the apples, and he looked at us so slyly, that I didn't know what to do.

FRANK.—If those two men had whipped us as they wanted to, [doubling up his fist,] I would have stolen all the fruit he had; but I wont now.

THOMAS.—Neither will I. You'll never catch me in such a scrape again.

FRANK [to the audience].—

Speak gently to the erring one!
Oh, let us ne'er forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

THOMAS.—

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet mayst be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

FRANK and THOMAS together.—

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom filled with love.

PLAYING FOURTH OF JULY.

CHARACTERS.

MARY, FRANK, SAM, LUCY, CORA, }
 WILLIE, KATE, HARRY, JOHN, HATTIE, } Children.

SCENE 1.—*Sitting-room, with chairs, table, etc. Mary and Kate sewing; Cora and Hattie playing with dolls in one corner; Lucy standing at the window; Frank and John playing checkers; Sam reading; Willie playing with blocks; Harry rummaging Kate's work-basket.*

LUCY.—I do wish it would quit raining.

JOHN.—So do I; it's tiresome staying in the house.

HARRY.—I don't know what to do with myself.

KATE [to Harry].—Let my work-basket alone, and behave yourself!

HARRY.—Can't! [Tickles Kate's ear with a straw.]

WILLIE.—I wish 't would twit rainin'.

KATE [to Willie].—Why, you little pet! [To Harry.] Harry, do let me alone!

WILLIE.—'Cause mother would tum home 'en.

FRANK.—Let's play something.

CORA.—We've played everything.

HARRY.—Let's play something new!

KATE.—How do you play it?

HARRY.—Oh, how sharp! You've been visiting the grindstone lately, haven't you?

WILLIE.—Let's pay Kismas.

LUCY.—Christmas doesn't come in the summer.

WILLIE.—T'anksgivin' 'en.

LUCY.—Thanksgiving doesn't, either.

CORA.—Willie is thinking about the cakes and goodies.

MARY.—You needn't think of goodies, until mother gets back; I'm cook now.

HARRY [pointing at Mary].—Wouldn't she make a good step-mother?

JOHN.—She would starve the poor little young ones to death.

SAM.—Let's play Fourth-of-July!

ALL [jumping up].—Good! good!

HATTIE.—How will we play it?

SAM.—We'll have music, and march around, and have the Declaration of Independence read, and an oration, and a dinner, &c.

MARY.—You seem determined to have eating going on; but I warn you that the pantry key is lost, and the windows fastened.

JOHN.—Whew! isn't she savage?

CORA.—We can pretend to eat, like Hattie and I do at our doll dinners.

SAM.—Come, let's begin.

KATE.—Yes, Sam's in a hurry to make a speech. We'll appoint him orator of the day.

ALL.—Agreed!

MARY.—And Harry reader of the Declaration.

JOHN.—The Declaration is a dry old thing.

FRANK [*doubling up his fists*].—How dare you say so? You ought to be thrashed! Why, the Declaration of Independence is the guarantee of personal liberty, the cradle of American freedom, the—

HARRY.—The velocipede of politicians.

JOHN.—Don't care, it's stupid. We'll all be snoring before he's half through.

FRANK.—How do you know, you've never read it?

LUCY.—It's too long, and I don't know where one is.

FRANK.—Do you mean to insinuate that we, a family of American citizens, haven't a Declaration of Independence in the house?

HARRY.—Oh, fudge! I'll make one.

LUCY.—Capital! make one better than the original.

CORA.—What else?

SAM.—You and Hattie shall be committee on table arrangements, since you understand the rare art of getting up splendid dinners out of nothing.

FRANK.—And Kate shall be marshal, and John and I musicians.

HATTIE.—And Willie flag-bearer.

WILLIE.—S'ant we have torpedoes?

FRANK.—Yes, you youngster, all we can find.

MARY.—Come, let's get ready.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 2.—*Same room. Two barrels, with a stool on each, at one end of the room; chairs, arranged in two rows, in front of the barrels. Enter Kate, with scarlet sash knotted about her waist, a boy's cap with three feathers stuck in it on her head, and a rolling-pin in her right hand.*

KATE.—All clear! Forward, march!

[*The procession marches in, headed by Willie, carrying a flag, and John and Frank trying to play Yankee Doodle on a tin pan and a whistle. The others follow, two by two, and march around several times.*]

KATE.—Halt! Speakers will take their places on the platform; audience, be seated; flag-bearers and musicians, up front!

[*They follow directions, Harry mounting one barrel, and Sam the other.*]

KATE [*unfolds a large sheet of brown paper, and reads:*] Attention! Order of exercises: First, Martial music, Hail Columbia, by the famous Newport band. Second, Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by the wonderful elocutionist, the Honorable Henry Moore, M. D.

FRANK.—Mud Digger!

KATE [*reads:*].—Third, Song, Star Spangled Banner, by the celebrated Prima Donna, Lucina D'Ane. Fourth, Oration, by the world-renowned orator, Professor Samuel Deane, LL. D.

JOHN.—Long-Legged Dunce!

[*Hail Columbia is played.*]

HARRY [*rising and bowing*].—Beloved brethren and sisters—

WILLIE.—He's a-goin' to preach.

HARRY.—Most talented hearers. I call your attention to the most remarkable document of modern times, the Declaration of Independence, [*unrolls a piece of wallpaper or a window-shade, and reads:*] We hold this to be a geometrical axiom, that all men are created equal, except the "heathen Chinee," that—

SAM.—Hold on! that wont do. It conflicts with my oration. By virtue of that Declaration, America welcomes to her shores the down-trodden of every nation.

FRANK.—It's just right. A Chinaman run to pig-tail isn't half as good as I am.

SAM.—He's a sight better.

HARRY.—What shall I do?

SAM.—Say *all* men.

HARRY.—Well, then ; [reads :] We hold this to be a geometrical axiom, that all men are created equal, that—

MARY.—I wont stand that. You've got to say something about the women.

HARRY.—The word men, here, means women too.

MARY.—Oh, yes ! but when you get a little further along, to the voting and holding office, you say it means men only.

FRANK.—Ho, ho ! woman rightist !

HARRY.—Anything to please the crown. [Reads :] We hold this to be a geometrical axiom, that all men, women and children are created equal ; that they have the right to earn their bread and molasses, to pay for their ice-cream, to go hunting, to play base ball, and to stand on their heads. The man, at present perched on the British throne, having meddled with these rights, oppressed us in various ways, insulted and abused us, and acted like a tyrant, we hereby declare ourselves out of the clutches of the British lion, and determined to whale any fellow who dares hint that we are not a little ahead of everybody else. [Cheers.]

[*Lucy sings Star Spangled Banner.*]

SAM.—Ladies [bows] and gentlemen, [bows,] fellow-citizens [bows] and countrymen [bows] : This is an occasion that thrills every American heart with flaming patriotism. We have met here to-day for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of one of the most thrilling events of history, the escape from the jaws of the British lion. We also meet to perpetuate the infinite, immutable doctrine of universal liberty promulgated in the bewildering document just vocalized.

FRANK.—He's swallowed a dictionary !

SAM.—It is fitting, on this day of days, to remember our fore-fathers, who planted their bare feet on the ice-bound Plymouth rock, and made the howling wilderness blossom like a delightful rose of Sharon.

JOHN.—He got that out of an almanac.

SAM.—Let us not forget our fore-fathers, who rebelled and took up arms against oppressive tyranny ; who fit, bled and died.

KATE.—What did our fore-mothers do?

SAM.—Let us not forget our fore-mothers, who cooked, spun and cried. Fellow-citizens, I am celestially proud to stand under the waving American flag.

FRANK.—You're not, you're before it.

SAM.— "Flag of the *free* heart's only home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

JOHN.—Stolen thunder!

SAM.—I am proud of the American eagle, that glorious bird who stands with one foot on the shores of the Atlantic, and the other on the shores of the Pacific, with his stately head lost in the illimitable blue above, and who gathereth the people of all nationalities—French, Dutch, Irish, African, China, and Camanche—under his wings, as a hen gathereth her chickens. [*Immense applause.*] My friends, the United States government is a magnificent engine, with a train of Pullman cars. Ere long, we shall hitch on San Domingo, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, Canada, Labrador, and Greenland, and then take a grand excursion around the world.

JOHN.—How that eagle will have to stretch!

SAM.—Be patient, my verdant friends. The power of the American eagle is unmeasured. The principles of universal freedom shall become more universal. For you, my dear hearers, a new day is dawning. To you, ladies, I repeat what Ben Franklin said to Anna Dickinson, "Every tub must *soon* stand on its own bottom."

KATE.—Ben Franklin said to Anna Dickinson?

FRANK.—He's crazy, away with him!

SAM.—Curb your noble rage, dear friends; I am not mad, but a boot-black by trade, and an orator by profession. Yes! the grand doctrine of universal freedom shall go on and on, sounding from brush-heap to brush-heap, from pig-pen to pig-pen, from ocean to ocean; and the sun, moon and stars, sailing in all their primeval glory, shall catch up the bewildering strain, and—and—and—my friends, my emotions overwhelm me! Thanking you for your attention, I close. [*Uses a red handkerchief vigorously. Applause, explosion of torpedoes, music.*]

KATE.—Form into procession, and march out to dinner! [*All march out.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

GOOD FOR EVIL.

CHARACTERS.

MR. DURANT.

MRS. DURANT.

LILLIE,
EDDIE,
CHARLIE,
A BEGGAR.

their Children.

A RICH LADY.

SCENE 1.—*A Parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Durant, Eddie and Charlie, seated. Mr. Durant sits engaged in reading.*

MRS. DURANT.—Oh! how the wind blows; how cold it is! I fear winter has come in earnest now. God help the poor!

MR. DURANT.—There you are again, wife, talking about the poor. There is work for them in the city, if they would only go at it. You gave that beggar some clothes yesterday, didn't you?

MRS. D.—Yes, husband, I did. I pitied him so; he looked so pale and wan.

MR. D.—I want no more such work; if we give every beggar something, we would soon have a host at the door. They'll not get another thing at John Durant's.

MRS. D.—Oh, John, remember how rich we are. You are worth your tens of thousands, and yet refuse to give to God's poor. In heaven, He will make no distinction. There, all shall be alike, the rich and the poor.

MR. D. [somewhat angry].—Don't preach to me, Sarah. I know what I am about. I know I'm rich; but not a cent of *my* money goes to feed vagabonds. Not a cent, I tell you!

MRS. D. [wiping her eyes].—John, I fear you will rue those words. But listen, here comes Lillie, and some one is with her.

MR. D.—One of those beggars, I guess. She must love them. But I will tame her.

[Enter *Lillie*, accompanied by a girl dressed in rags, shoeless and bonnetless.]

MR. D. [angrily].—What did you bring that vagabond in here for, *Lillie*?

LILLIE.—She is a poor girl, papa, without any parents.

MR. D.—She told you that, eh? Well, it is the old tale.

BEGGAR.—Kind people, I am very poor; so poor, that I am forced to beg for a living.

MR. D.—Why don't you work?

BEGGAR.—The folks will not hire me, I look too bad; if I had better clothes, I could find work, I know.

MR. D.—Yes, no doubt, you could. You came here to tell me that story, I reckon. You'll get nothing from me. *Lillie*, take her out!

MRS. D.—Oh, do not send her away so! She needs clothes.

LILLIE.—Yes, mamma. She shall have my shawl, and warm hood.

CHARLIE.—And my shoes.

EDDIE.—And the silver dollar that's in my bank.

BEGGAR.—You are very kind, children. You are very kind.

MR. D.—Children, you shall give her nothing! If she wants clothes and money, let her steal them, if she likes. She has done the like before, I dare say. *Lillie*, lead her to the door, I say!

LILLIE.—Oh, papa, don't drive her away.

MR. D. [rising to his feet].—*Lillie*, dare you disobey me? Take her away, this minute!

[Exit *Lillie*, followed by Beggar.]

MR. D.—There, wife, is one of your poor, as you choose to term them.

MRS. D.—One of *His* poor, husband. How dared you refuse to give her something?

MR. D.—Oh, easily enough. I must not tell you the secret of it. I go to the store, now; but mind you, wife, allow no more vagabonds to step over our threshold.

[Exit Mr. Durant.]

MRS. D.—If any come, they shall be fed.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE 2.—*Mr. Durant, seated in an arm-chair, his head resting upon his hand.*

MR. D.—Well, thus is life! Five years ago, I was a millionaire, admired by a large circle of friends. But where am I now? Upon the brink of ruin! Already men point to me, and say, “bankrupt!” My wife, Charlie, and Eddie, have gone to the far-off better land, and none is left to me but Lillie. It almost drives me mad, when I think about her. If I cannot raise ten thousand dollars to-morrow, I will be a bankrupt, and Lillie will be a beggar. Where that amount is to come from, I know not! Oh, Thou who feedest the ravens, take care of my Lillie; for before another sun shines, my body will be—. Oh, must this be the end of John Durant?—the death of a suicide?

[Enter Lillie, who merrily climbs upon her father's lap, and raises his head.]

LILLIE.—What is the matter with you, papa? you are sad.

MR. D.—Sad! Yes, darling Lillie; to-morrow, your papa will be a beggar, if—

LILLIE.—If what, papa?

MR. D.—If I cannot command ten thousand dollars.

LILLIE.—That is a large sum; but can't we sell our costly furniture?

MR. D.—Alas, no, Lillie! It is under the auctioneer's hammer! We are lost, Lillie! I hoped to leave you to buffet the world, with gold; but I must leave you a beggar. What will become of you, then? [Kissing her.]

LILLIE.—God will take care of me. I will wait till He comes for me. He has said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

MR. D.—He has, Lillie. But, hush! a carriage is stopping before our door. Run and see who it is! [Exit Lillie, in a hurry.] Who can it be? A creditor, no doubt. One who wants money; but it cannot be had. Every person I meet is a creditor, who duns me. There is but one refuge from them, and that is in—

[Enter Lillie, hurriedly.]

LILLIE.—Oh, papa, there is such a nice lady coming here! She is so nicely dressed! Who can it be?

MR. D.—I know not, daughter; but we shall soon see.

[*A knock at the door. Lillie opens it. A richly-dressed lady enters, and seats herself.*]

LADY [*to Mr. Durant*].—Have I the honor of addressing John Durant?

MR. D.—You have, madam.

LADY.—I see, you do not recognise me, Mr. Durant.

MR. D.—I do not, madam; but, I suppose, you are a creditor.

LADY.—I am Mrs. Chalpin; and thank God, John Durant, I am not your creditor; but you are mine.

MR. D. [*rising*].—What! Mrs. Chalpin, the wife of the millionaire, a debtor of mine? Impossible! Please explain.

LADY.—With pleasure, sir. Years ago, when you revelled in wealth, a beggar came to your house, and asked for food and raiment. You refused her, and even forbade your children to help her. You drove her from your home. Your Lillie followed her to the door, and placed in her hand a ten-dollar gold piece. With that money the little beggar managed to keep from starving, until a kind rich man took her to his house and supplied all her wants. She lived with her benefactor, and, not long since, was married, and is now wealthy. Mr. Durant, I am that beggar girl, whom you drove from your house.

MR. D. [*grasping her hands*].—I have repented of that act. Will you forgive me?

LADY.—Forgive you? Yes; and I now wish to repay you; to return good for evil. I hear that you stand on the verge of bankruptcy.

MR. D.—It is too true, madam. I am utterly unable to meet my liabilities.

LADY.—What would save you?

MR. D.—Ten thousand dollars.

LADY [*takes out paper and writes*].—Here, then, is a check on my bank for that amount; take it, it is yours. [*Hands check to Mr. Durant.*]

MR. D.—Oh! you are too kind. I do not deserve this kindness at your hands.

LADY.—Say not so, though you yourself do not, your name does. It was this little child, who saved me. [*Stoops down and kisses Lillie.*]

LILLIE.—Oh! I am so glad that you saved papa. God has heard my prayers.

LADY.—And answered them, Lillie. [Then to Mr. Durant:] I go now, Mr. Durant. I am happy, for I have repaid a great debt. Let me admonish you to remember the golden rule: "Do unto others, as ye would that others should do unto you." Good-bye. [Exit *Lady*.]

LILLIE.—Oh, papa, you are saved now!

MR. D.—Yes, I am saved, Lillie. For your sake, God has saved me! and ever, henceforth, my motto will be, "Remember the poor."

[*Curtain falls.*]

LITTLE PIECES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

NOT SO EASY.

Now you may think it very nice,
And very easy, too,
For a little boy to stand up here,
With little else to do,
But make his bow, and say a piece—
To speak up loud and plain,—
Then make another bow to close,
And take his seat again.

But I can tell you, one and all,
Which ever way you view it,—
To face this crowd of gentle folks,
It takes some *pluck* to do it.
The saying is as *true* as *old*,
“Who gets a *name* must *buy* it ; ”
If you don’t credit what I say,
Just walk up here and try it !

WHAT I LIKE.

[FOR TWO LITTLE BOYS.]

GEORGE.—

All the seasons I like, as they pass along,
But winter I love the best,
For it brings a joy,
To the glad school boy,
More pleasing than all the rest.

I like to ride o'er the fleecy snow,
 When the air is crisp and clear ;
 For the jingle, jingle, jing,
 Of the sleigh-bells' ring,
 Sounds sweet to my own little ear.

Then I like to skate on the ice so smooth,—
 Ah, me ! how swiftly I go ;
 All the boys must look out,
 When I am about,
 Or beat them I surely will do.

But my *hand sleigh* I must not forget,
 For my *Monitor* carries the day ;
 Then tell me each one,
 Since my piece is nigh done,
 If this *isn't* the season for frolic and play ?

CHARLES.—

I love the winter, too, and hail
 Its coming with rare joy ;
 I love my skates and sled, as well
 As any other boy.

Like George, I like to find myself
 In the robes so snug and nice,
 Behind a fleet, black, pony team,
 Gliding o'er snow and ice.

Ah, yes ! for winter and its joys,
 A word I'll ever speak,
 For it makes me strong and vigorous,
 And gives color to my cheek.

I love its cold and bracing air,
 I love the fleecy snow,
 And just for fun and exercise,
 A snow ball like to throw.

But there are other things I love,
 Which must not be forgot,
 More to be prized than skates or sled,
 Or a two-forty trot.

I mean my pleasant, happy school,
 My books and studies too,—
 This cheerful room—these teachers kind,
 To whom my love is due.

My sports and plays are only means
 To nerve me for my work ;
 In the *first* I'll heartily engage,
 While the *last* I'll never shirk.

FRED'S FIRST SPEECH.

You've heard the fable, "Mouse and Pussy,"
 And know it all by heart, no doubt—
 How Mouse's pains gave Pussy pleasure,
 As she tossed the little thing about ;
 And how Mouse said to cruel Pussy,
 With quivering lip and panting breath,
 "Though *this*, to you, may seem quite funny,
 To me 'tis only certain death."
 Now we're not *mice*, nor you *tormentors* ;
 Yet the fable, here, its moral brings ;
 For though these scenes to you give pleasure,
 They're aught but *fun* to us, poor things !
 For if you deem it very easy
 For such as we to mount this place,
 And do the duties here assigned us,
 And meet these people face to face,
 Then let me tell you, you're mistaken ;
 And if you doubt my word, my friends,
 Just walk up here by me and try it,
 And you'll see how the matter ends.
 If you don't feel the color rising,
 And your strong voice begin to shake,
 And a misty cloud come o'er your vision,
 Why then—you *may* the premium take.

I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER.

A PARODY.

I want to be a soldier,
 And with the soldiers stand,
 A knapsack on my shoulder,
 A musket in my hand ;
 And with my bayonet gleaming,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd join the gallant army,
 And for my country fight.

Though I should oft be wounded,
 I would not shed a tear;
 Though in the midst of danger,
 I ne'er would feel a fear:
 But brave and patriotic,
 Like our braver sires I'd fight,
 And with ten thousand soldiers
 Put rebels all to flight.

Then let me be a soldier,
 And with the soldiers stand,
 A knapsack on my shoulder,
 A musket in my hand;
 And with my bayonet gleaming,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd join the gallant army,
 And for my country fight.

I know I'm young and tender,
 But, mother, dry your tears,
 For many young as I am
 Have joined the volunteers;
 And mother, should I perish,
 And for my country die,—
 I'd think of you and sister,
 And meet you in the sky.

BLUE.

As I was going up the street one day,
 I passed a wagon new,—
 I put my hand upon its side,
 And it was painted blue.

I saw a maiden bright and fair,
 (For she was passing, too,)—
 I put my hand upon her cheek,
 And it was painted blue.

Her cheeks changed color very soon—
 Were variegated, too,—
 For while one side of them was *red*
 The other side was *blue*.

Her anger very soon arose,
 Which very soon I knew ;
 And all because her rosy cheek
 Had just been painted blue.

And now she will not me forgive ;
 Dear me ! what shall I do ?
 And all the wrong that I have done,
 Her cheek I painted blue.

Well, well ! it can not now be helped—
 I can not it undo ;
 But then *I* will not after this
 Young maiden's cheeks paint *blue*.

WALTER'S FIRST SPEECH.

While other boys have had their say
 Upon this platform here,
 Have stood up firm before you all,
 Without a blush or fear,
I come with trembling heart and lips
 To make my little bow,
 And make my first attempt to speak
 Before an audience now.

And should I falter in my speech,
 You'll pardon me, I know,
 Since greater folks have done the same,
 Who could not make their speeches *go*.
 But if I do the best I can
 Here to fulfill my task,
 The best could not do more, you know,
 And 'tis all that *you* can ask.

These boys have talked and sung to-day,
 Of our country and its cause ;
 I, too, must testify my love
 For her before I pause.
 I'm a *Union boy* from head to foot,
 This fact just bear in mind ;
True to my country and its flag,
*No copper here** you'll find !

* Pointing to his head.

EXAMINATION-DAY.

Examination-day! How many little hearts
 Within these walls, have shuddered at that word.
 And do you wonder much, that timid boys,
 And modest misses, such as these you see,
 Should shrink from being marshaled out
 Before this gazing crowd, to sing, declaim,
 And answer all the questions, plain and right,
 The teachers choose to ask, though it require
 To ransack through their *knowledge-box*, from top
 To bottom, ere they find the answers clear,
 And all these people looking on, to see
 If we should chance to fail ?

I wonder what these wise committee-men
 Would think, if they were yearly marshaled out,
 And made to stand up here, like us, and tell
 This audience all they knew about the world,
 Its countries and their products,—all they knew
 About the people, and their modes of life.
 And then to tell us about this “house we live in,”
 Its bones and muscles, veins, and brains, and *nerves*.
 (I guess they’d find they had the *nerves*.)

And then to think of all these puzzling sums
 In Stoddard, to say nothing of the work
 Of Thompson’s written ones. How would they like
 To stand up here, with chalk in hand, and add,
 Subtract, divide, and multiply in fractions,
 Simple, compound, proper, and improper ?
 (By the way, I think they’re all *improper*.)

And then I’d like to know how you would feel,
 To stand up in this place and bear your part
 In dialogue, or declamation, while
 Every eye and ear was watching you—
 Was watching every word and motion,
 And you, poor soul, a-trembling in your shoes.
 I think you’d say, as did the mouse of old,
 To pussy cat, “This may be fun to you,
 But it is death to me.” * * *

Say, then, do you not pity us ? I know
 The ladies do. I see it in their eyes :
 Our wise committee, too, look kindly on us,
 And from our very hearts we thank you all.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

KIND FRIENDS—Within our school-room walls we gladly ~~see~~
you meeting,
And haste to bid you welcome ; pray receive our heartfelt
greeting.

You've come to listen to our songs, orations and discourses.
Pray look not for *broad rivers*, friends, *so near their tiny sources*.
We'll gladly do our best for you, and kindly you'll remember.
The April of our lives can't yield the rich fruits of September;
But if our offering you'll accept—the early leaves of Spring—
We'll make no more apologies, but will read, converse and sing.
We schoolboys, honored friends, are like a hive of busy bees,
As they their waxen cells do store, so we store our memories.
As they enjoy the bright sunshine, and oft wing their way aloft,
So love we well the summer shine, and we wish for wings full
oft ?

They sip the honey from the flowers ; we have what's no less
sweet,

For candy of molasses made doth yield us many a treat !
Troubles they have, and so, friends, we have some troubles of
our own ;

Some big ones have they that wont work,—*we* are not without
a drone.

Yet differ we in some respects, for we must obey our rule ;
They buzz at work ; 'tis very hard ! but we may *not* buzz in
school.

They have a queen, and hard they work to win her approba-
tion ;

We have no queen, but teachers kind, and love their commen-
dation.

And happy are the hours, dear friends, which we spend within
these walls,

Attentive to Instruction's voice, obedient to her calls.
And to our God we raise our hearts in most loving, grateful
praise,

That in this land of Public Schools we may spend our youth-
ful days.

Where knowledge free as sunshine is, and as plentiful as dew,
And learning's precious stores wide-spread, like flowers of va-
ried hue !

And not for us alone the good of public education,
For girls and boys the blessing will endure while we're a nation.

EXHIBITION DAY.

Youth and childhood are the seasons,
 We are told, for mirth and joy,
 Sighs and cares were not intended
 For a lassie or a boy.
 But if not, we see not wherefore
 Were invented days like *these*,
 When each boy and girl's expected
 To astonish and to please
 Such a crowd of goodly persons
 As before us now appear—
 Such a crowd as ever greet us,
 In this place from year to year.

Now, we ask you—here we ask you,
 Think you that this costs us naught ?
 If so, you are quite mistaken,
 Days like these are dearly bought ;
 Bought with anxious fear and trembling,
 With *some* thought and study, too ;
 For it takes not *much*, to puzzle
 Smaller brains, whate'er they do.
 Tho' we are not wise or learned,
 Let me tell you, every one
 Who to-day appears before you,
 Thinks this *any thing but fun*.
 Now and here again we ask you,
 Would you, could you, stand up here—
 Take our place and face these people,
 Without trembling, care, or fear ?
 If not, then you will not blame us,
 Or expect too much to-day,
 But look kindly on our errors,
 And with smiles cheer on our way

CHARLIE'S SPEECH.

Brother Will has said his piece,
 I'll try my little hand,
 Although I own it's pretty hard
 Before so many folks to stand.

Little folks should not be *heard*,
 Only *seen*, some people say,
 So I will end my little speech,
 Since you have all *seen me* to-day.

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

If you expect great things of me,
 I fear you'll be mistaken,
 Though it is something great, I own,
 Which I have undertaken,
 To let my little voice be heard
 In such a place as *this*,
 And *all these people* here to see
 How wondrous hard it is.
 But I will brave it like *a man*
 In hopes some day to stand
 In a larger place than this,
 Within our noble land,
 And let my voice be heard once more,
 In stirring tones, the nation o'er.

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

I am sure you can't expect great things
 From one so young as I,
 And yet, to do my very best,
 I here, and now, will try.
 The greatest men who ever lived,
 Were once but little boys ;
 They had their sports as well as we,
 And played with tops and toys.
 They had to learn first lessons, too—
 To read, and write, and spell ;
 To speak their lessons on the stage,
 And try to do them well.
 I doubt if Everett or Webster,
 Or even Henry Clay,
 Didn't tremble in his shoes, when first
 He tried his *piece* to say.
 So you must not expect too much
 Nor criticise us here,
 While we appear before you all
 With trembling and with fear.

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

They say, sometimes, that walls have ears. I don't know how that is ; but I do know that if these old walls have ears, they will hear some wonderful things to-night ; and if they have eyes, will see a sight worth beholding ; and if they had a tongue, it would find utterance in a shout—a long, loud, triumphant shout of *welcome*.

Welcome, loved parents ; welcome, kind friends ; welcome, dear schoolmates ; welcome, one and all, to the — anniversary of the —, this glorious day of —, 18 — ! (Fill blanks to suit.)

But alas ! the walls are dumb ; and I am afraid that if they have *any* hearts, they are as cold and hard as the materials of which they are built. But no matter ; for within them are gathered human beings, whose hearts beat warmly, and tenderly, and lovingly, this night of all nights ; and the one cord to which each thrills is—WELCOME !

As all could not give this feeling utterance, they have appointed me to express it ; to embody in the *one* voice the united cry of *welcome*.

Dear friends, let me beg you not to measure this welcome by my size ; my love can be great, though my inches are few ; if my *body* don't take up much room, my *heart* is large enough to contain you all.

My heart ! I beg pardon. Our heart ! for our pastor bids you welcome to this gathering of the lambs of his flock. Even now, the words of the Master ring in his ears, “ Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me.” *Me !* Blessed Jesus, may each one here to-night indeed receive into his heart the children’s Saviour. (To be said with clasped hands and closed eyes, taking care that it is indeed a prayer from the heart.)

Our superintendent greets and welcomes you ; and in the name of Him who has said, “ Suffer the little children to come unto me,” thanks you for all your kindness—past, present, and yet to come.

Our teachers take up the cry, and fain would shout it out, that all the earth might hear—welcome ! welcome at all times ! but thrice welcome on this, our anniversary night !

My dear brothers and sisters of the school will tell you that—

“Many are the sorrows, many are the tears,
 Many are the hopes, and many are the fears,
 That have crossed our pathway since we last did meet:
 But we are come again, our kindred and our friends to greet,”

And welcome you, my dear friends, this festal night. Even my cherished schoolmates, the little “lambs of the flock,” echo the shout, and cry—COME, come, come! (*First come with almost a shout, and decreasing to a low but perfectly distinct tone.*)

But hark! What is that? I thought I heard another, afar off, and yet near, echo of come, come, COME! (*Commence in a loud whisper, and gradually increase the voice.*)

Ah! yes. Jésus himself, the children’s friend, is in our midst to-night, and bids you welcome; but calls to each, “Come unto me,” for “verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

Dear, kind friends—old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned—let us obey this call, for he loves us all; then at the last, great anniversary meeting, on the other shore—

“The angels will stand, on the heavenly strand,
 And sing *their* welcome home.”

OLD RYE MAKES A SPEECH.

I was made to be *eaten*,
 And not to be *drank*;
 To be thrashed in a barn,
 Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
 When put through a *mill*;
 As a blight and a curse
 When run through a *still*.

Make me up into *loaves*,
 And your children are fed;
 But, if into a *drink*,
 I will starve them instead.

In bread, I'm a servant,
 The eater shall rule ;
 In drink, I am master,
 The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning,
 My strength I'll employ—
 If eaten, to strengthen ;
 If drunk, to destroy.

FOR A TINY GIRL.

A tiny girl, from a tiny class,
 I have only a tiny speech to make ;
 But my dear teacher and kind schoolmates
 Bid me welcome you here, for love's sweet sake.

Our tiny hearts with joy are filled,
 As we look at our pleasant room to-day,
 And our tiny lips thank our Father in heaven
 For every blessing he throws in our way.

These tiny offerings of flowers we've brought,
 And as their fragrance fills the air,
 May they bring you a message from tiny hearts,
 That we thank you truly for all your care.

We trust you have been pleased to-day
 With each and every thing we've done,
 And hope our friends will not regret
 They to our pleasant school have come.

FIRST SPEECH IN PUBLIC.

I never made a speech before,
 And cannot say I shall make more ;
 But if you'll let me look at you,
 And say to all, " How do you do ? "
 I'm sure I'll let you look at me—
 It won't take long, I am so " wee. " .
 But then I won't be always small ;
 And now I'll throw a kiss to all !
 And if I live I'll speak next year
 With stronger voice, and have no fear.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTS: We give to you
 A warm and kindly greeting,
 And hope you will be fully paid
 For the labor of this meeting.

We don't expect to do *great* things,
 But then we'll try to please you;
 Our object is not to instruct,
 But only to amuse you.

For life is full enough of what
 Is tangible and real;
 And sometimes greater good is got
 In what is but ideal.

Be pleased to pass our blunders by,
 And only note successes,
 And if you cannot give applause,
 Pray do not give us hisses.

VERY LITTLE ONES ARE WE.

Very little ones are we,
 But we've learned our A B C.

We can read, and we can spell,
 And obey our teacher well.

When we old and wiser grow,
 Much we'll learn, and much we'll know.

Please excuse us, friends, to-day,
 For we have not much to say.

LINES FOR AN EXHIBITION.

Kind friends, and dear parents, we welcome you here,
 To our nice, pleasant school-room, and teachers so dear,
 We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
 And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But we hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
 And when we have spoken, recited, and sung,
 You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
 May even extend to the President's chair.

We seek your approval with hearty good-will,
And hope the good lessons our teachers instil
May make us submissive, and gentle, and kind,
As well as enlighten and strengthen the mind.

For learning, we know, is more precious than gold ;
But the worth of the heart's jewels ne'er can be told ;
We'll strive, then, for virtue, truth, honor, and love,
And thus lay up treasures in mansions above.

Our life is a school-time ; and till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend,
O let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

When I am a man—and I'm going to be one some time—there are several things I mean to find out. One is, why men make themselves sick learning to chew dirty stuff that even the pigs will not eat. It makes their breath smell bad ; it makes their teeth grow black ; it makes their faces yellow, and it makes every clean person want to get away from them. I wonder why they do it. Another thing is, why boys begin drinking wine, and cider, and ale, and beer, and keep on taking something a little stronger, till they get to be drunkards. My father says nobody means to be a drunkard at first, but when they begin they cannot well stop. I think the safest way is *not to begin*. I am a temperance boy—a *teetotal* temperance boy—and I mean to be a *teetotal temperance man*. Then I shall know a great deal more than I do now, and I'll make you another speech.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

[FOR A LITTLE BOY DRESSED UP AS A SOLDIER.]

My friends, I'm glad to see you all,
You're welcome to this stately hall.
You needn't be afraid of me,
Altho' I look so bold and free ;
I once was very thin and small,
Tho' now, you see, I'm rather tall

I'm growing very fast, they say ;
I grew an inch since yesterday.
I think I'm nearly five feet high,
Tho' you can judge as well as I.
My bosom swells with generous fire ;
I feel as big as old Goliah.
I'll have a fortress on a hill ;
I'll be a hero—*so I will* ;
I'll meet the foemen of the land,
And battle with them, hand to hand ;
Break down their towers, and drive them out,
And dare and scare them all about.
I'll rout them all with horrid slaughter,
And drive them down into the water ;
Jump in a brig, and follow o'er
The ocean, to the other shore ;
And o'er the continent I'll chase 'em,
And from the nations' map erase 'em.
I'll see nobody treated ill ;
I'll punish all the rogues, I will.
The rulers must be just and true,
Or else with *me* they'll have to do.
I'll jump astride a comet's tail,
All eyes shall wink and hearts shall quail,
And everybody's face turn pale,
As through the midnight air I sail ;
And then, as silent as a mouse,
We'll glide down to the old Courthouse ;
And in the sight of all the people,
We'll set fire to the very steeple.
Then swiftly, swiftly, up the sky,
We are gone again, comet and I.
You never saw a comet, boys :
It makes an awful whizzing noise.
You'll find you have some cause to fear it,
If ever you should venture near it.
Ladies, don't let me frighten you ;
The last thing I could wish to do.
You have no cause to be afraid,
Tho' fighting seems to be my trade.
I am as gentle as a dove,
When once I look on those I love.

Here is my heart that beats for you,
And here my sword, so strong and true.
Now, in the light of this blue sky,
I pledge you till my parting sigh
Your lives and honor to defend,
Your humble and devoted friend.

A LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

I've stayed here watching all the folks,
And heard the big boys crack their jokes,
And seen you laugh, and heard you cheer,
I didn't want to interfere;
But I did wish they would get through,
And let me do my talking too.

I hope you have had a jolly time;
It takes ten cents to make a dime;
Birds in their little nests agree,
And sugar candy does with me;
Grandmother says it makes me sick,
But I get better very quick.

I hope you like all you have heard;
I didn't hark to every word,
For I was thinking all the time
How I should say my little rhyme;
I've done it now, and feel all right;
I hope you do so too. Good-night!

DECLAMATION.

[BY A LITTLE TOT.]

They thought I couldn't make a speech,
I'm such a little tot.
I'll show them whether I can do
A thing or two, or not.

Don't be afraid to fight the wrong,
Or stand up for the right—
And when you've nothing else to say,
Be sure you say—"GOOD-NIGHT."

GRANDMA'S ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

[BY A LITTLE GIRL IN COSTUME.]

If I were in your places, girls,
 I'll tell you what I'd do:
 I'd gently lecture, now and then,
 The boys that smoke and chew.

I'd tell them that it seems to me
 A crying sin and shame;
 I wonder what they'd think to see
 Their sisters do the same.

I'd point them to the vile effects
 Resulting from its use—
 Discolored teeth and poisoned breath,
 And lips besmeared with juice.

I'd talk to Harry like a friend,
 To Will and Charlie, too,
 And tell them frankly how it looks
 To see them smoke and chew.

If you would learn to think of boys
 As friends, instead of beaux,
 And act yourselves the part of friends,
 I'm sure nobody knows

What good you might accomplish thus,
 For wise and gentle words
 Will nestle in the hearers' hearts
 Like softly-singing birds.

Just do your duty bravely, girls;
 Begin this very night,
 And seek, in loving ways, to win
 Your brothers to the right.

THE SPOILED FACE.

Did you ever see little John Peter? He had as pretty a face as ever you need to see, but he spoiled it. Shall I tell you how he spoiled it? When his mother said, "Now, my boy, come in and get ready for school," little John Peter began to whine and say (*makes his face out of shape and whines out*), "I don't want to go to school."

When his mother wouldn't let him have any more sweet cake, he said (*rubs one eye with the back of his hand and whines out*), "Boo-hoo; I want some more sweet cake."

So, by-and-by, little John Peter spoiled his pretty face, and it grew all twisted up crooked, just like this (*draws down his mouth and looks very cross and ugly*).

NAMING THE BABY.

You have birds in a cage, and you've beautiful flowers,
 But you haven't at your house what we have at ours;
 'Tis the prettiest thing that you ever did see,
 Just as dear and as precious as precious can be,
 'Tis my own baby sister, just seven days old,
 And too little for any but grown folks to hold.
 Oh! I know you would love her; she's as fresh as a rose,
 And she has such a queer, tiny bit of a nose,
 And the dearest and loveliest pink little toes,
 Which, I tell mother, seem only made to be kissed;
 And she keeps her wee hand doubled up in a fist.
 She is quite without hair, but she's beautiful eyes,
 She always looks pretty except when she cries.
 And what name we shall give her there's no one can tell,
 For my father says Sarah; and mother likes Belle;
 And my great-uncle John—he's an old-fashioned man—
 Wants her named for his wife that is dead, Mary Ann.
 But the name *I* have chosen the darling to call
 Is a name that is prettier far than them all;
 And to give it to baby my heart is quite set—
 It is Violet Martha Rose Stella Marzette.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
 They beat all the aunts in creation;
 They let a chap do as he likes,
 And don't worry about education.
 I'm sure I can't see it at all
 What a poor fellow ever could do
 For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
 Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.
Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken pies for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys!
Life is only so short, at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

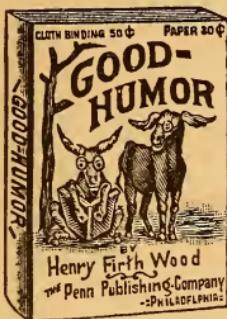
Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go;
And then, a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die!

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose—
Such as I—need a terrible sight!

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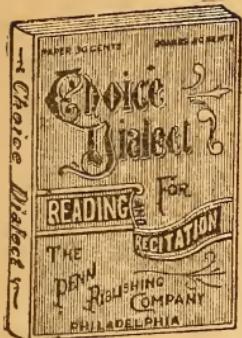
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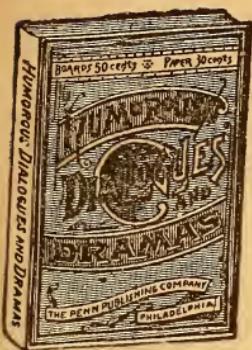
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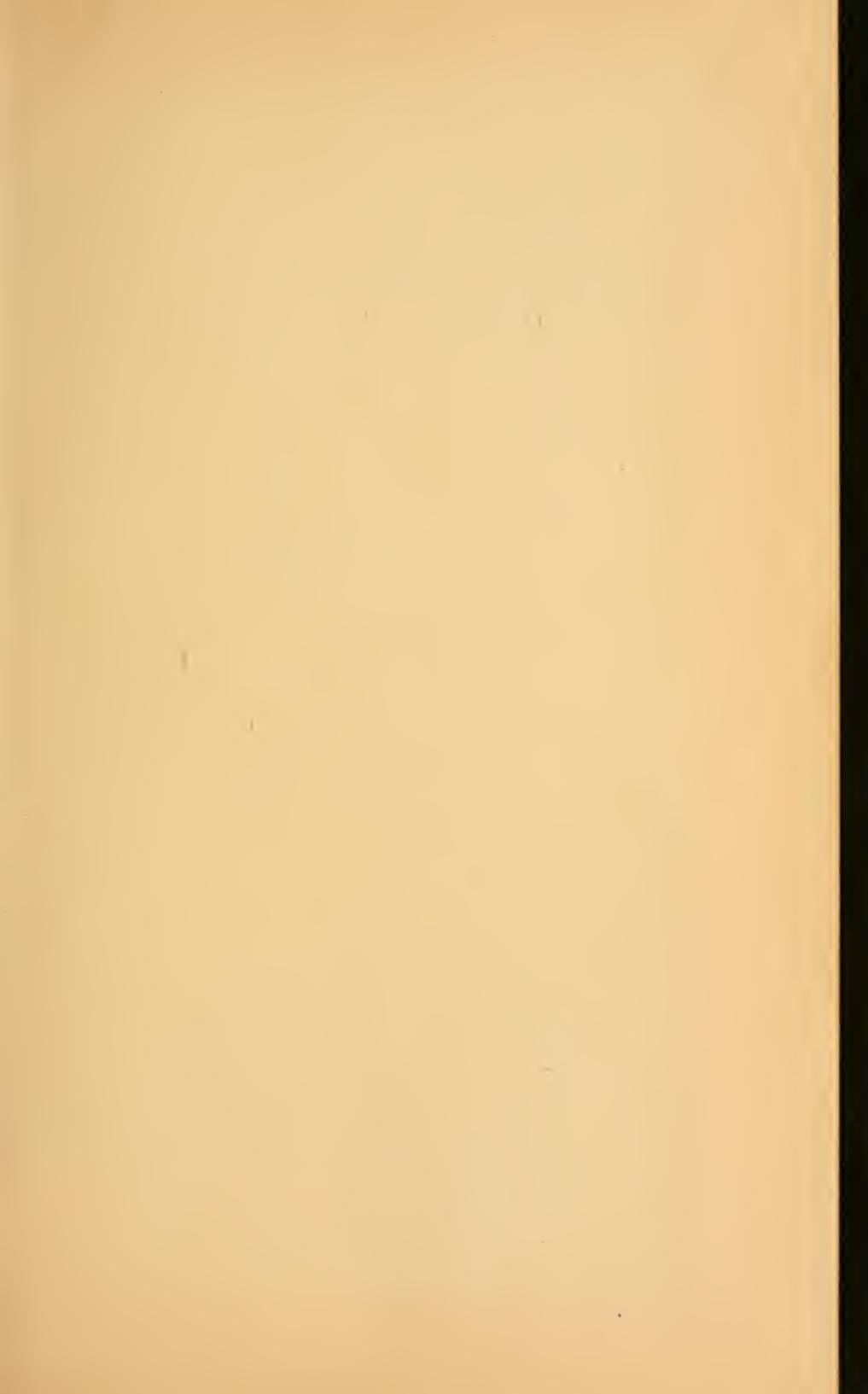
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